NO. 34

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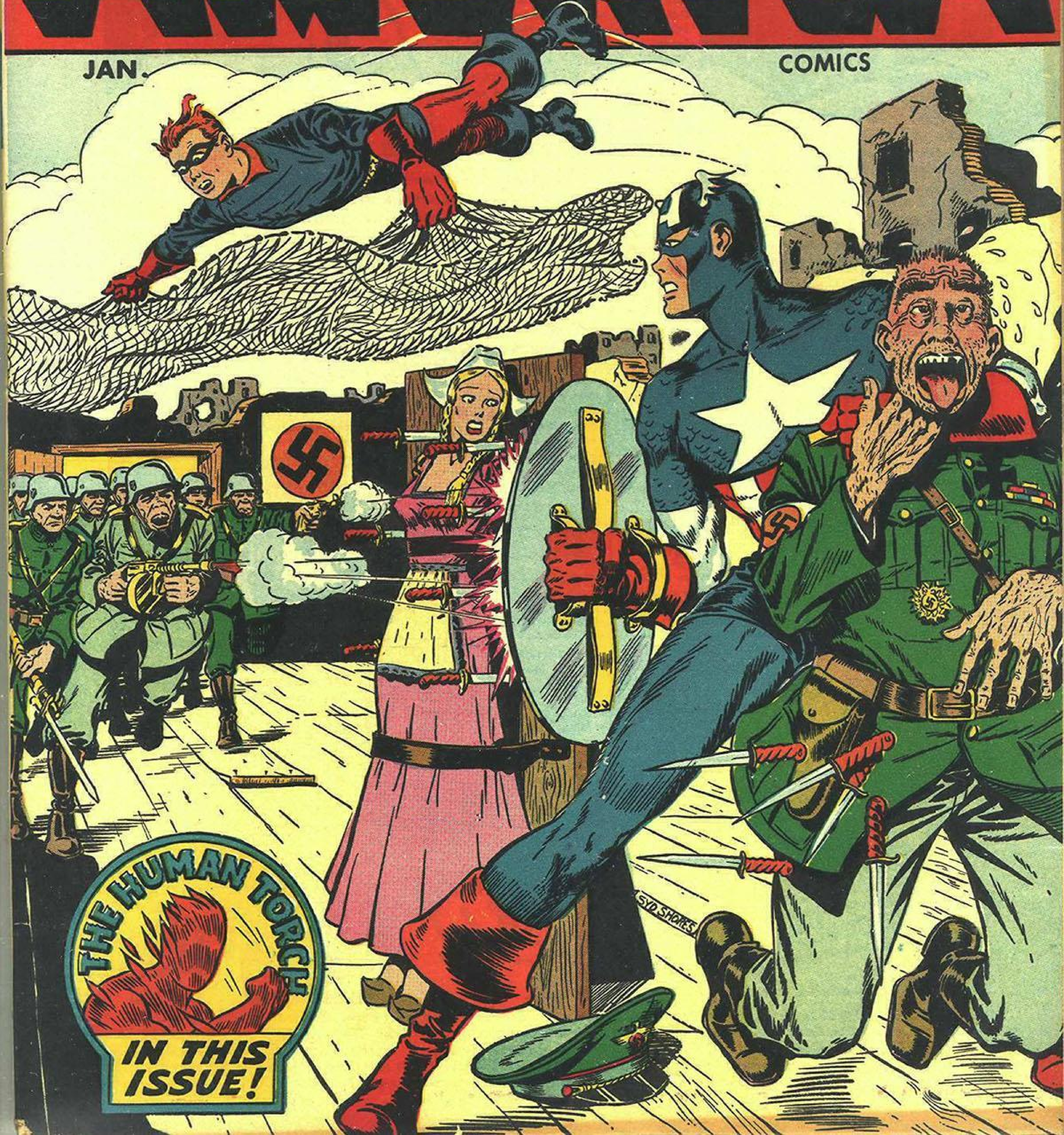
CAPTAIN AMERICA

JAN.

COMICS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IN THIS ISSUE!
SYD SHORES

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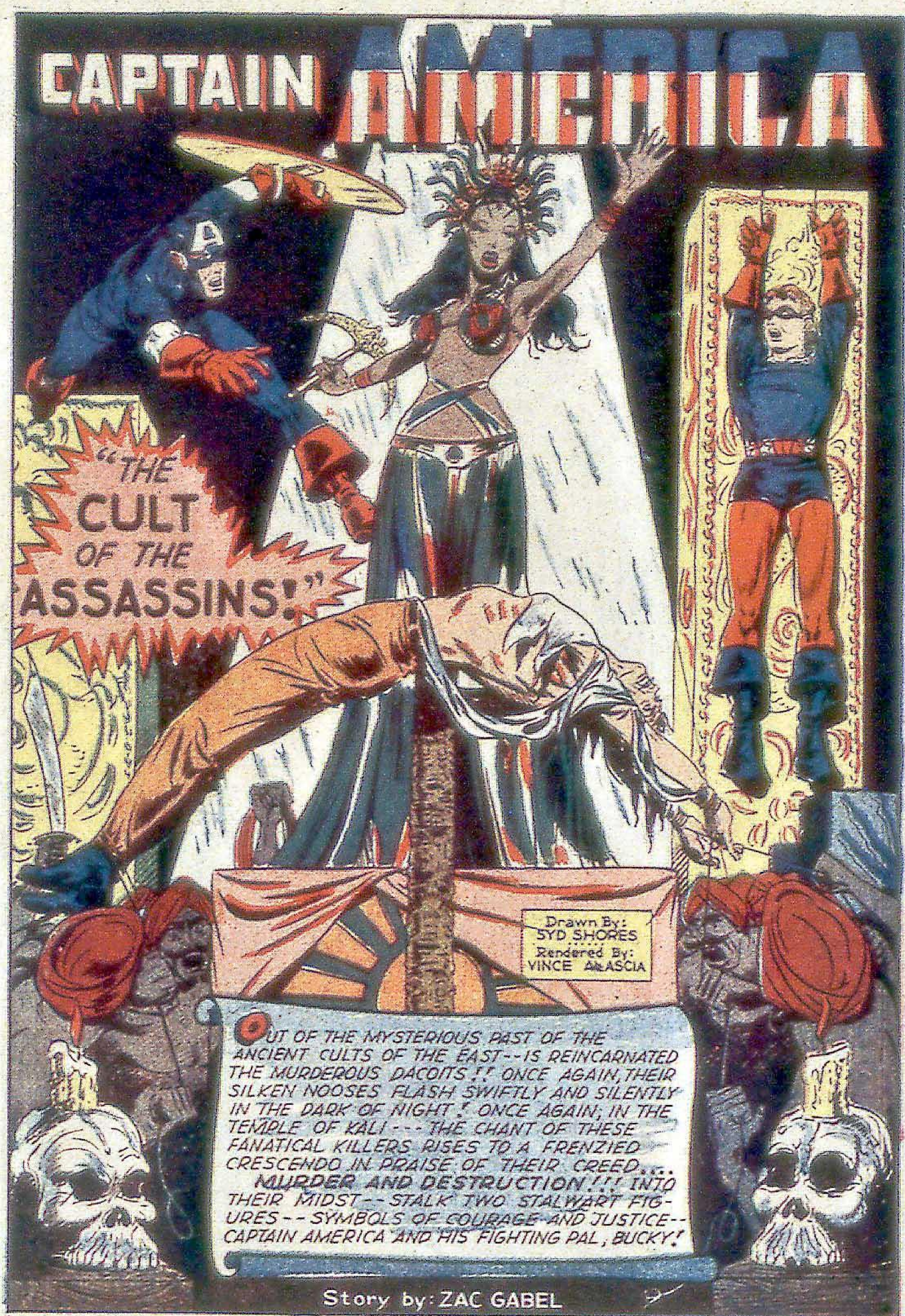
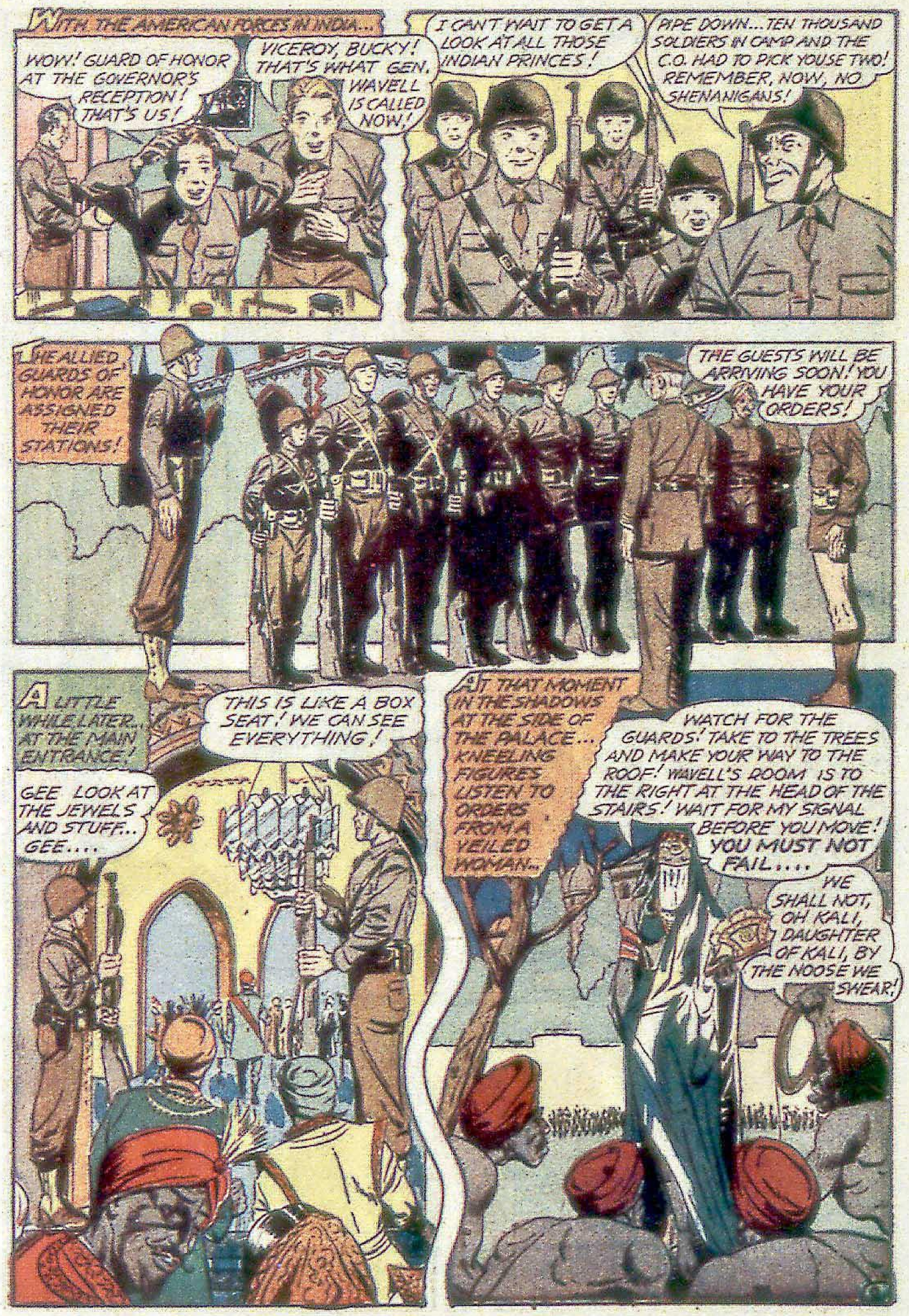
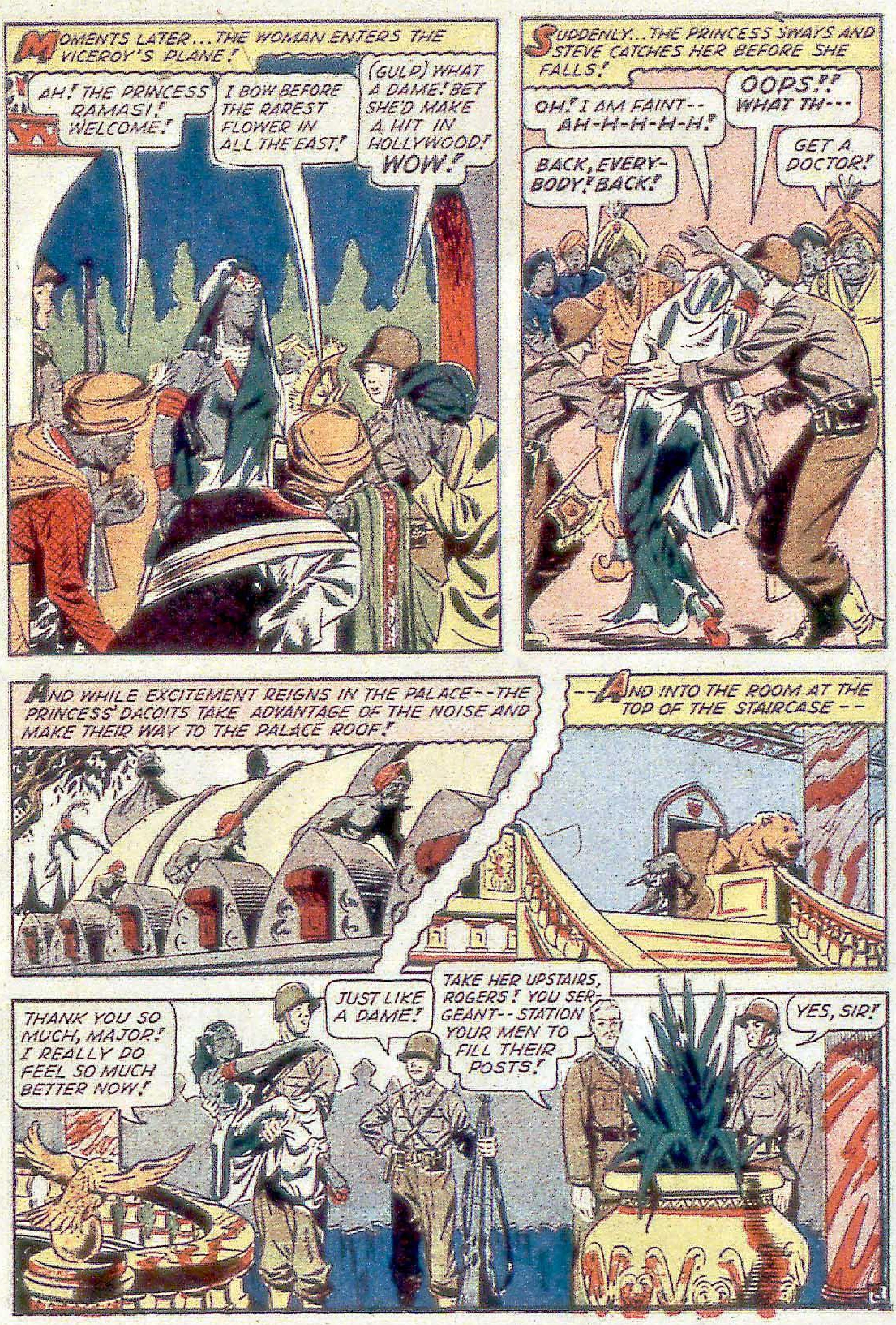
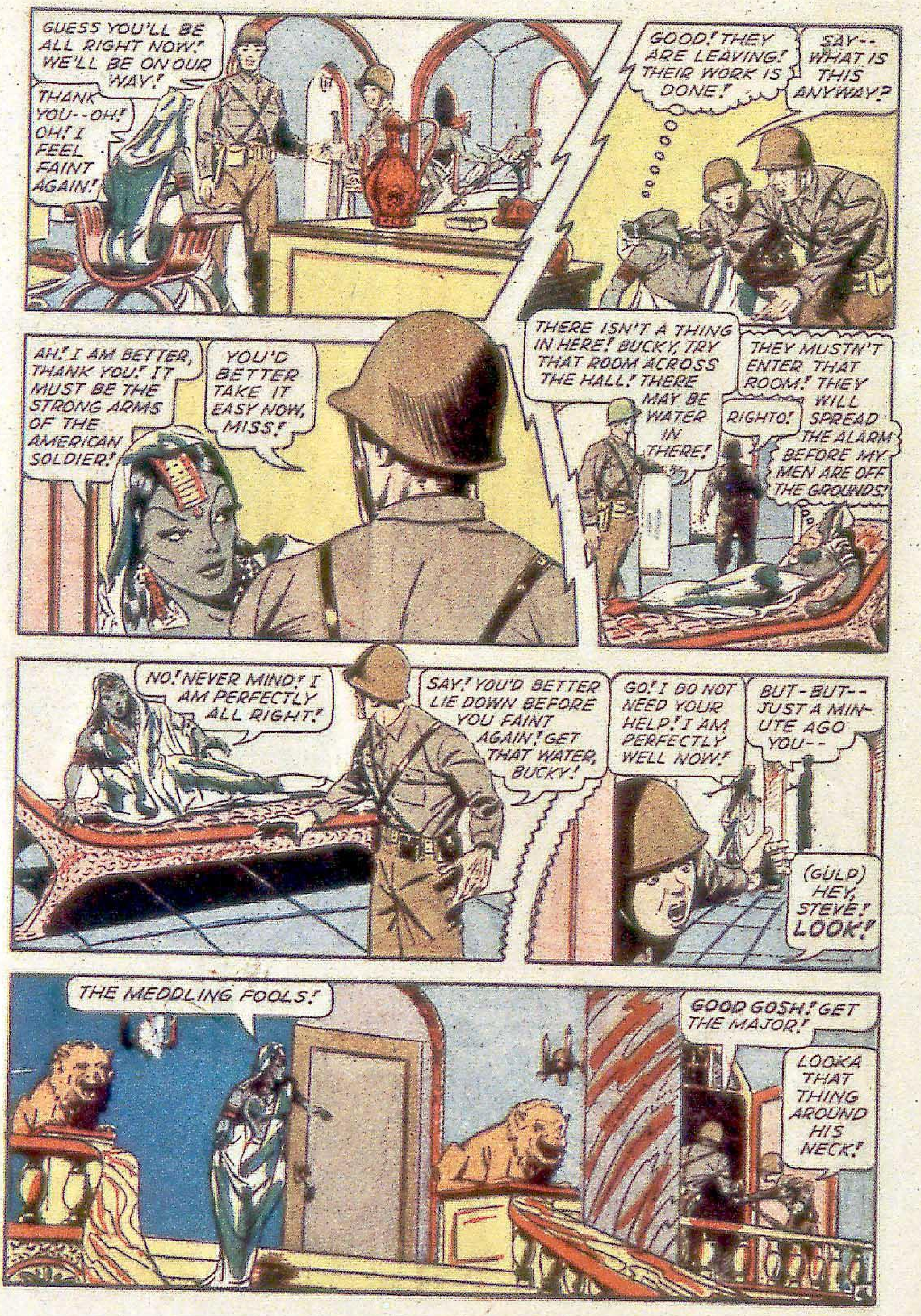
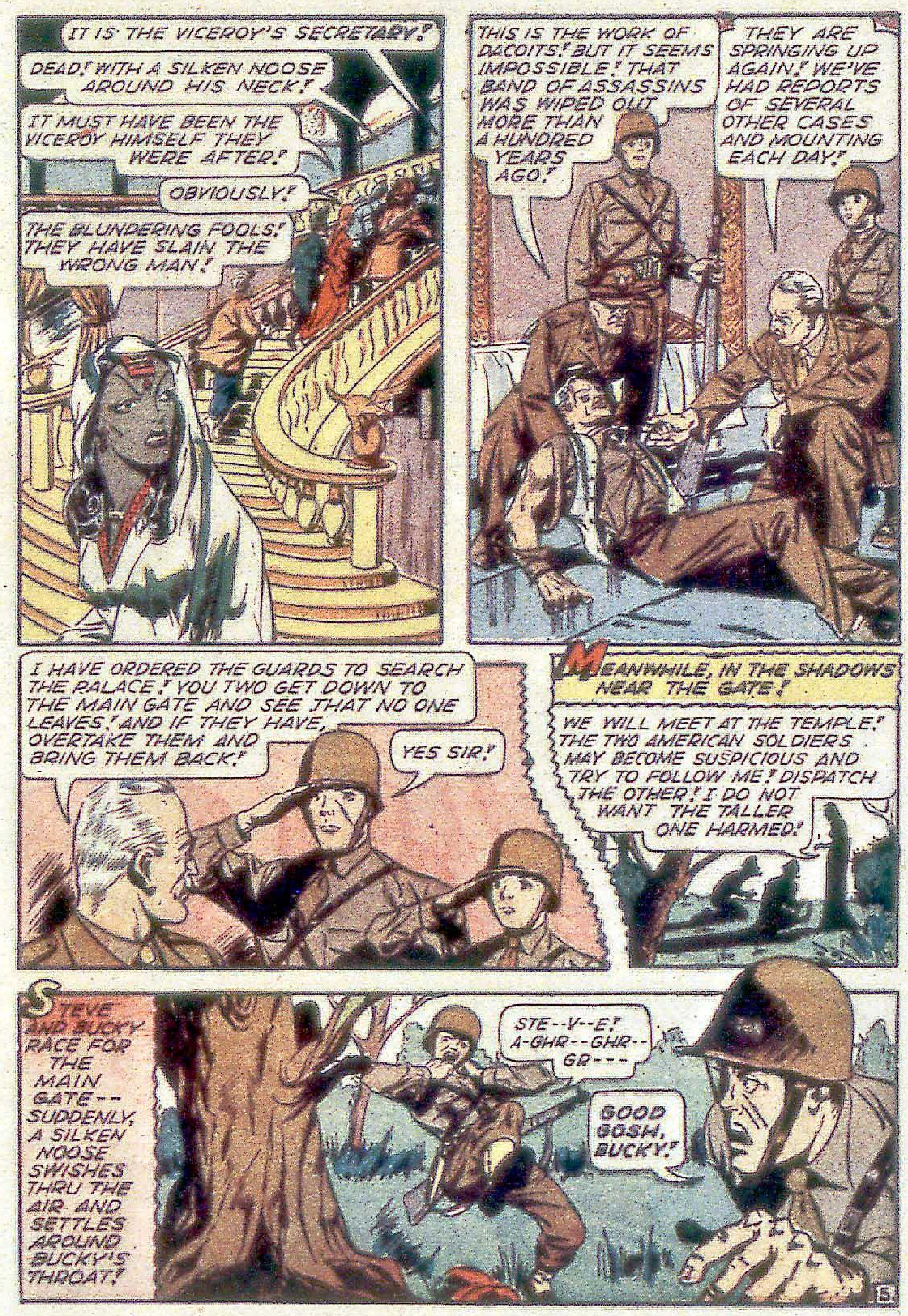

CAPTAIN AMERICA
"THE CULT OF THE ASSASSINS!"
Drawn By: SYD SHORES
Rendered By: VINCE ALASCIA
OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS PAST OF THE ANCIENT CULTS OF THE EAST--IS REINCARNATED THE MURDEROUS DACOITS!! ONCE AGAIN, THEIR SILKEN NOOSES FLASH SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY IN THE DARK OF NIGHT! ONCE AGAIN, IN THE TEMPLE OF KALI --- THE CHANT OF THESE FANATICAL KILLERS RISES TO A FRENZIED CRESCENDO IN PRAISE OF THEIR CREED... MURDER AND DESTRUCTION!!! INTO THEIR MIDST--STALK TWO STALWART FIGURES--SYMBOLS OF COURAGE AND JUSTICE--CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS FIGHTING PAL, BUCKY!

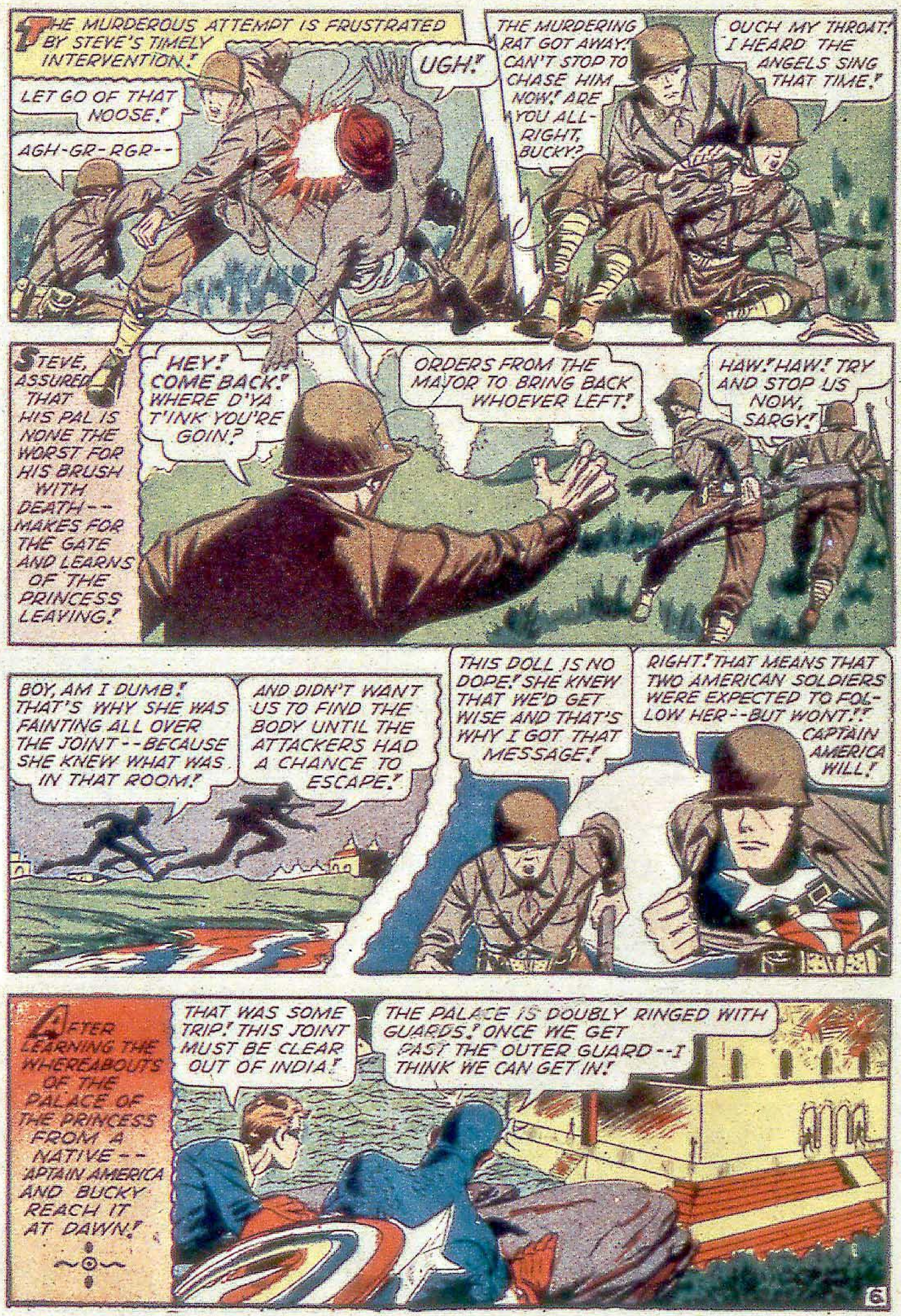
Story by: ZAC GABEL

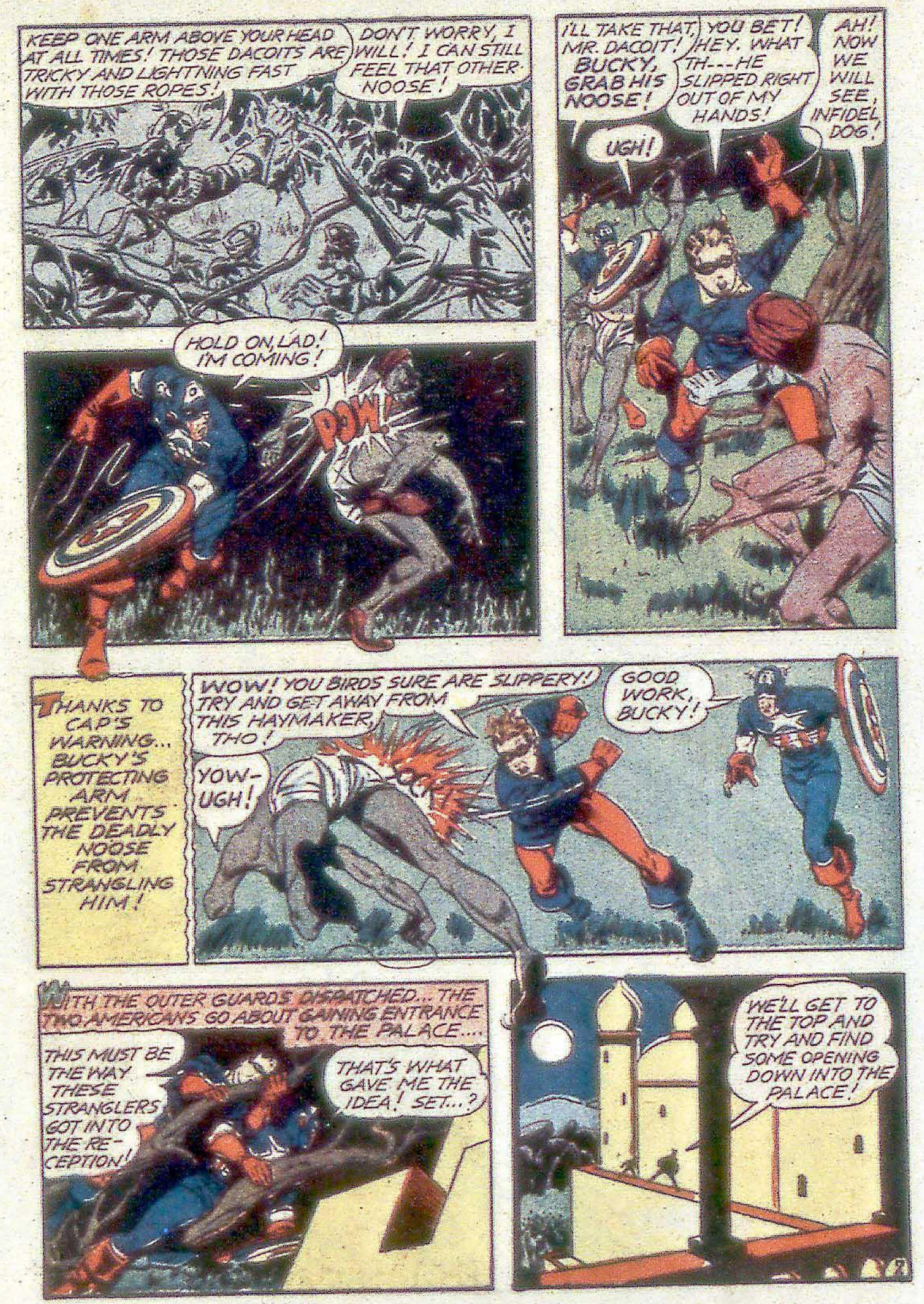

WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES IN INDIA...
WOW! GUARD OF HONOR AT THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION! THAT'S US!
VICEROY, BUCKY! THAT'S WHAT GEN. WAVELL IS CALLED NOW!
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET A LOOK AT ALL THOSE INDIAN PRINCES!
PIPE DOWN... TEN THOUSAND SOLDIERS IN CAMP AND THE C.O. HAD TO PICK YOUSE TWO! REMEMBER, NOW, NO SHENANIGANS!
THE ALLIED GUARDS OF HONOR ARE ASSIGNED THEIR STATIONS!
THE GUESTS WILL BE ARRIVING SOON! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER... AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE!
THIS IS LIKE A BOX SEAT! WE CAN SEE EVERYTHING!
GEE LOOK AT THE JEWELS AND STUFF... GEE....
AT THAT MOMENT IN THE SHADOWS AT THE SIDE OF THE PALACE... KNEELING FIGURES LISTEN TO ORDERS FROM A VEILED WOMAN..
WATCH FOR THE GUARDS! TAKE TO THE TREES AND MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE ROOF! WAVELL'S ROOM IS TO THE RIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS! WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL BEFORE YOU MOVE! YOU MUST NOT FAIL....
WE SHALL NOT, OH KALI, DAUGHTER OF KALI, BY THE NOOSE WE SWEAR!

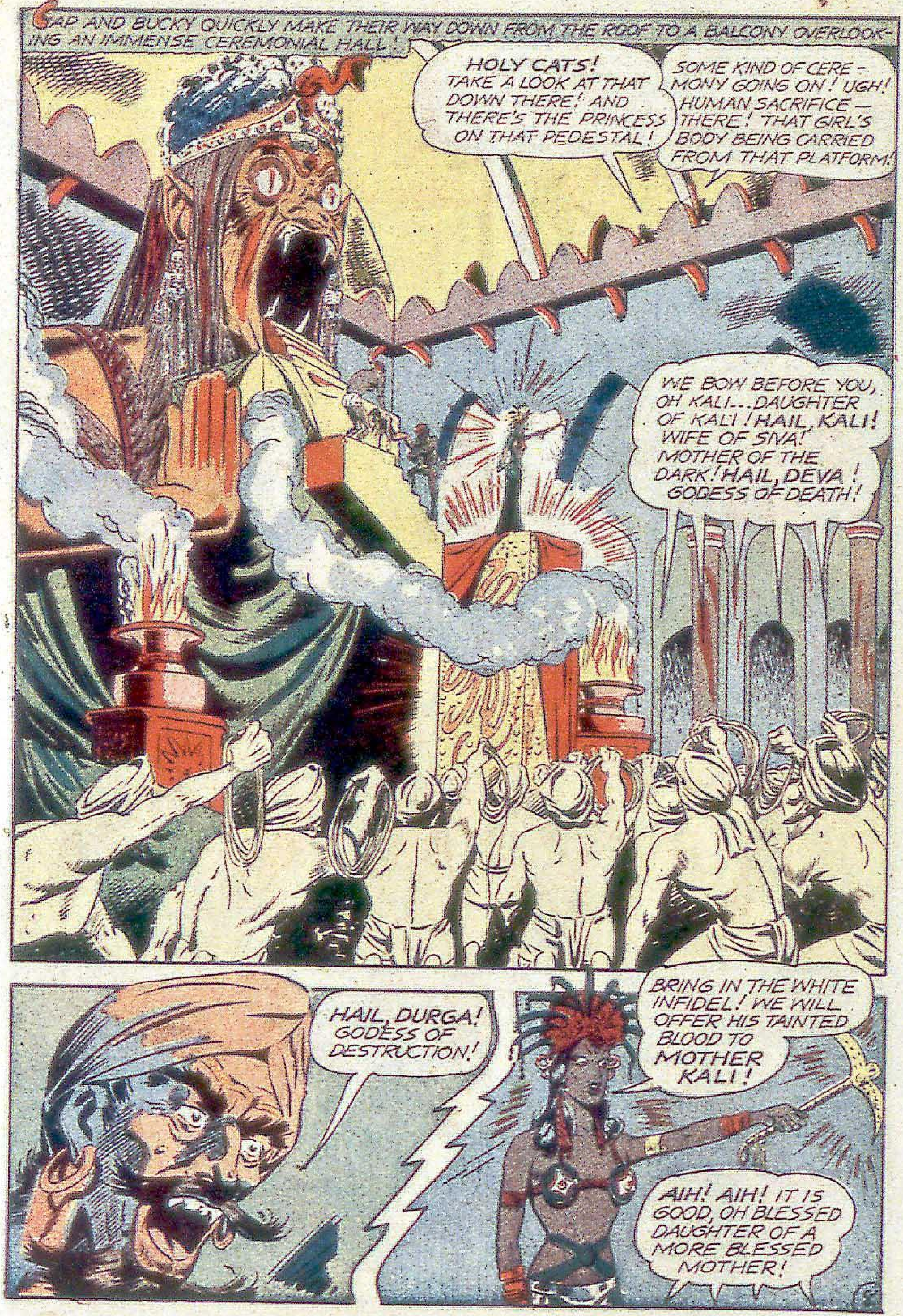

MOMENTS LATER... THE WOMAN ENTERS THE VICEROY'S PLANE!
AH! THE PRINCESS RAMASI! WELCOME!
I BOW BEFORE THE RAREST FLOWER IN ALL THE EAST!
(GULP) WHAT A DAME! BET SHE'D MAKE A HIT IN HOLLYWOOD! WOW!
SUDDENLY... THE PRINCESS SWAYS AND STEVE CATCHES HER BEFORE SHE FALLS!
OH! I AM FAINT-- AH-H-H-H-H!
OOPS!! WHAT TH---
BACK, EVERY-BODY! BACK!
GET A DOCTOR!
AND WHILE EXCITEMENT REIGNS IN THE PALACE--THE PRINCESS' DACOITS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE NOISE AND MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE PALACE ROOF!
--AND INTO THE ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE--
THANK YOU SO MUCH, MAJOR! I REALLY DO FEEL SO MUCH BETTER NOW!
JUST LIKE A DAME!
TAKE HER UPSTAIRS, ROGERS! YOU SERGEANT--STATION YOUR MEN TO FILL THEIR POSTS!
YES, SIR!

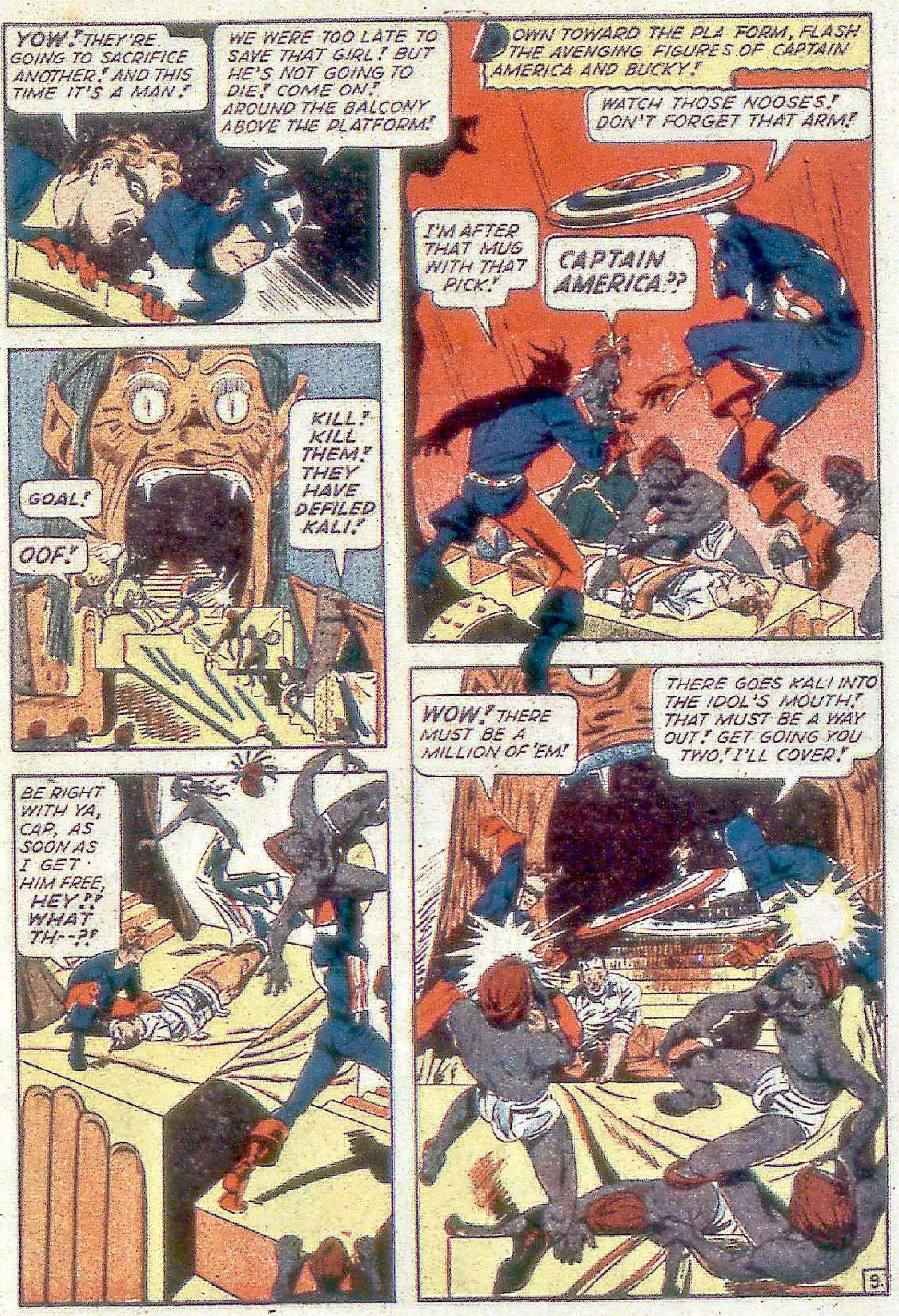

GUESS YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!
THANK YOU--OH! OH! I FEEL FAINT AGAIN!
GOOD! THEY ARE LEAVING! THEIR WORK IS DONE!
SAY-- WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY?
AH! I AM BETTER, THANK YOU! IT MUST BE THE STRONG ARMS OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER!
YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT EASY NOW, MISS!
THERE ISN'T A THING IN HERE! BUCKY, TRY THAT ROOM ACROSS THE HALL! THERE MAY BE WATER IN THERE!
RIGHTO!
THEY MUSTN'T ENTER THAT ROOM! THEY WILL SPREAD THE ALARM BEFORE MY MEN ARE OFF THE GROUNDS!
NO! NEVER MIND! I AM PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT!
SAY! YOU'D BETTER LIE DOWN BEFORE YOU FAINT AGAIN! GET THAT WATER, BUCKY!
GO! I DO NOT NEED YOUR HELP! I AM PERFECTLY WELL NOW!
BUT-BUT-- JUST A MINUTE AGO YOU--
(GULP) HEY, STEVE! LOOK!
THE MEDDLING FOOLS!
GOOD GOSH! GET THE MAJOR!
LOOKA THAT THING AROUND HIS NECK!

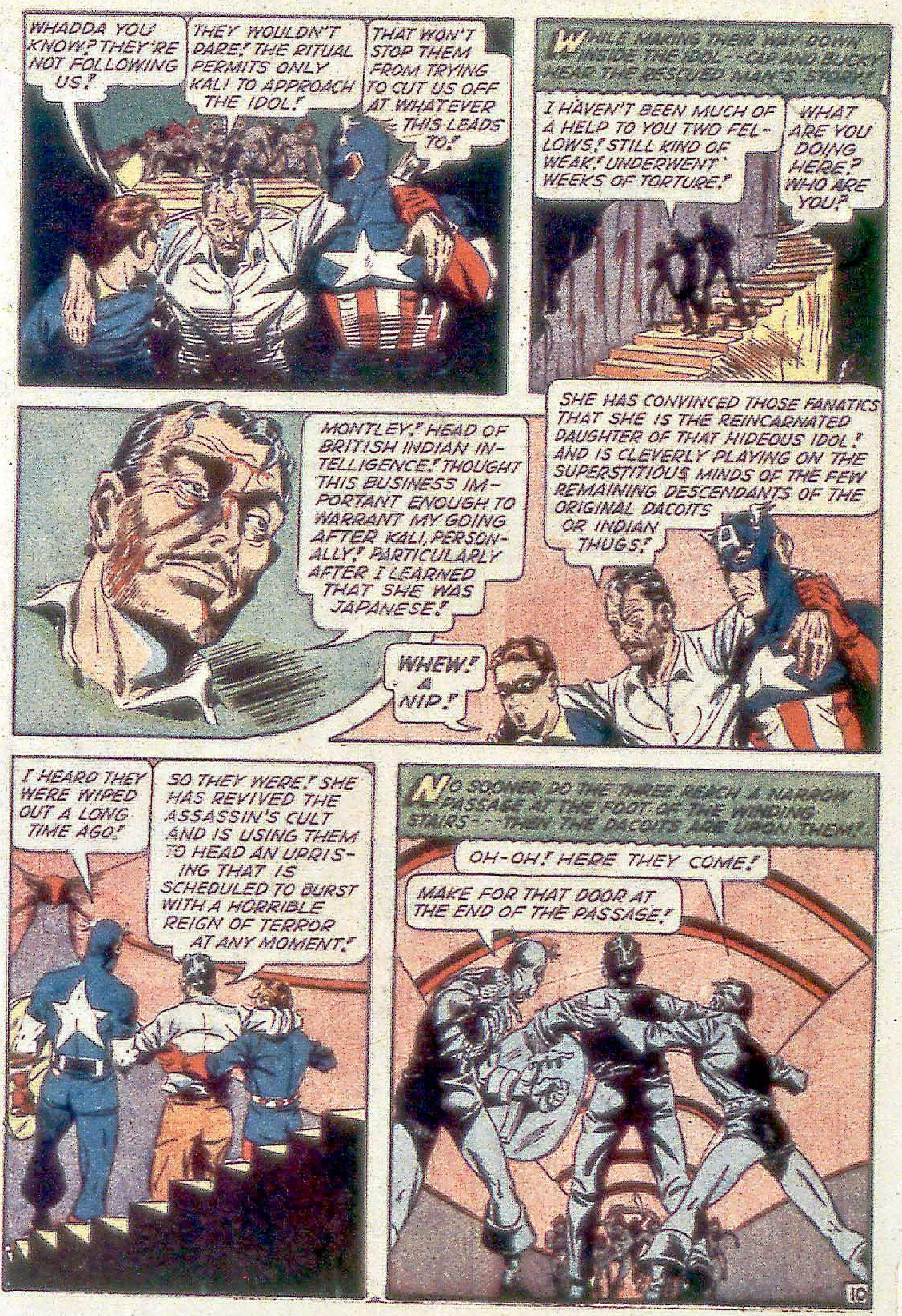

IT IS THE VICEROY'S SECRETARY!
DEAD! WITH A SILKEN NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE VICEROY HIMSELF THEY WERE AFTER!
OBVIOUSLY!
THE BLUNDERING FOOLS! THEY HAVE SLAIN THE WRONG MAN!
THIS IS THE WORK OF DACOITS! BUT IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE! THAT BAND OF ASSASSINS WAS WIPED OUT MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!
THEY ARE SPRINGING UP AGAIN! WE'VE HAD REPORTS OF SEVERAL OTHER CASES AND MOUNTING EACH DAY!
I HAVE ORDERED THE GUARDS TO SEARCH THE PALACE! YOU TWO GET DOWN TO THE MAIN GATE AND SEE THAT NO ONE LEAVES! AND IF THEY HAVE, OVERTAKE THEM AND BRING THEM BACK!
YES SIR!
MEANWHILE, IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE GATE!
WE WILL MEET AT THE TEMPLE! THE TWO AMERICAN SOLDIERS MAY BECOME SUSPICIOUS AND TRY TO FOLLOW ME! DISPATCH THE OTHER! I DO NOT WANT THE TALLER ONE HARMED!
STEVE AND BUCKY RACE FOR THE MAIN GATE--SUDDENLY, A SILKEN NOOSE SWISHES THRU THE AIR AND SETTLES AROUND BUCKY'S THROAT!
STE--V--E! A-GHR--GHR--GR---
GOOD GOSH, BUCKY!

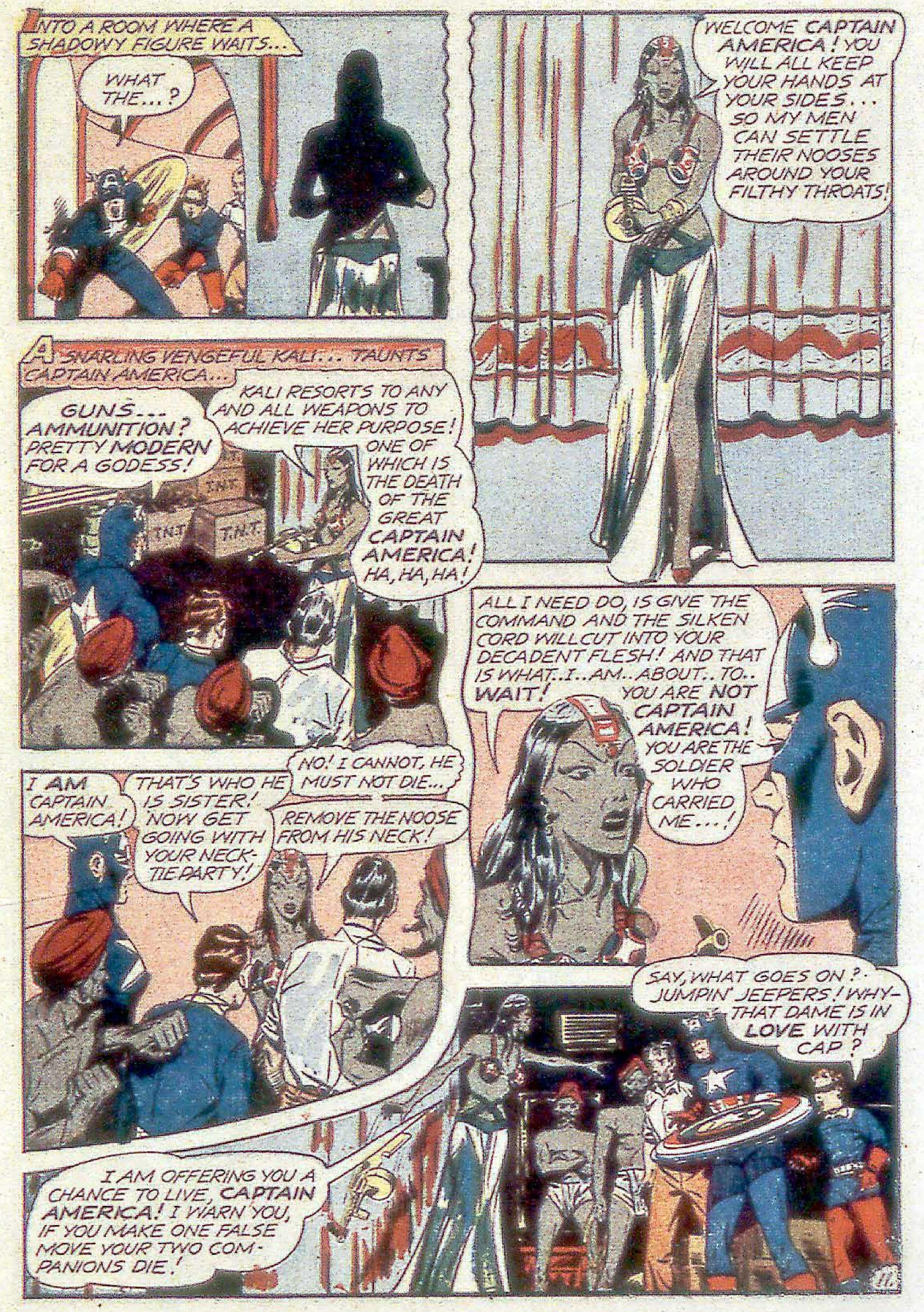

THE MURDEROUS ATTEMPT IS FRUSTRATED BY STEVE'S TIMELY INTERVENTION!
LET GO OF THAT NOOSE!
AGH-GR-RGR--
UGH!
THE MURDERING RAT GOT AWAY! CAN'T STOP TO CHASE HIM NOW! ARE YOU ALL-RIGHT, BUCKY?
OUCH MY THROAT! I HEARD THE ANGELS SING THAT TIME!
STEVE, ASSURED THAT HIS PAL IS NONE THE WORST FOR HIS BRUSH WITH DEATH--MAKES FOR THE GATE AND LEARNS OF THE PRINCESS LEAVING!
HEY! COME BACK! WHERE D'YA T'INK YOU'RE GOIN?
ORDERS FROM THE MAJOR TO BRING BACK WHOEVER LEFT!
HAW! HAW! TRY AND STOP US NOW, SARGY!
BOY, AM I DUMB! THAT'S WHY SHE WAS FAINTING ALL OVER THE JOINT--BECAUSE SHE KNEW WHAT WAS IN THAT ROOM!
AND DIDN'T WANT US TO FIND THE BODY UNTIL THE ATTACKERS HAD A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
THIS DOLL IS NO DOPE! SHE KNEW THAT WE'D GET WISE AND THAT'S WHY I GOT THAT MESSAGE!
RIGHT! THAT MEANS THAT TWO AMERICAN SOLDIERS WERE EXPECTED TO FOLLOW HER--BUT WONT!! CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL!
AFTER LEARNING THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE PALACE OF THE PRINCESS FROM A NATIVE--CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY REACH IT AT DAWN!
THAT WAS SOME TRIP! THIS JOINT MUST BE CLEAR OUT OF INDIA!
THE PALACE IS DOUBLY RINGED WITH GUARDS! ONCE WE GET PAST THE OUTER GUARD--I THINK WE CAN GET IN!

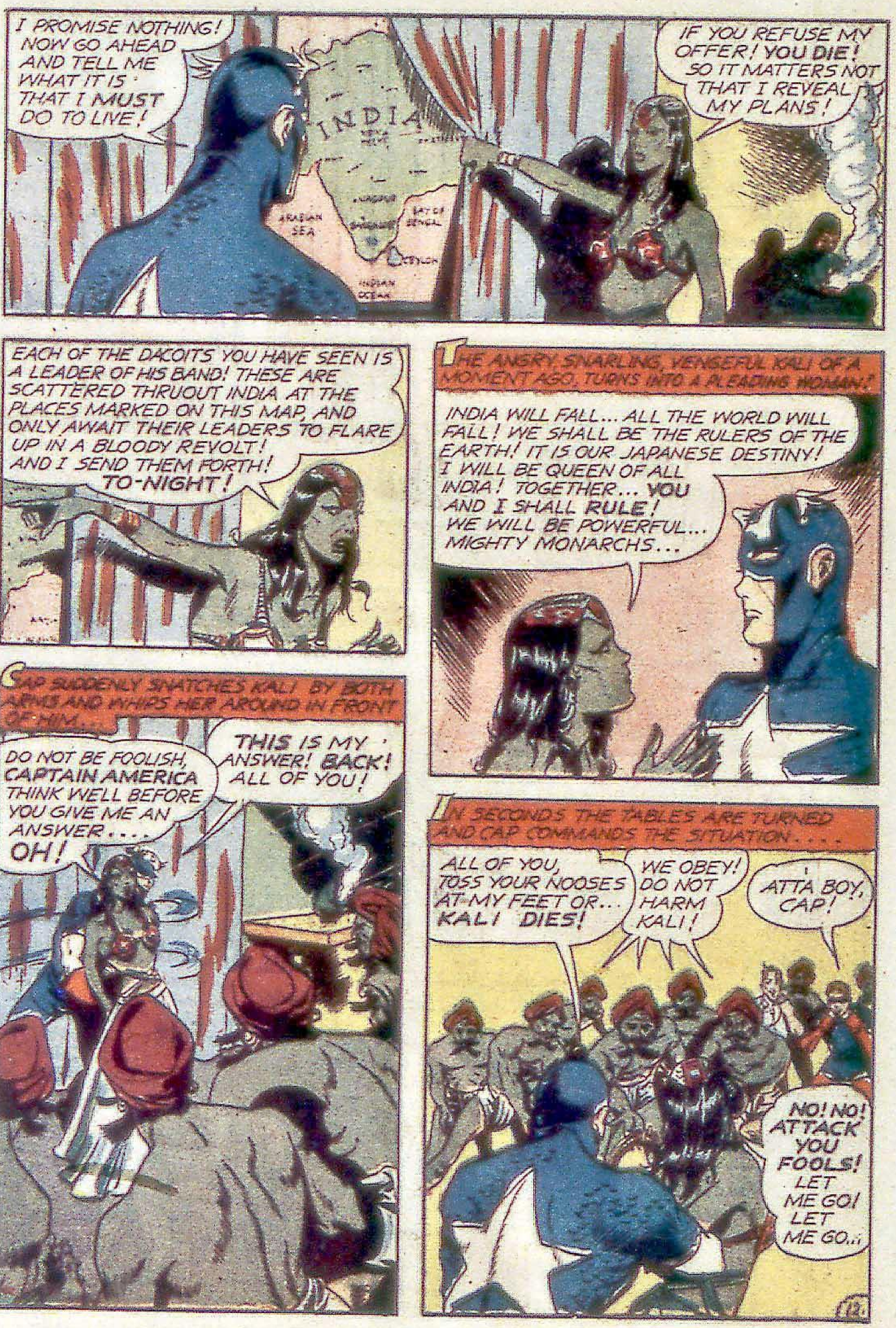

KEEP ONE ARM ABOVE YOUR HEAD AT ALL TIMES! THOSE DACOITS ARE TRICKY AND LIGHTNING FAST WITH THOSE ROPES!
DON'T WORRY, I WILL! I CAN STILL FEEL THAT OTHER NOOSE!
HOLD ON, LAD! I'M COMING!
POW!
I'LL TAKE THAT, MR. DACOIT! BUCKY, GRAB HIS NOOSE!
YOU BET! HEY. WHAT TH---HE SLIPPED RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS!
AH! NOW WE WILL SEE, INFIDEL DOG!
UGH!
THANKS TO CAP'S WARNING... BUCKY'S PROTECTING ARM PREVENTS THE DEADLY NOOSE FROM STRANGLING HIM!
WOW! YOU BIRDS SURE ARE SLIPPERY! TRY AND GET AWAY FROM THIS HAYMAKER, THO!
GOOD WORK, BUCKY!
YOW-UGH!
WITH THE OUTER GUARDS DISPATCHED... THE TWO AMERICANS GO ABOUT GAINING ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE....
THIS MUST BE THE WAY THESE STRANGLERS GOT INTO THE RECEPTION!
THAT'S WHAT GAVE ME THE IDEA! SET...?
WE'LL GET TO THE TOP AND TRY AND FIND SOME OPENING DOWN INTO THE PALACE!

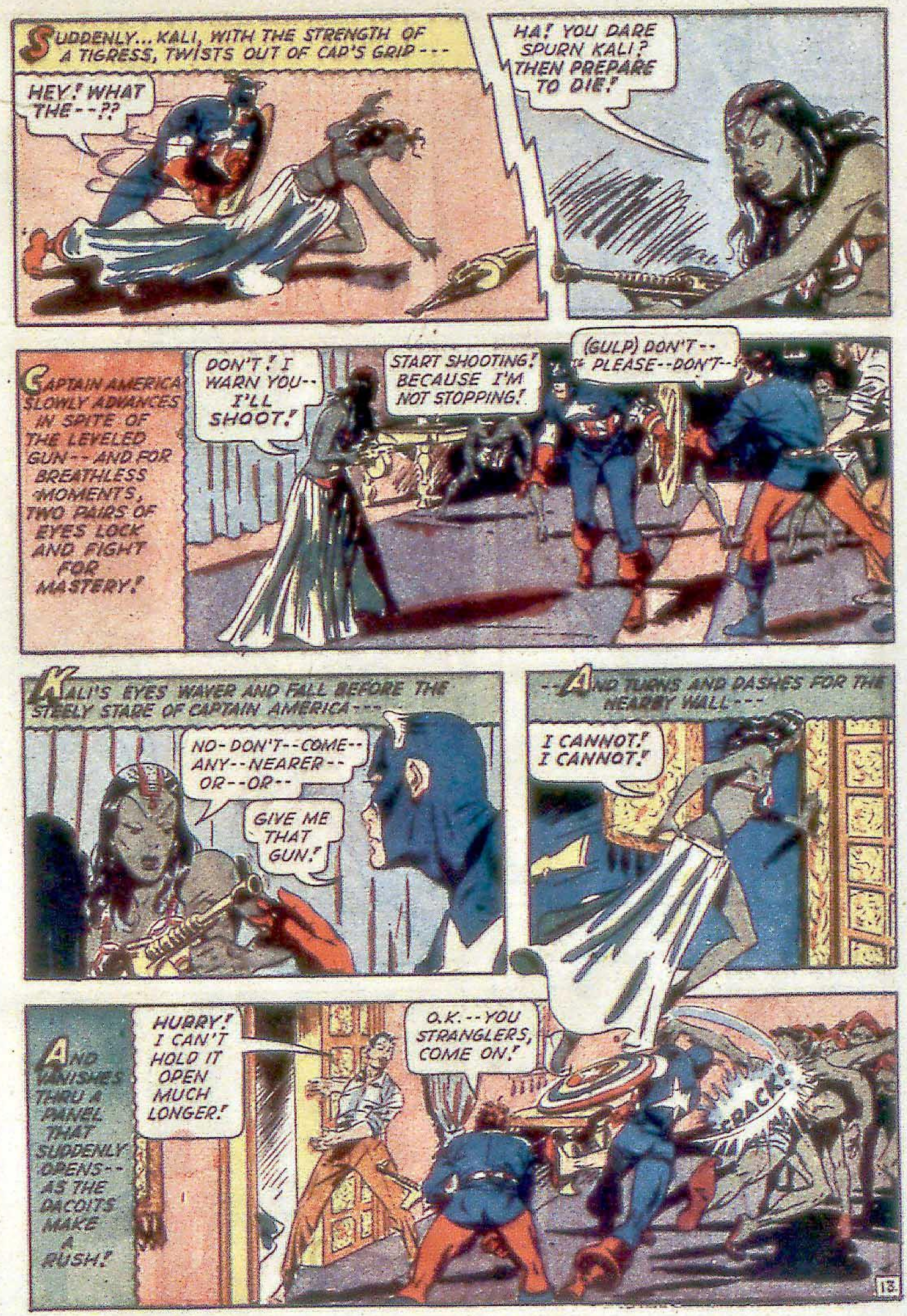

CAP AND BUCKY QUICKLY MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN FROM THE ROOF TO A BALCONY OVERLOOKING AN IMMENSE CEREMONIAL HALL!
HOLY CATS! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT DOWN THERE! AND THERE'S THE PRINCESS ON THAT PEDESTAL!
SOME KIND OF CEREMONY GOING ON! UGH! HUMAN SACRIFICE — THERE! THAT GIRL'S BODY BEING CARRIED FROM THAT PLATFORM!
WE BOW BEFORE YOU, OH KALI... DAUGHTER OF KALI! HAIL, KALI! WIFE OF SIVA! MOTHER OF THE DARK! HAIL, DEVA! GODESS OF DEATH!
HAIL, DURGA! GODESS OF DESTRUCTION!
BRING IN THE WHITE INFIDEL! WE WILL OFFER HIS TAINTED BLOOD TO MOTHER KALI!
AIH! AIH! IT IS GOOD, OH BLESSED DAUGHTER OF A MORE BLESSED MOTHER!

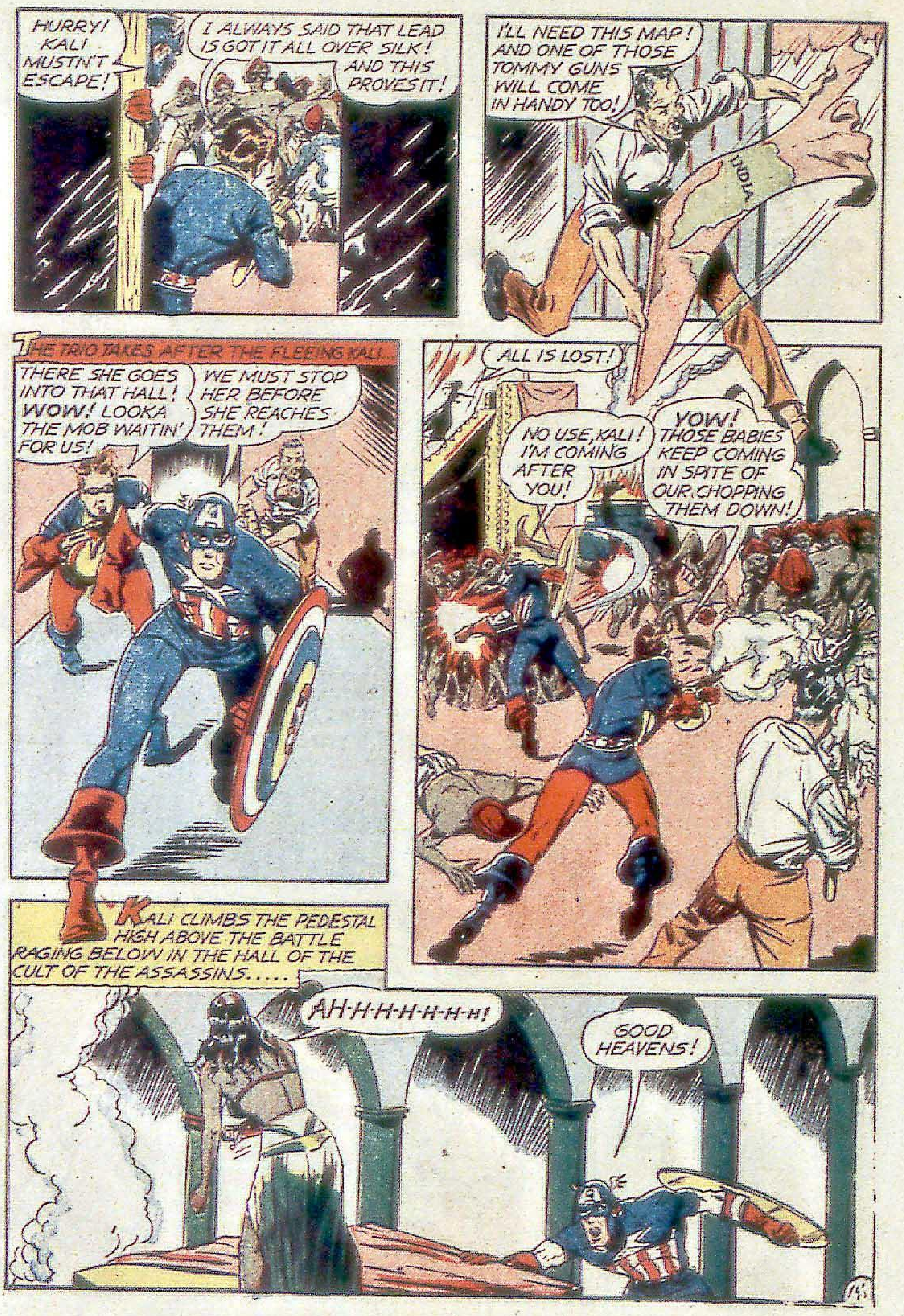

YOW! THEY'RE GOING TO SACRIFICE ANOTHER! AND THIS TIME IT'S A MAN!
WE WERE TOO LATE TO SAVE THAT GIRL! BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO DIE! COME ON! AROUND THE BALCONY ABOVE THE PLATFORM!
DOWN TOWARD THE PLA FORM, FLASH THE AVENGING FIGURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
WATCH THOSE NOOSES! DON'T FORGET THAT ARM!
I'M AFTER THAT MUG WITH THAT PICK!
CAPTAIN AMERICA??
GOAL!
OOF!
KILL! KILL THEM! THEY HAVE DEFILED KALI!
BE RIGHT WITH YA, CAP, AS SOON AS I GET HIM FREE, HEY!!? WHAT TH--?!
WOW! THERE MUST BE A MILLION OF 'EM!
THERE GOES KALI INTO THE IDOL'S MOUTH! THAT MUST BE A WAY OUT! GET GOING YOU TWO! I'LL COVER!

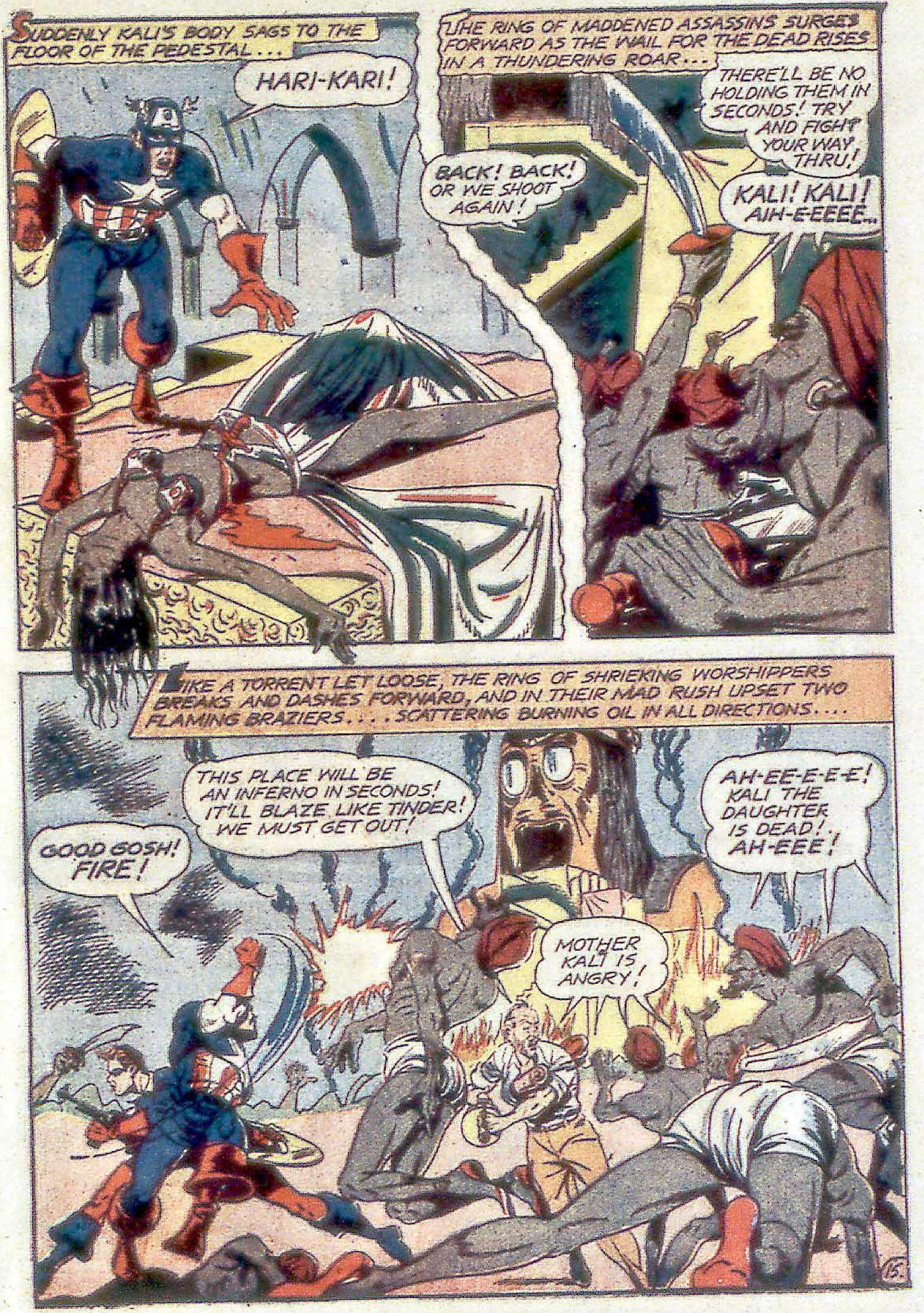

WHADDA YOU KNOW? THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING US!
THEY WOULDN'T DARE! THE RITUAL PERMITS ONLY KALI TO APPROACH THE IDOL!
THAT WON'T STOP THEM FROM TRYING TO CUT US OFF AT WHATEVER THIS LEADS TO!
WHILE MAKING THEIR WAY DOWN INSIDE THE IDOL---CAP AND BUCKY HEAR THE RESCUED MAN'S STORY!
I HAVEN'T BEEN MUCH OF A HELP TO YOU TWO FELLOWS! STILL KIND OF WEAK! UNDERWENT WEEKS OF TORTURE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHO ARE YOU?
MONTLEY! HEAD OF BRITISH INDIAN INTELLIGENCE! THOUGHT THIS BUSINESS IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO WARRANT MY GOING AFTER KALI, PERSONALLY! PARTICULARLY AFTER I LEARNED THAT SHE WAS JAPANESE!
SHE HAS CONVINCED THOSE FANATICS THAT SHE IS THE REINCARNATED DAUGHTER OF THAT HIDEOUS IDOL! AND IS CLEVERLY PLAYING ON THE SUPERSTITIOUS MINDS OF THE FEW REMAINING DESCENDANTS OF THE ORIGINAL DACOITS OR INDIAN THUGS!
WHEW! A NIP!
I HEARD THEY WERE WIPED OUT A LONG TIME AGO!
SO THEY WERE! SHE HAS REVIVED THE ASSASSIN'S CULT AND IS USING THEM TO HEAD AN UPRISING THAT IS SCHEDULED TO BURST WITH A HORRIBLE REIGN OF TERROR AT ANY MOMENT!
NO SOONER DO THE THREE REACH A NARROW PASSAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE WINDING STAIRS---THEN THE DACOITS ARE UPON THEM!
OH-OH! HERE THEY COME!
MAKE FOR THAT DOOR AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE!

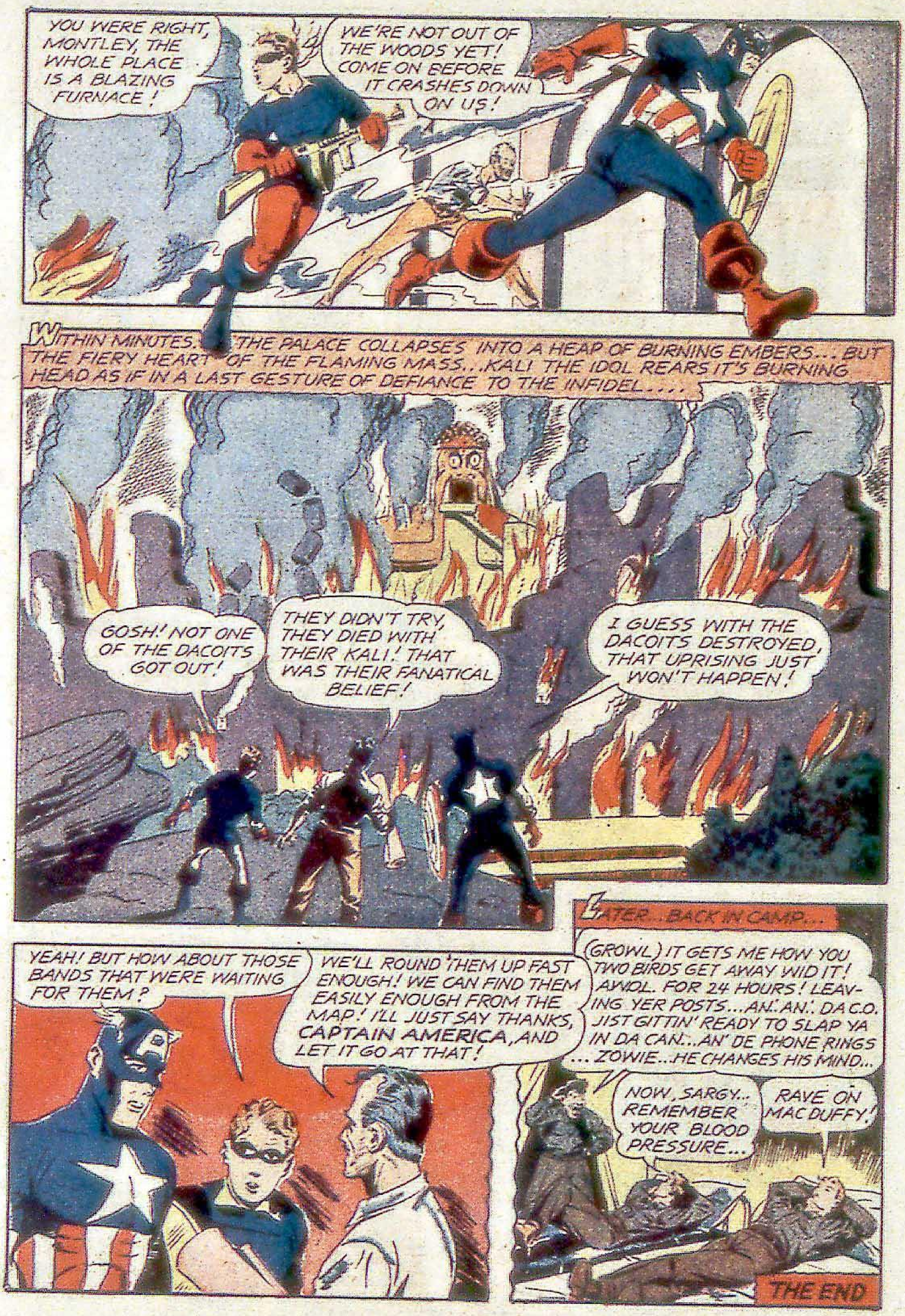

INTO A ROOM WHERE A SHADOWY FIGURE WAITS...
WHAT THE...?
WELCOME CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU WILL ALL KEEP YOUR HANDS AT YOUR SIDES... SO MY MEN CAN SETTLE THEIR NOOSES AROUND YOUR FILTHY THROATS!
A SNARLING VENGEFUL KALI... TAUNTS CAPTAIN AMERICA...
GUNS... AMMUNITION? PRETTY MODERN FOR A GODESS!
KALI RESORTS TO ANY AND ALL WEAPONS TO ACHIEVE HER PURPOSE!
ONE OF WHICH IS THE DEATH OF THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA! HA, HA, HA!
T.N.T.
T.N.T.
T.N.T.
ALL I NEED DO, IS GIVE THE COMMAND AND THE SILKEN CORD WILL CUT INTO YOUR DECADENT FLESH! AND THAT IS WHAT..I..AM..ABOUT..TO.. WAIT!
YOU ARE NOT CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU ARE THE SOLDIER WHO CARRIED ME...!
I AM CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THAT'S WHO HE IS SISTER! NOW GET GOING WITH YOUR NECK-TIE PARTY!
NO! I CANNOT, HE MUST NOT DIE...
REMOVE THE NOOSE FROM HIS NECK!
SAY, WHAT GOES ON?.. JUMPIN' JEEPERS! WHY-THAT DAME IS IN LOVE WITH CAP?
I AM OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO LIVE, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I WARN YOU, IF YOU MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE YOUR TWO COMPANIONS DIE!

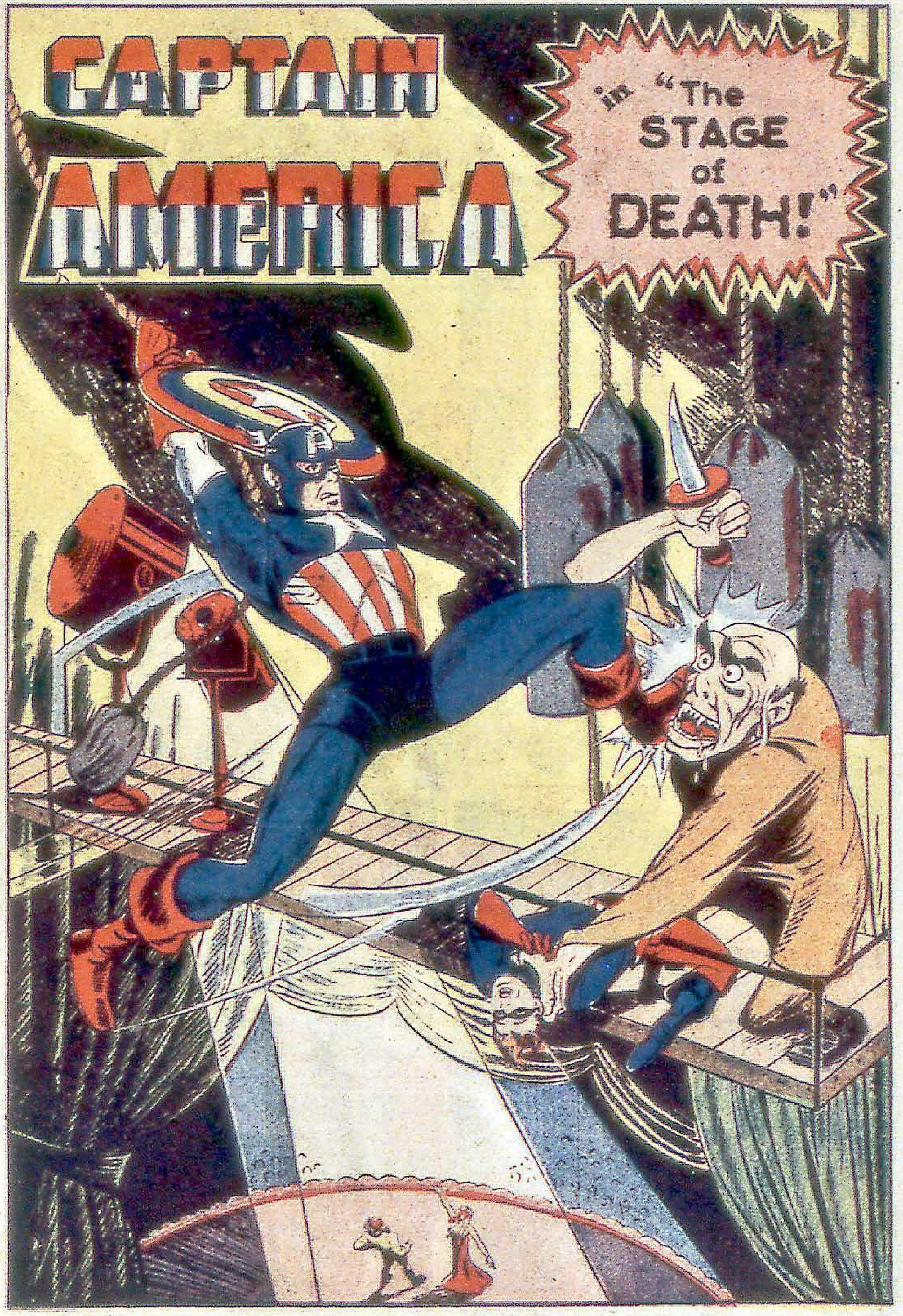

I PROMISE NOTHING! NOW GO AHEAD AND TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT I MUST DO TO LIVE!
IF YOU REFUSE MY OFFER! YOU DIE! SO IT MATTERS NOT THAT I REVEAL MY PLANS!
INDIA
ARABIAN SEA
BAY OF BENGAL
CEYLON
INDIAN OCEAN
EACH OF THE DACOITS YOU HAVE SEEN IS A LEADER OF HIS BAND! THESE ARE SCATTERED THRUOUT INDIA AT THE PLACES MARKED ON THIS MAP, AND ONLY AWAIT THEIR LEADERS TO FLARE UP IN A BLOODY REVOLT! AND I SEND THEM FORTH! TO-NIGHT!
THE ANGRY, SNARLING, VENGEFUL KALI OF A MOMENT AGO, TURNS INTO A PLEADING WOMAN!
INDIA WILL FALL... ALL THE WORLD WILL FALL! WE SHALL BE THE RULERS OF THE EARTH! IT IS OUR JAPANESE DESTINY! I WILL BE QUEEN OF ALL INDIA! TOGETHER... YOU AND I SHALL RULE! WE WILL BE POWERFUL... MIGHTY MONARCHS...
CAP SUDDENLY SNATCHES KALI BY BOTH ARMS AND WHIPS HER AROUND IN FRONT OF HIM...
DO NOT BE FOOLISH, CAPTAIN AMERICA THINK WELL BEFORE YOU GIVE ME AN ANSWER.... OH!
THIS IS MY ANSWER! BACK! ALL OF YOU!
IN SECONDS THE TABLES ARE TURNED AND CAP COMMANDS THE SITUATION....
ALL OF YOU, TOSS YOUR NOOSES AT MY FEET OR... KALI DIES!
WE OBEY! DO NOT HARM KALI!
ATTA BOY, CAP!
NO! NO! ATTACK YOU FOOLS! LET ME GO! LET ME GO...!

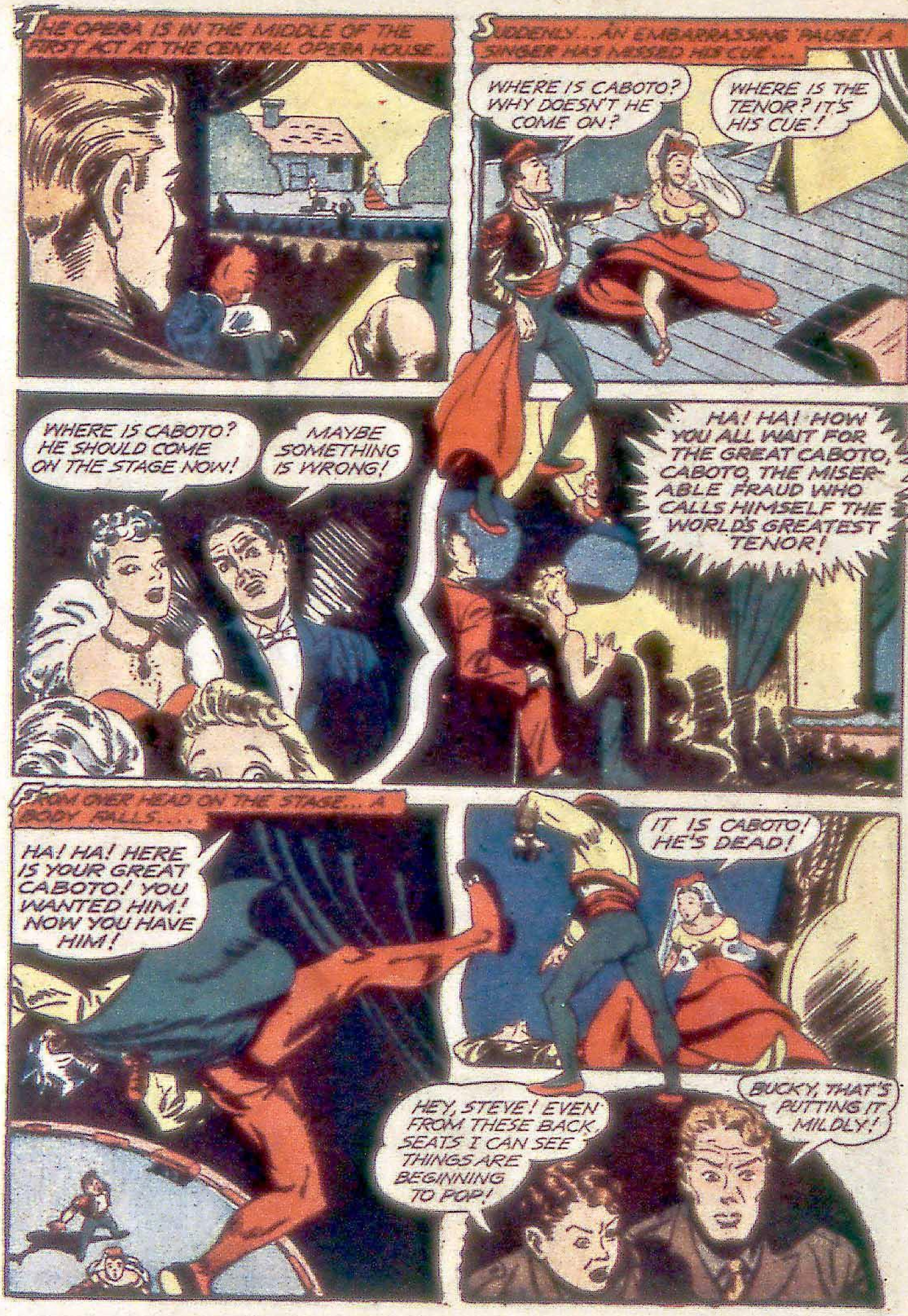

SUDDENLY... KALI, WITH THE STRENGTH OF A TIGRESS, TWISTS OUT OF CAP'S GRIP---
HEY! WHAT THE--??
HA! YOU DARE SPURN KALI? THEN PREPARE TO DIE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA SLOWLY ADVANCES IN SPITE OF THE LEVELED GUN--AND FOR BREATHLESS MOMENTS, TWO PAIRS OF EYES LOCK AND FIGHT FOR MASTERY!
DON'T! I WARN YOU--I'LL SHOOT!
START SHOOTING! BECAUSE I'M NOT STOPPING!
(GULP) DON'T--PLEASE--DON'T--
KALI'S EYES WAVER AND FALL BEFORE THE STEELY STARE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA---
NO-DON'T--COME--ANY--NEARER--OR--OR--
GIVE ME THAT GUN!
--AND TURNS AND DASHES FOR THE NEARBY WALL---
I CANNOT! I CANNOT!
AND VANISHES THRU A PANEL THAT SUDDENLY OPENS--AS THE DACOITS MAKE A RUSH!
HURRY! I CAN'T HOLD IT OPEN MUCH LONGER!
O.K.--YOU STRANGLERS, COME ON!
CRACK!

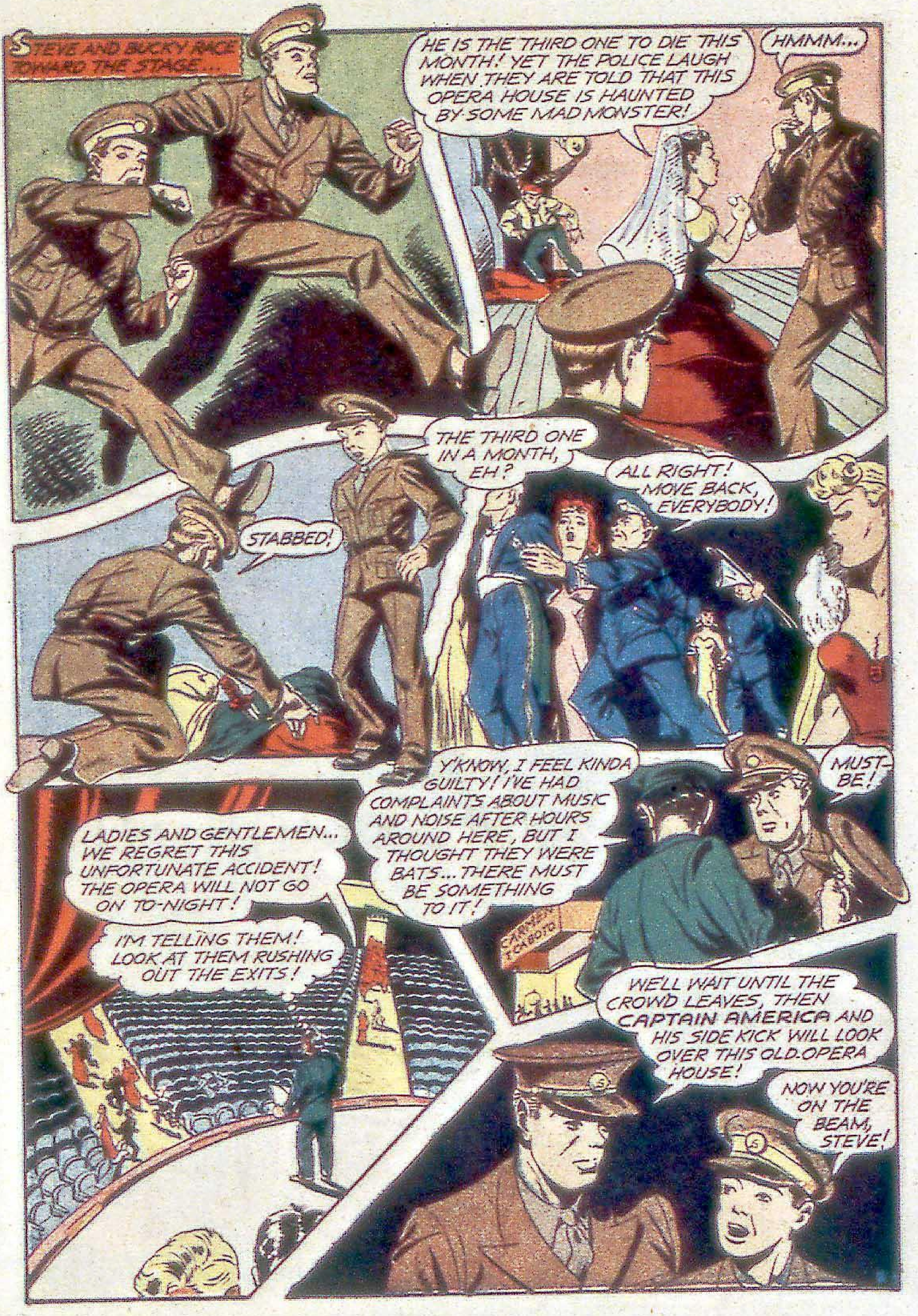

HURRY! KALI MUSTN'T ESCAPE!
I ALWAYS SAID THAT LEAD IS GOT IT ALL OVER SILK! AND THIS PROVES IT!
I'LL NEED THIS MAP! AND ONE OF THOSE TOMMY GUNS WILL COME IN HANDY TOO!
INDIA
THE TRIO TAKES AFTER THE FLEEING KALI.
THERE SHE GOES INTO THAT HALL! WOW! LOOKA THE MOB WAITIN' FOR US!
WE MUST STOP HER BEFORE SHE REACHES THEM!
ALL IS LOST!
NO USE, KALI! I'M COMING AFTER YOU!
YOW! THOSE BABIES KEEP COMING IN SPITE OF OUR CHOPPING THEM DOWN!
KALI CLIMBS THE PEDESTAL HIGH ABOVE THE BATTLE RAGING BELOW IN THE HALL OF THE CULT OF THE ASSASSINS.....
AH-H-H-H-H-H-H-H!
GOOD HEAVENS!

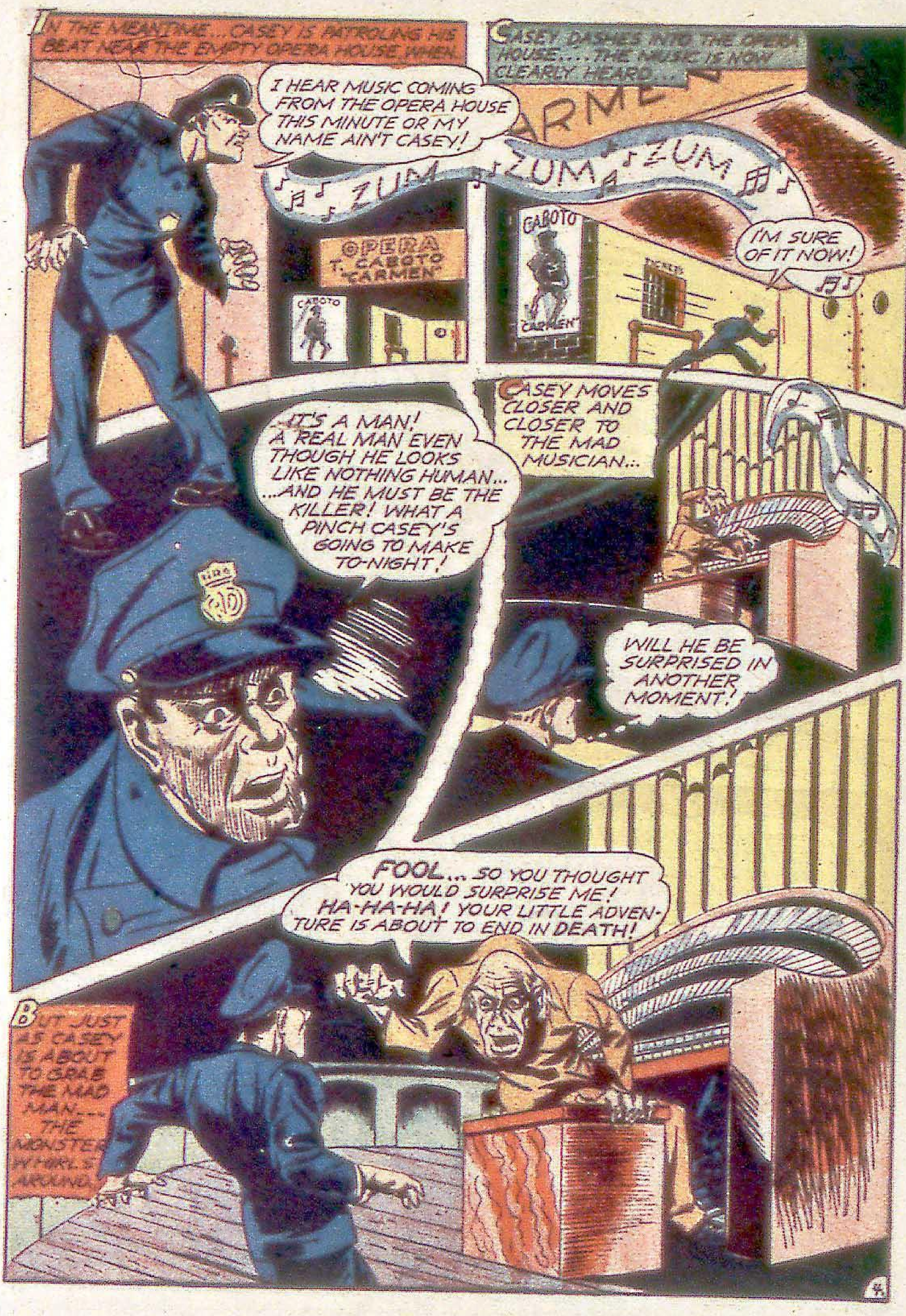

SUDDENLY KALI'S BODY SAGS TO THE FLOOR OF THE PEDESTAL...
HARI-KARI!
THE RING OF MADDENED ASSASSINS SURGES FORWARD AS THE WAIL FOR THE DEAD RISES IN A THUNDERING ROAR...
THERE'LL BE NO HOLDING THEM IN SECONDS! TRY AND FIGHT YOUR WAY THRU!
BACK! BACK! OR WE SHOOT AGAIN!
KALI! KALI! AIH-E-EEEE..
LIKE A TORRENT LET LOOSE, THE RING OF SHRIEKING WORSHIPPERS BREAKS AND DASHES FORWARD, AND IN THEIR MAD RUSH UPSET TWO FLAMING BRAZIERS.... SCATTERING BURNING OIL IN ALL DIRECTIONS....
GOOD GOSH! FIRE!
THIS PLACE WILL BE AN INFERNO IN SECONDS! IT'LL BLAZE LIKE TINDER! WE MUST GET OUT!
AH-EE-E-E-E! KALI THE DAUGHTER IS DEAD! AH-EEE!
MOTHER KALI IS ANGRY!

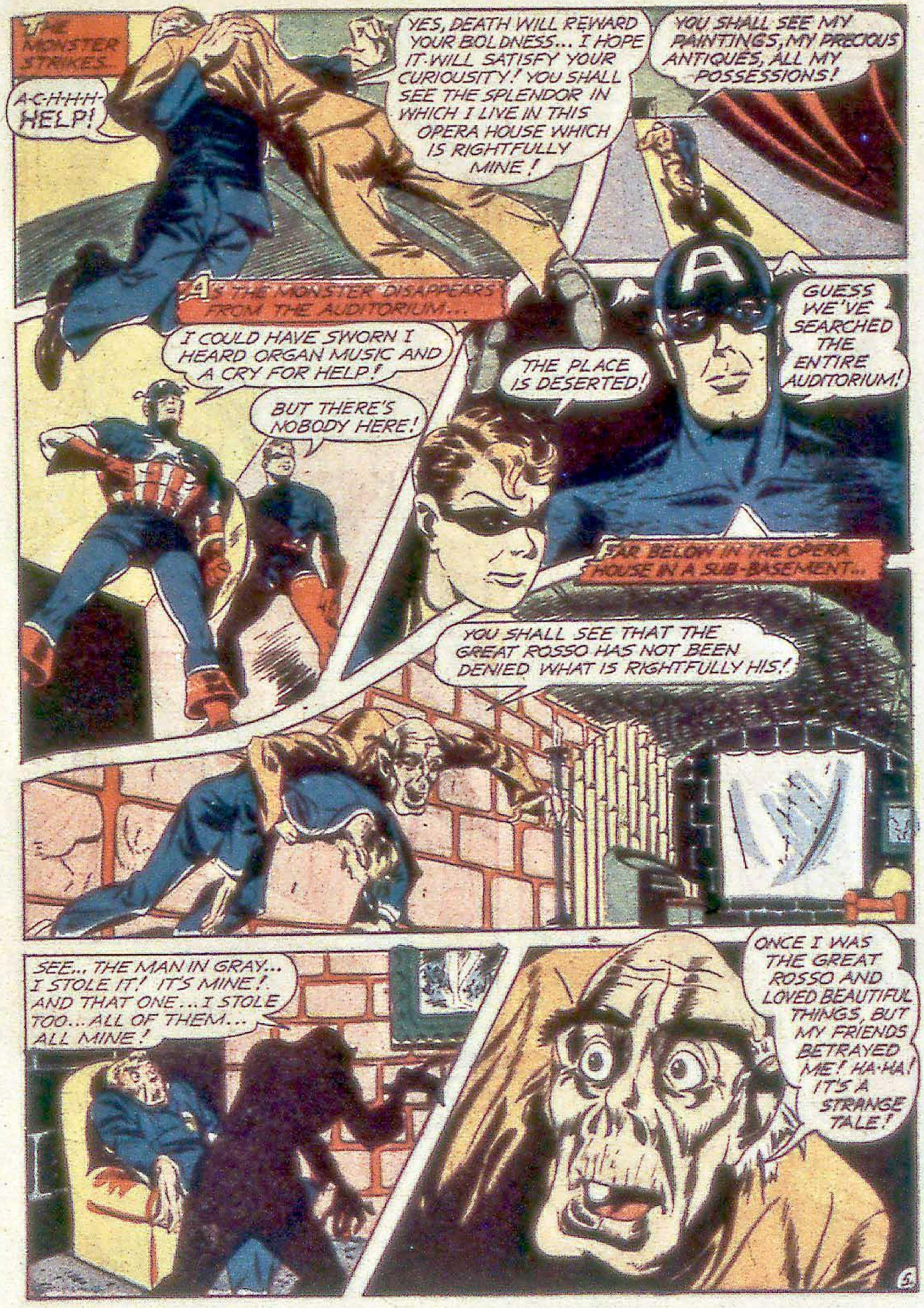

YOU WERE RIGHT, MONTLEY, THE WHOLE PLACE IS A BLAZING FURNACE!
WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET! COME ON BEFORE IT CRASHES DOWN ON US!
WITHIN MINUTES... THE PALACE COLLAPSES INTO A HEAP OF BURNING EMBERS... BUT THE FIERY HEART OF THE FLAMING MASS...KALI THE IDOL REARS IT'S BURNING HEAD AS IF IN A LAST GESTURE OF DEFIANCE TO THE INFIDEL...
GOSH! NOT ONE OF THE DACOITS GOT OUT!
THEY DIDN'T TRY, THEY DIED WITH THEIR KALI! THAT WAS THEIR FANATICAL BELIEF!
I GUESS WITH THE DACOITS DESTROYED, THAT UPRISING JUST WON'T HAPPEN!
YEAH! BUT HOW ABOUT THOSE BANDS THAT WERE WAITING FOR THEM?
WE'LL ROUND 'THEM UP FAST ENOUGH! WE CAN FIND THEM EASILY ENOUGH FROM THE MAP! I'LL JUST SAY THANKS, CAPTAIN AMERICA, AND LET IT GO AT THAT!
LATER...BACK IN CAMP...
(GROWL) IT GETS ME HOW YOU TWO BIRDS GET AWAY WID IT! AWOL. FOR 24 HOURS! LEAVING YER POSTS...AN'.AN'. DA C.O. JIST GITTIN' READY TO SLAP YA IN DA CAN...AN' DE PHONE RINGS ...ZOWIE..HE CHANGES HIS MIND...
NOW, SARGY... REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE...
RAVE ON MAC DUFFY!
THE END

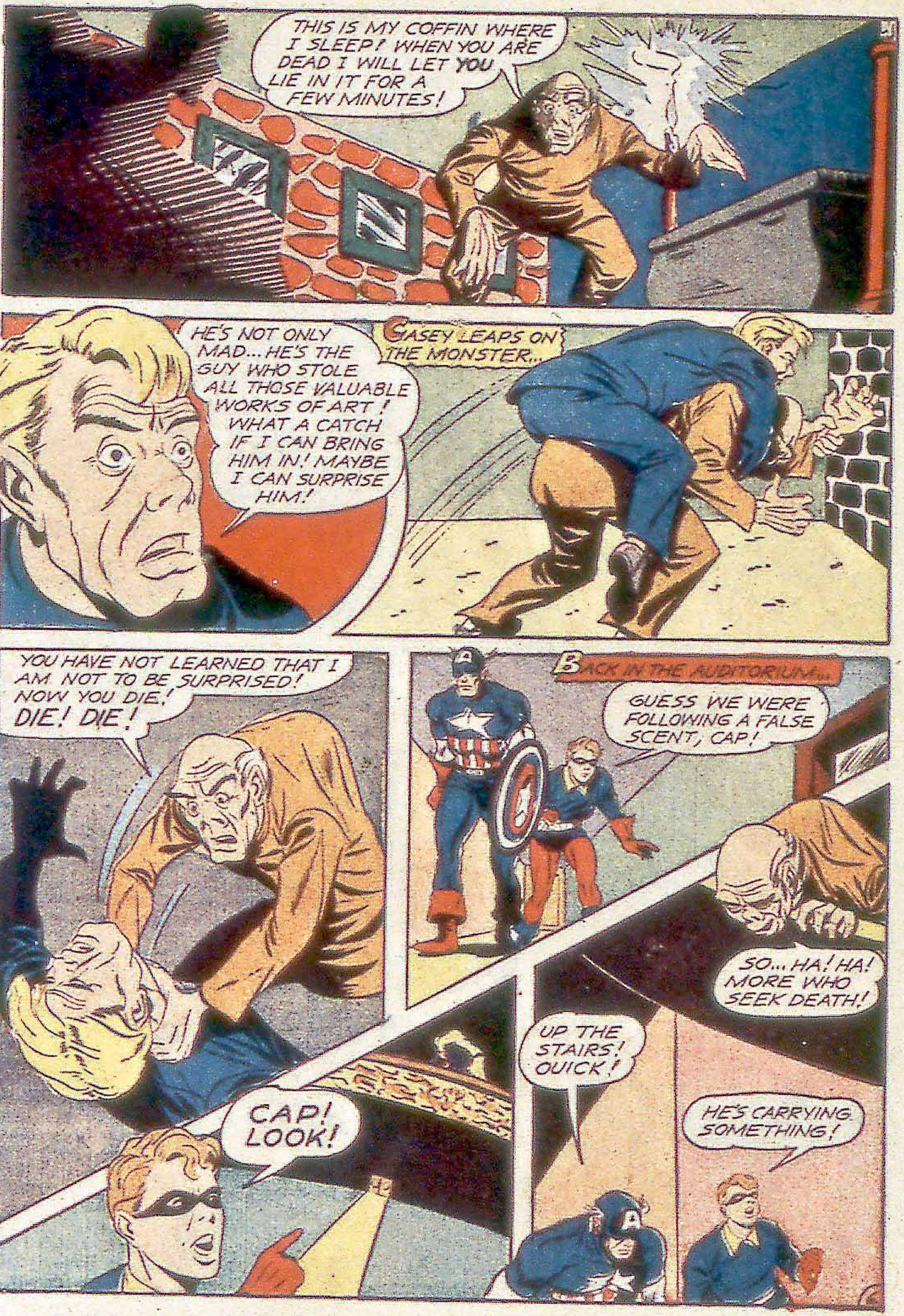

CAPTAIN AMERICA
in "The STAGE of DEATH!"

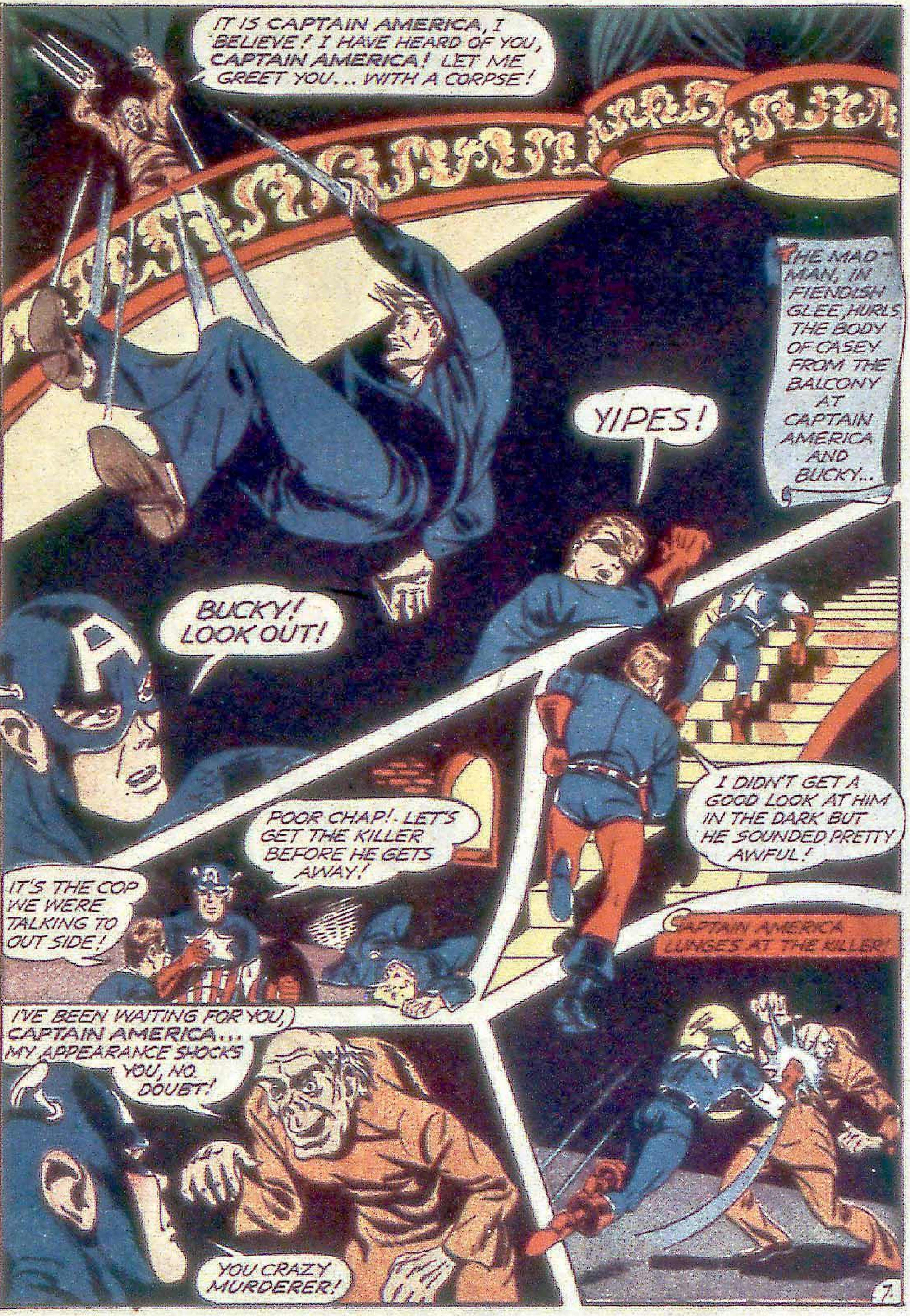

THE OPERA IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIRST ACT AT THE CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE...
SUDDENLY... AN EMBARRASSING 'PAUSE'! A SINGER HAS MISSED HIS CUE...
WHERE IS CABOTO? WHY DOESN'T HE COME ON?
WHERE IS THE TENOR? IT'S HIS CUE!
WHERE IS CABOTO? HE SHOULD COME ON THE STAGE NOW!
MAYBE SOMETHING IS WRONG!
HA! HA! HOW YOU ALL WAIT FOR THE GREAT CABOTO, CABOTO, THE MISERABLE FRAUD WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TENOR!
FROM OVER HEAD ON THE STAGE... A BODY FALLS...
HA! HA! HERE IS YOUR GREAT CABOTO! YOU WANTED HIM! NOW YOU HAVE HIM!
IT IS CABOTO! HE'S DEAD!
HEY, STEVE! EVEN FROM THESE BACK SEATS I CAN SEE THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO POP!
BUCKY, THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY!

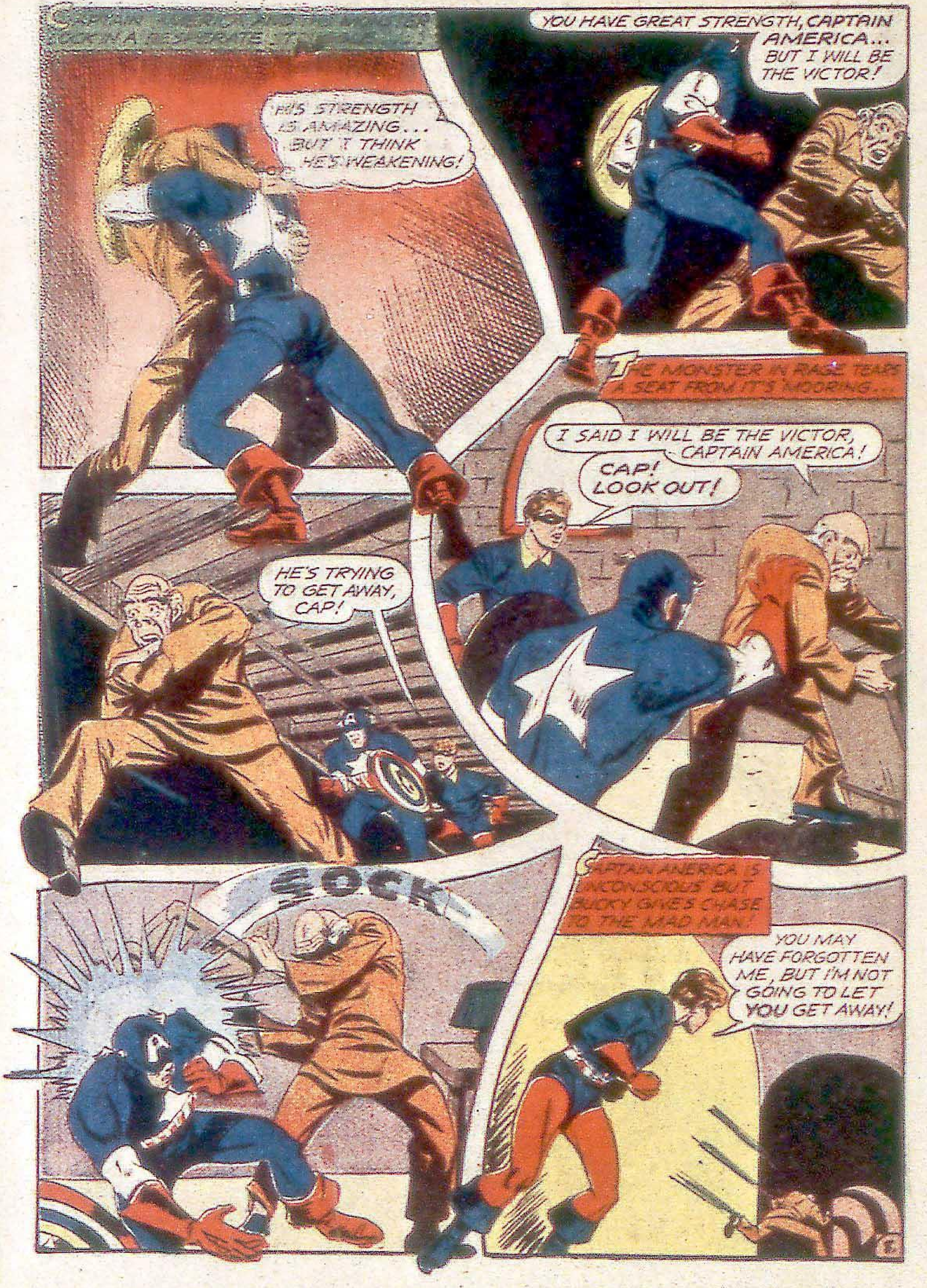

STEVE AND BUCKY RACE TOWARD THE STAGE...
HE IS THE THIRD ONE TO DIE THIS MONTH! YET THE POLICE LAUGH WHEN THEY ARE TOLD THAT THIS OPERA HOUSE IS HAUNTED BY SOME MAD MONSTER!
HMMM...
STABBED!
THE THIRD ONE IN A MONTH, EH?
ALL RIGHT! MOVE BACK, EVERYBODY!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... WE REGRET THIS UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! THE OPERA WILL NOT GO ON TO-NIGHT!
I'M TELLING THEM! LOOK AT THEM RUSHING OUT THE EXITS!
Y'KNOW, I FEEL KINDA GUILTY! I'VE HAD COMPLAINTS ABOUT MUSIC AND NOISE AFTER HOURS AROUND HERE, BUT I THOUGHT THEY WERE BATS... THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO IT!
MUST BE!
WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE CROWD LEAVES, THEN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS SIDE KICK WILL LOOK OVER THIS OLD OPERA HOUSE!
NOW YOU'RE ON THE BEAM, STEVE!

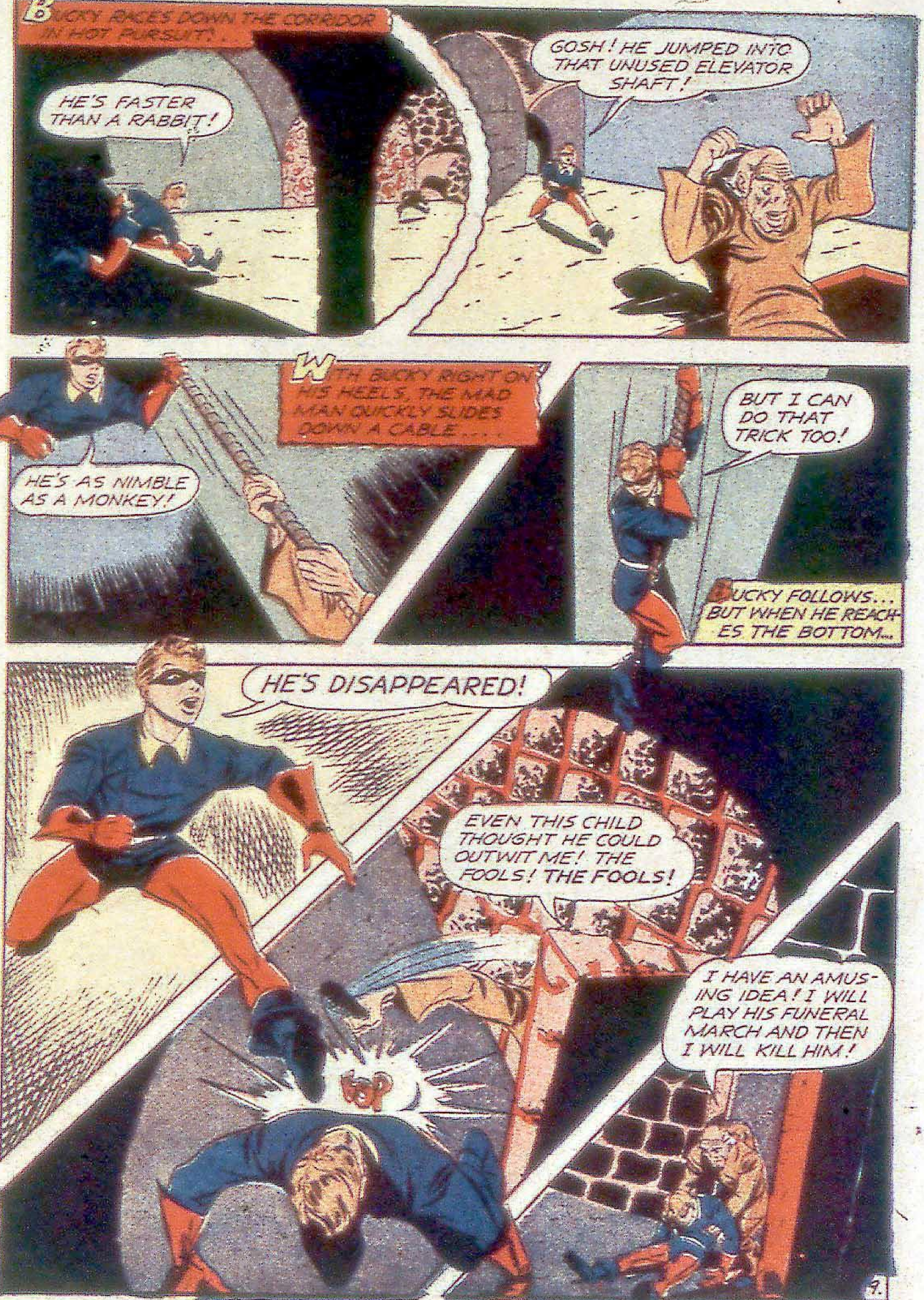

IN THE MEANTIME...CASEY IS PATROLING HIS BEAT NEAR THE EMPTY OPERA HOUSE WHEN
I HEAR MUSIC COMING FROM THE OPERA HOUSE THIS MINUTE OR MY NAME AIN'T CASEY!
ZUM ZUM ZUM
OPERA T. CABOTO "CARMEN"
CABOTO
CASEY DASHES INTO THE OPERA HOUSE... THE MUSIC IS NOW CLEARLY HEARD..
CARMEN
CABOTO "CARMEN"
I'M SURE OF IT NOW!
IT'S A MAN! A REAL MAN EVEN THOUGH HE LOOKS LIKE NOTHING HUMAN... ...AND HE MUST BE THE KILLER! WHAT A PINCH CASEY'S GOING TO MAKE TO-NIGHT!
CASEY MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE MAD MUSICIAN...
WILL HE BE SURPRISED IN ANOTHER MOMENT!
FOOL... SO YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD SURPRISE ME! HA-HA-HA! YOUR LITTLE ADVENTURE IS ABOUT TO END IN DEATH!
BUT JUST AS CASEY IS ABOUT TO GRAB THE MAD MAN.... THE MONSTER WHIRLS AROUND.

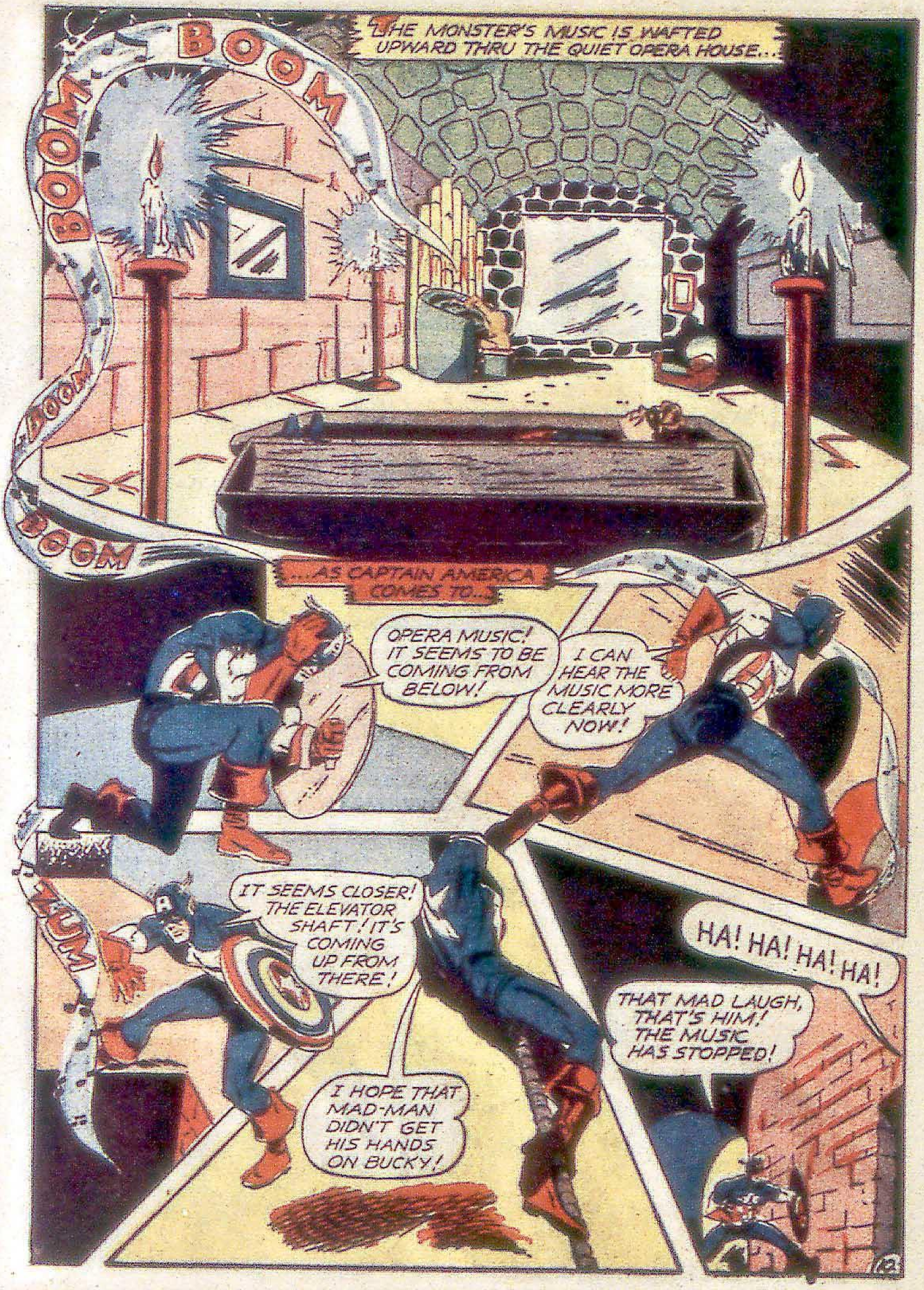

THE MONSTER STRIKES.
A-C-H-H-H- HELP!
YES, DEATH WILL REWARD YOUR BOLDNESS... I HOPE IT WILL SATISFY YOUR CURIOUSITY! YOU SHALL SEE THE SPLENDOR IN WHICH I LIVE IN THIS OPERA HOUSE WHICH IS RIGHTFULLY MINE!
YOU SHALL SEE MY PAINTINGS, MY PRECIOUS ANTIQUES, ALL MY POSSESSIONS!
AS THE MONSTER DISAPPEARS FROM THE AUDITORIUM...
I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD ORGAN MUSIC AND A CRY FOR HELP!
BUT THERE'S NOBODY HERE!
GUESS WE'VE SEARCHED THE ENTIRE AUDITORIUM!
THE PLACE IS DESERTED!
FAR BELOW IN THE OPERA HOUSE IN A SUB-BASEMENT...
YOU SHALL SEE THAT THE GREAT ROSSO HAS NOT BEEN DENIED WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY HIS!
SEE... THE MAN IN GRAY... I STOLE IT! IT'S MINE! AND THAT ONE... I STOLE TOO... ALL OF THEM... ALL MINE!
ONCE I WAS THE GREAT ROSSO AND LOVED BEAUTIFUL THINGS, BUT MY FRIENDS BETRAYED ME! HA-HA! IT'S A STRANGE TALE!

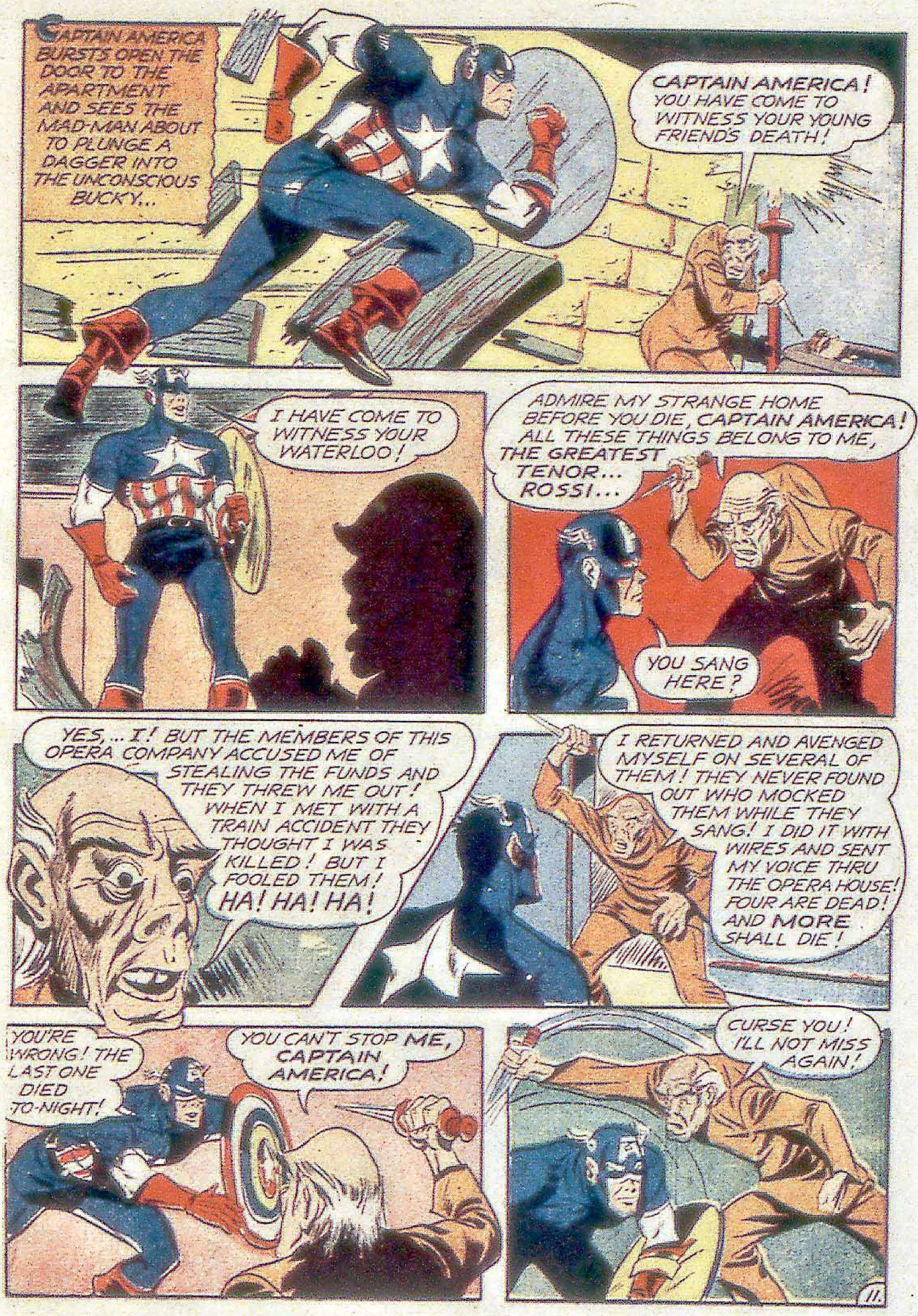

THIS IS MY COFFIN WHERE I SLEEP! WHEN YOU ARE DEAD I WILL LET YOU LIE IN IT FOR A FEW MINUTES!
HE'S NOT ONLY MAD... HE'S THE GUY WHO STOLE ALL THOSE VALUABLE WORKS OF ART! WHAT A CATCH IF I CAN BRING HIM IN! MAYBE I CAN SURPRISE HIM!
CASEY LEAPS ON THE MONSTER...
YOU HAVE NOT LEARNED THAT I AM NOT TO BE SURPRISED! NOW YOU DIE! DIE! DIE!
BACK IN THE AUDITORIUM...
GUESS WE WERE FOLLOWING A FALSE SCENT, CAP!
SO... HA! HA! MORE WHO SEEK DEATH!
UP THE STAIRS! QUICK!
CAP! LOOK!
HE'S CARRYING SOMETHING!

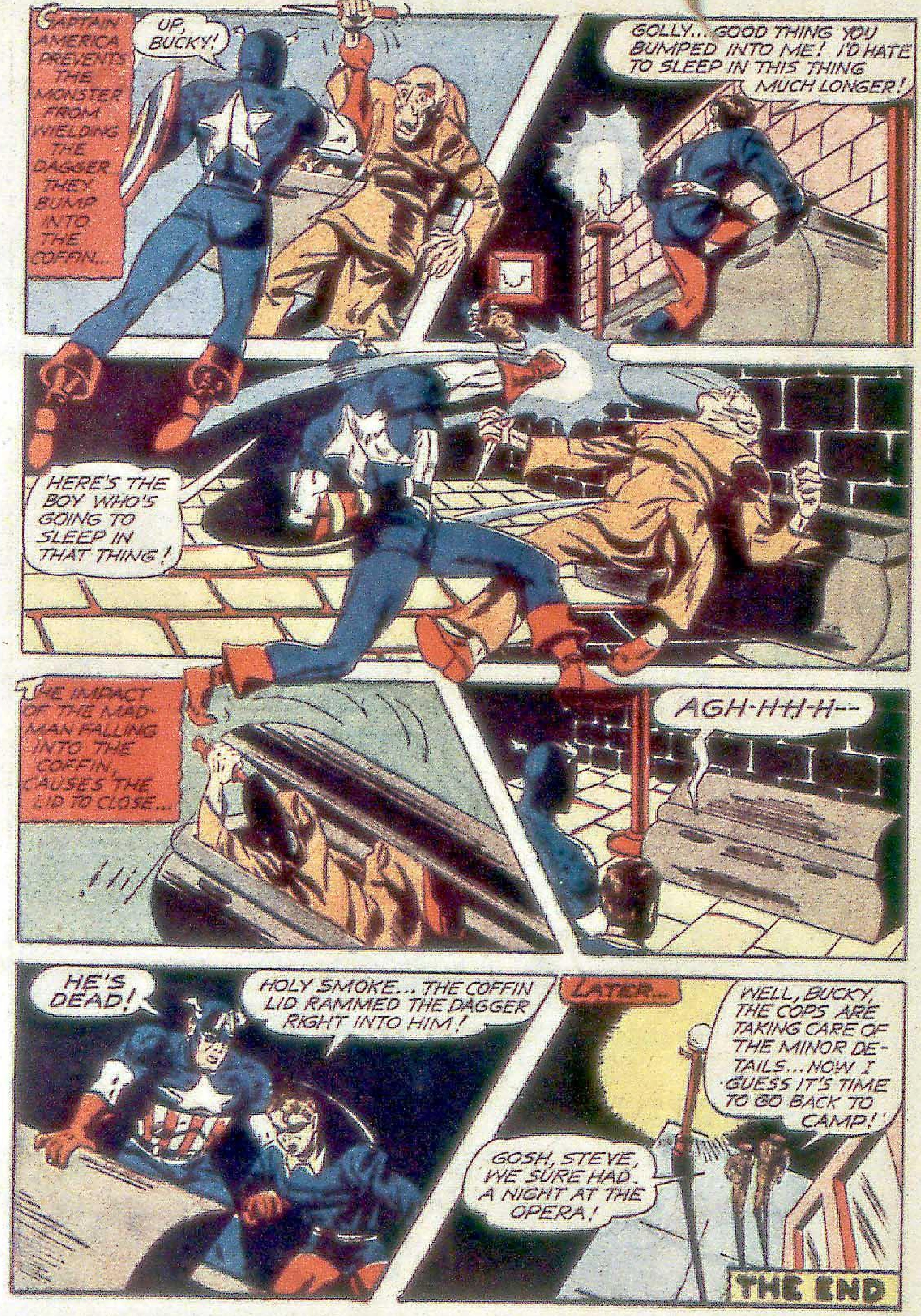

IT IS CAPTAIN AMERICA, I BELIEVE! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA! LET ME GREET YOU... WITH A CORPSE!
THE MADMAN, IN FIENDISH GLEE, HURLS THE BODY OF CASEY FROM THE BALCONY AT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY...
YIPES!
BUCKY! LOOK OUT!
IT'S THE COP WE WERE TALKING TO OUT SIDE!
POOR CHAP!. LET'S GET THE KILLER BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!
I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM IN THE DARK BUT HE SOUNDED PRETTY AWFUL!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA... MY APPEARANCE SHOCKS YOU, NO. DOUBT!
YOU CRAZY MURDERER!
CAPTAIN AMERICA LUNGES AT THE KILLER!


CAPTAIN [illegible] IN A DESPERATE [illegible]
HIS STRENGTH IS AMAZING... BUT I THINK HE'S WEAKENING!
YOU HAVE GREAT STRENGTH, CAPTAIN AMERICA... BUT I WILL BE THE VICTOR!
THE MONSTER IN RAGE TEARS A SEAT FROM IT'S MOORING...
I SAID I WILL BE THE VICTOR, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAP! LOOK OUT!
HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY, CAP!
SOCK
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS UNCONSCIOUS BUT BUCKY GIVES CHASE TO THE MAD MAN!
YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN ME, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GET AWAY!


BUCKY RACES DOWN THE CORRIDOR IN HOT PURSUIT!
HE'S FASTER THAN A RABBIT!
GOSH! HE JUMPED INTO THAT UNUSED ELEVATOR SHAFT!
HE'S AS NIMBLE AS A MONKEY!
WITH BUCKY RIGHT ON HIS HEELS, THE MAD MAN QUICKLY SLIDES DOWN A CABLE...
BUT I CAN DO THAT TRICK TOO!
BUCKY FOLLOWS... BUT WHEN HE REACHES THE BOTTOM...
HE'S DISAPPEARED!
EVEN THIS CHILD THOUGHT HE COULD OUTWIT ME! THE FOOLS! THE FOOLS!
I HAVE AN AMUSING IDEA! I WILL PLAY HIS FUNERAL MARCH AND THEN I WILL KILL HIM!


THE MONSTER'S MUSIC IS WAFTED UPWARD THRU THE QUIET OPERA HOUSE...
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
...AS CAPTAIN AMERICA COMES TO...
OPERA MUSIC! IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM BELOW!
I CAN HEAR THE MUSIC MORE CLEARLY NOW!
ZUM
IT SEEMS CLOSER! THE ELEVATOR SHAFT! IT'S COMING UP FROM THERE!
I HOPE THAT MAD-MAN DIDN'T GET HIS HANDS ON BUCKY!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
THAT MAD LAUGH, THAT'S HIM! THE MUSIC HAS STOPPED!


CAPTAIN AMERICA BURSTS OPEN THE DOOR TO THE APARTMENT AND SEES THE MAD-MAN ABOUT TO PLUNGE A DAGGER INTO THE UNCONSCIOUS BUCKY...
CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU HAVE COME TO WITNESS YOUR YOUNG FRIEND'S DEATH!
I HAVE COME TO WITNESS YOUR WATERLOO!
ADMIRE MY STRANGE HOME BEFORE YOU DIE, CAPTAIN AMERICA! ALL THESE THINGS BELONG TO ME, THE GREATEST TENOR... ROSSI...
YOU SANG HERE?
YES,... I! BUT THE MEMBERS OF THIS OPERA COMPANY ACCUSED ME OF STEALING THE FUNDS AND THEY THREW ME OUT! WHEN I MET WITH A TRAIN ACCIDENT THEY THOUGHT I WAS KILLED! BUT I FOOLED THEM! HA! HA! HA!
I RETURNED AND AVENGED MYSELF ON SEVERAL OF THEM! THEY NEVER FOUND OUT WHO MOCKED THEM WHILE THEY SANG! I DID IT WITH WIRES AND SENT MY VOICE THRU THE OPERA HOUSE! FOUR ARE DEAD! AND MORE SHALL DIE!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YOU'RE WRONG! THE LAST ONE DIED TO-NIGHT!
CURSE YOU! I'LL NOT MISS AGAIN!


CAPTAIN AMERICA PREVENTS THE MONSTER FROM WIELDING THE DAGGER... THEY BUMP INTO THE COFFIN...
UP, BUCKY!
GOLLY... GOOD THING YOU BUMPED INTO ME! I'D HATE TO SLEEP IN THIS THING MUCH LONGER!
HERE'S THE BOY WHO'S GOING TO SLEEP IN THAT THING!
THE IMPACT OF THE MADMAN FALLING INTO THE COFFIN, CAUSES THE LID TO CLOSE...
AGH-H-H-H--
HE'S DEAD!
HOLY SMOKE... THE COFFIN LID RAMMED THE DAGGER RIGHT INTO HIM!
LATER...
WELL, BUCKY, THE COPS ARE TAKING CARE OF THE MINOR DETAILS... NOW I GUESS IT'S TIME TO GO BACK TO CAMP!
GOSH, STEVE, WE SURE HAD A NIGHT AT THE OPERA!
THE END

Greedy Grab

THE SUN was just going down as Porkey Blake trudged sweatingly up the path to the cabin. Under the porch crickets were clacking monotonously. Chet and Kelly were melted into the shadows at the back of the logged building as Porkey pushed inside.

"Those danged crickets," he complained. "I don't see how people can stand 'em all the time." He turned his beefy body to look back down the trail. "I'm about fed up."

"It was your idea," Kelly reminded. "Coming up here till that pay-roll job cooled off."

The beefy man sailed his battered hat into the corner. "Skip it. Besides it's time to eat. Wonder you guys wouldn't get wise. I do all the work, all the figuring, while you loaf around. Wouldn't think to get the grub cooking. Waiting for me to do it?"

Chet and Kelly exchanged glances. Kelly surreptitiously slid the deck of cards off the table, while Chet pulled the lids away from the range holes, stuffed paper and wood inside.

Porkey settled into a chair. "This is some dump. They don't carry my brand of smokes. They're still talking about Pearl Harbor and one old coot comes in every month from back in the hills and buys his grub with . . . dust!"

Kelly put the tea-kettle on. "Pin money, probably. And we're sticking our necks out. That pay-roll job's still hot. We should have divvied up and cut loose a while."

"I'll take care of everything. Don't I usually?"

Kelly asked, "You mean you're gonna grab the old bird?"

"Sure. Why not? This bunch of hill-billies don't know they're living. I hear . . . he's got a whale of a cache of nuggets somewhere." Porkey's greedy eyes blinked sleepily. "I'll take care of everything," he promised. "You guys are my alibi just in case. We've been here together all the time, understand? The town whittler, guy by the name of Carson, is postmaster, justice of the peace, game warden, judge and jury. If he does come snooping around . . . I was with you two. All the time. Playing cards. Tomorrow. . . . I'll be away!"

STANDING just inside the fringe of willow bordering the stream, Porkey watched old Jed Jenkens down on hands and knees, working the sluice box rhythmically.

It was noon, and the old guy would keep washing all day. He was set for now. Porkey slid soundlessly away through the woods, crossed a clearing and ducked inside the cabin.

It didn't take long to find the cache. Porkey was an old hand at this sort of thing and went to work methodically. Even so, it was close to sundown before he found what he wanted. There wasn't anything cunning about the hiding place. It was in the middle of a sack of flour; a leather bag that must have weighed a couple of pounds. Porkey caught his breath sharply as he pried it open, peered in at the contents.

Gold! The old guy must have been working close to the mother lode. There were nuggets, too, the size of peas. . . .

A sound brought him around. Porkey's hand moved fast. He peered out the window, saw Jed Jenkens approaching.

Porkey stepped swiftly behind the door. As Jed came in, Porkey struck heavily. Old Jed started to sink slowly toward the floor. He tried to support himself against the door. Again Porkey struck. The body trembled, turned, slid back against the door and to the ground.

Murder had complicated the job a little but Porkey wasn't worried. He paused long enough to rip the top off a new pack of cigarettes, light one and smoke it. Then he set to work once more.

First to get rid of the body. That part was easy. Porkey dumped it into the stream, made sure it washed down into the rapids. It would look like the old guy had fallen in. Accidental death.

After that Porkey made a final check of the cabin to be sure he hadn't overlooked anything. He'd been careful not to rip the place apart. It looked okay. He got out. He and Chet and Kelly would stick it out a few more days, maybe a week, then scram.

It was after dark when Porkey got back, to find Chet and Kelly anxiously waiting. Porkey pulled off his shirt and sat down. "You guys are lucky," he announced. "If I wasn't a good-hearted guy, you'd lose out on plenty. Like the haul I just made. Of course, being generous—"

"You got it?" Chet asked softly. "How much?"

Porkey exhibited the bag, shook it playfully. "Here she is!" he boasted. "I told you it'd be worth plenty. Now we sit fight a couple of days, maybe a week, then get going!"

THE NEXT morning was bright, warm. The three had breakfast. It was right afterward that Andy Carson, the town jack-of-all-trades, showed up.

Andy lowered his lanky body into a chair. He announced bluntly, "Old Jed Jenkens is dead. Guess you gents didn't know him."

Kelly shook his head. "Who is he?"

"*Was* a prospector," Andy answered shortly. "Had his diggings out in the hills. Made a pretty good living."

"Died a natural death, most likely." Porkey was getting a kick out of Andy. "Where'd you find him?"

"Down river past the rapids." Andy tilted his chair back against the rough wall. "Thet's how come we found out. Washed right down to Clem Baker's place. Funny thing. Old Jed wasn't the sickly kind. Good swimmer, too."

Kelly and Chet exchanged glances. Porkey said, "Kelly and Chet and me, we don't go out. We're here for a rest. When you've been working in a defense plant like we've been—" That was the truth. They *had* been working in a factory . . . just long enough to get a slant on the payroll at least.

"You're strangers. Don't know the country much, eh?"

"Not much, is right. As a matter of fact, I'm about ready to call it quits. Those danged crickets or whatever you call 'em—"

Andy Carson got to lanky legs. "I dunno, gents. Y'wont be able to leave yit a while. Fact is—" His blue eyes were on Porky now. "Fact is, stranger, I'm placing you under arrest. Fer the murder of Jed Jenkins!"

Across the room Chet swore softly. Next instant his hand flashed into view, cuddling the butt of his revolver. "Danged old fool!" Chet snarled. "We're getting out. You can't stop us!"

Porkey laughed. It was funny, this old guy coming here thinking he could pull a stunt like this. He was armed with an old single-action service gun. He hadn't even tried for it—

"Shut up," Porkey told Chet. He faced Andy Carson. "You pulled a boner, Pop. You couldn't have proved anything, and now it won't do you any good. You're cooked!"

"You killed old Jed!" Andy Carson accused. "You grabbed his poke!"

"Okay," Porkey boasted. "It won't do you no good to know. Sure, I bumped him off. I found his poke full of raw dust and nuggets. A small fortune, which'll come in mighty handy. What you going to do about it? Take me prisoner?" Porkey laughed.

Andy Carson's lined face creased in a faint grin. "I didn't come here expectin' to take you myself, but I'm taking you jest the same." He hesitated, then added, "Okay, boys!"

CHET yelled. A rifle was thrust in over the sill of the window. A shadowy figure stepped through the door from the lean-to. The front door swung open, admitting still a third—

Again Chet yelled. The gun in his hand bucked and roared, but was drowned by the smashing report of the .30-30 in the hands of the man at the window. Chet crumpled. Kelly whirled, started forward, then stopped short. Slowly he stuck his hands up. Porkey followed slow suit.

Andy Carson said gently, "Little things sometimes make big things, stranger. You just confessed you killed Jed. I've got witnesses. That's why I brought a posse. I needed that confession. Because I knew you'd done it!"

Porkey snarled, "How'd you know, wise guy?"

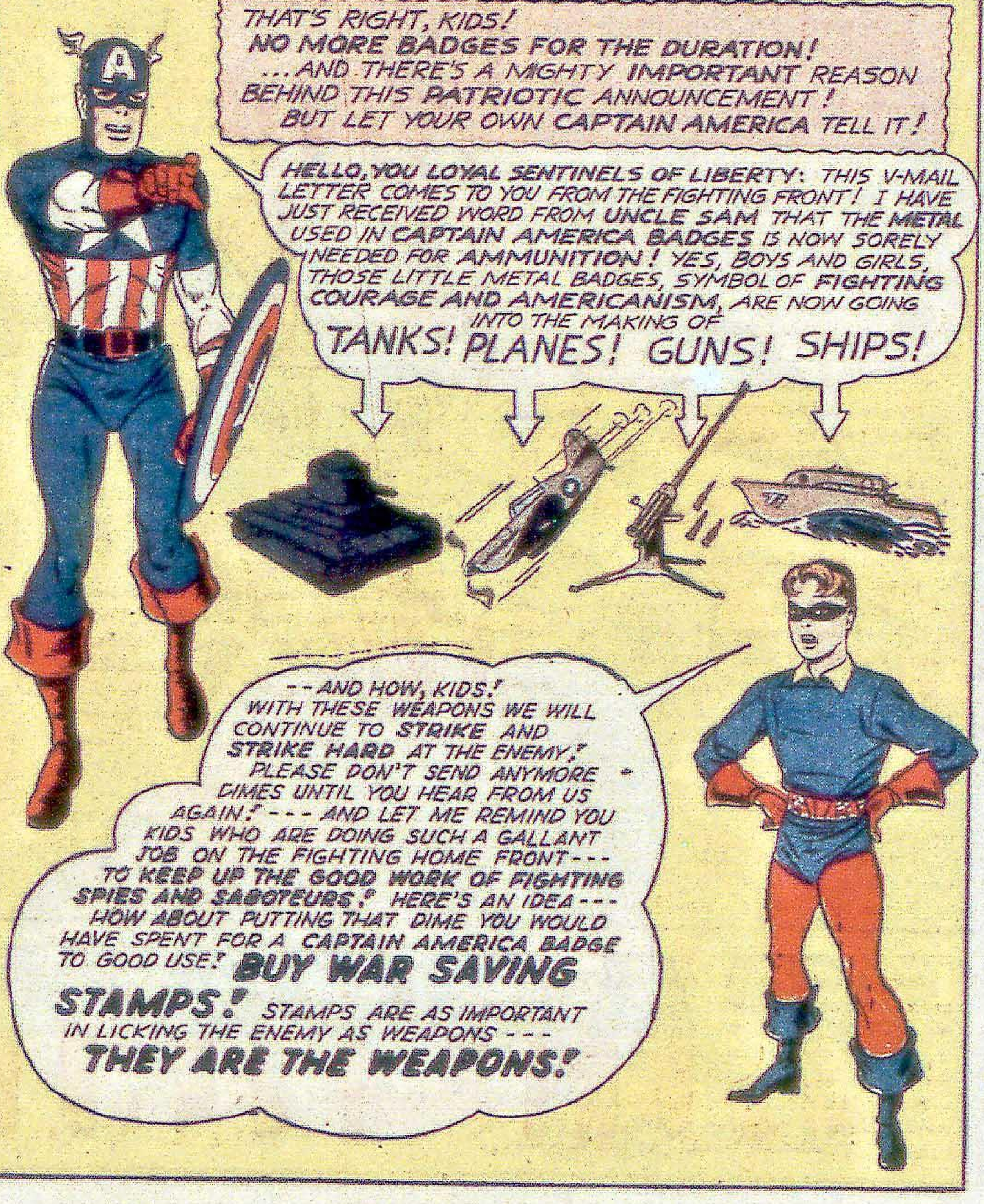
Andy Carson chuckled. "Your cigarettes. Or rather the brand y'smoke—"

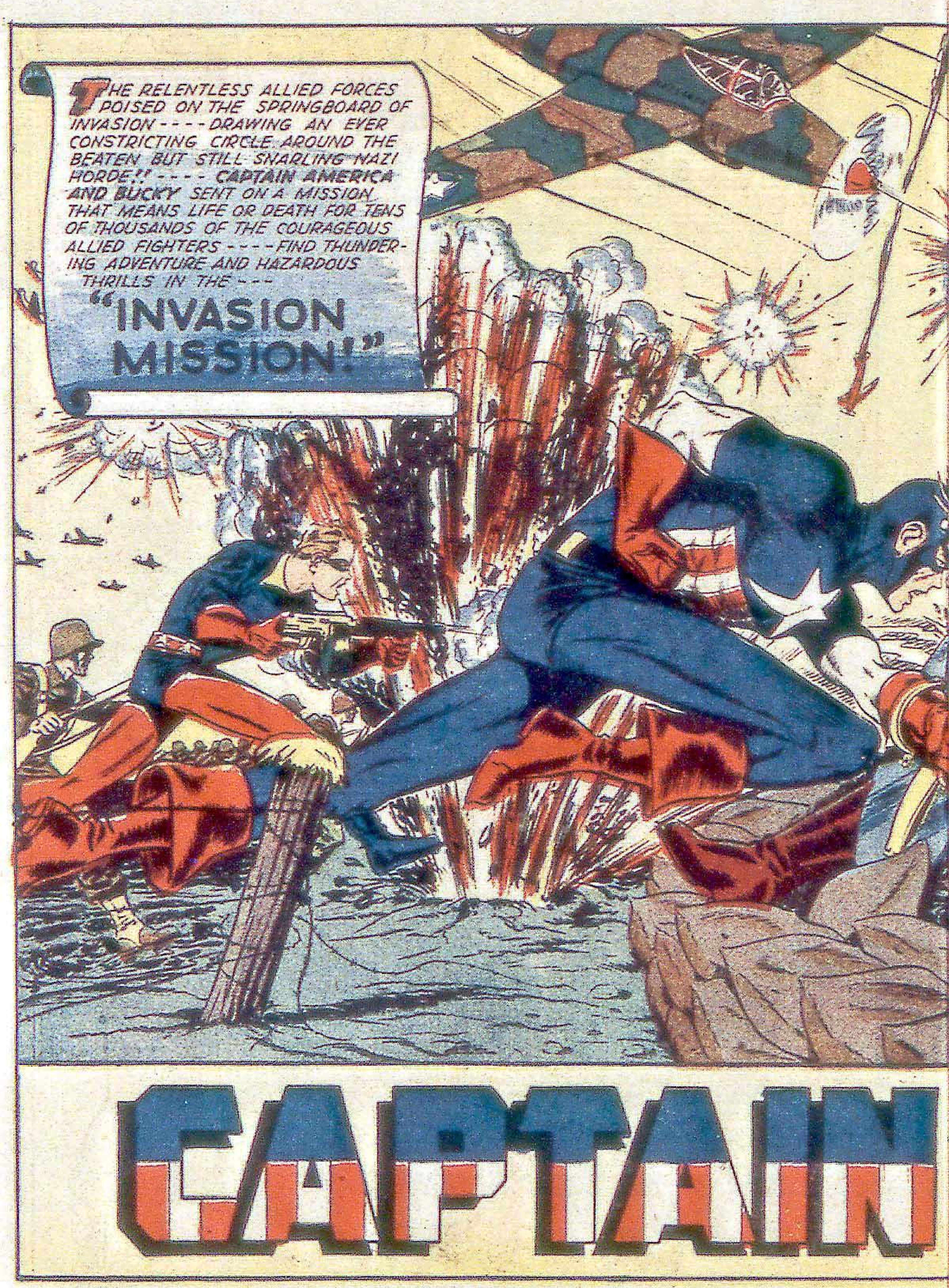
"I didn't leave any butts around!" Porkey snarled savagely. "I ground 'em into the dirt! That's an old stunt. You can't prove anything—"

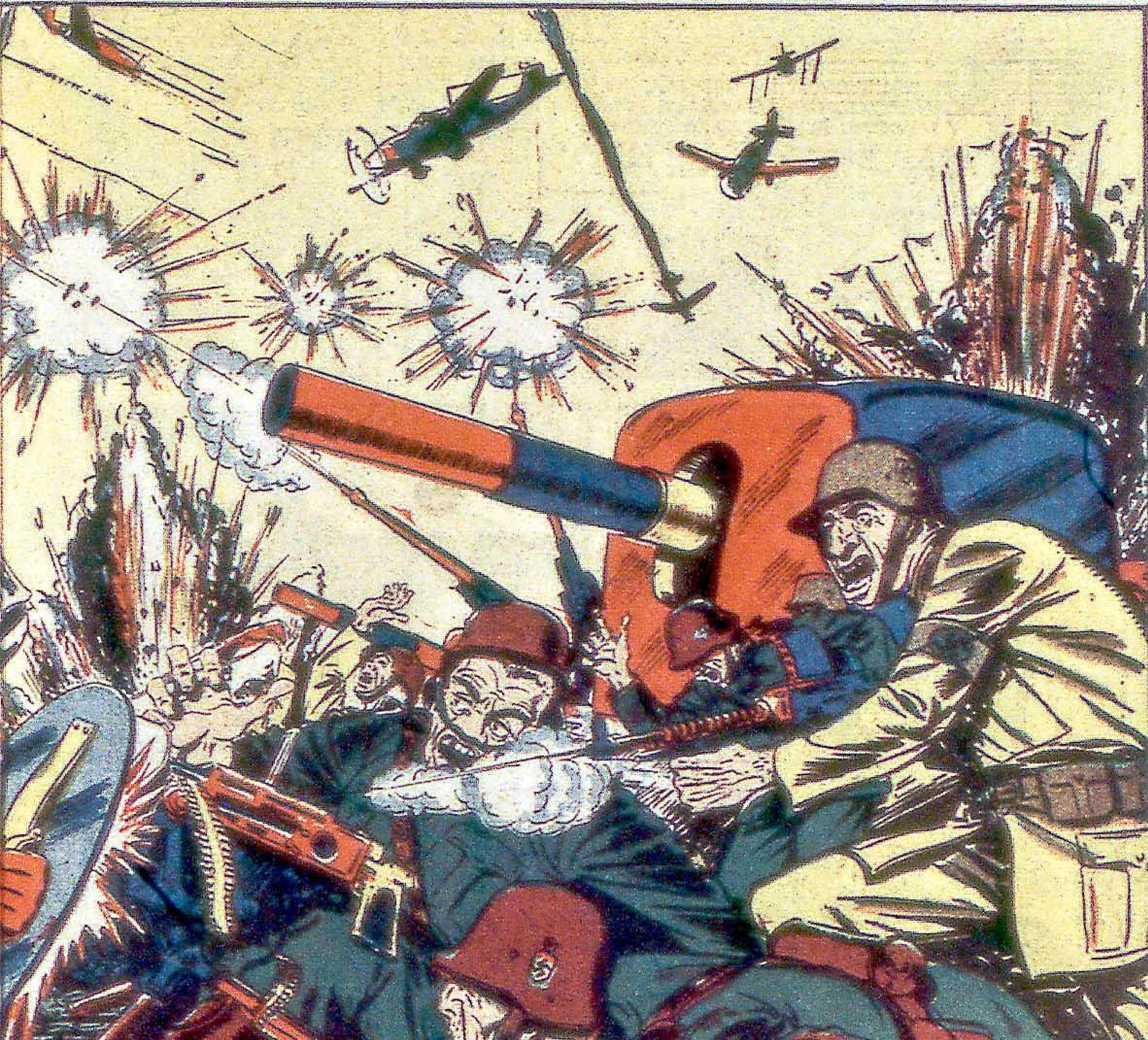
Andy nodded. "You don't git it, stranger. You opened a pack of cigarettes there in Jed's cabin. You smoked one. Which didn't mean so much. But the top . . ." Andy fished out something from his baggy pants, a bit of black tape that went around the transparent covering of the pack. "We never had thet sort of brand around here, stranger. Nothing as fancy." Andy added, grinning, "We're just a bunch of . . . hillbillies, mister!"

THE END

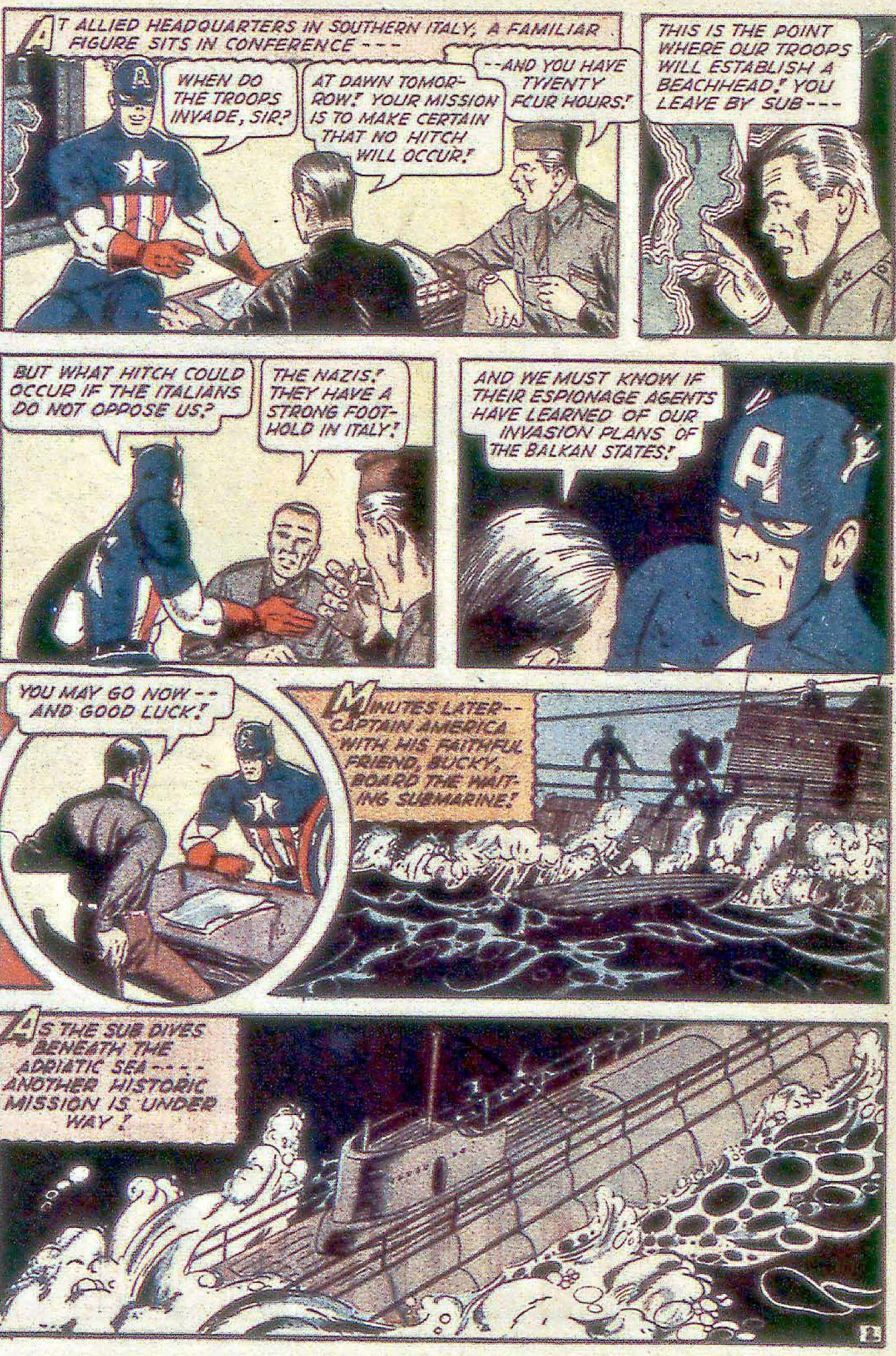
CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGES HAVE GONE TO WAR!

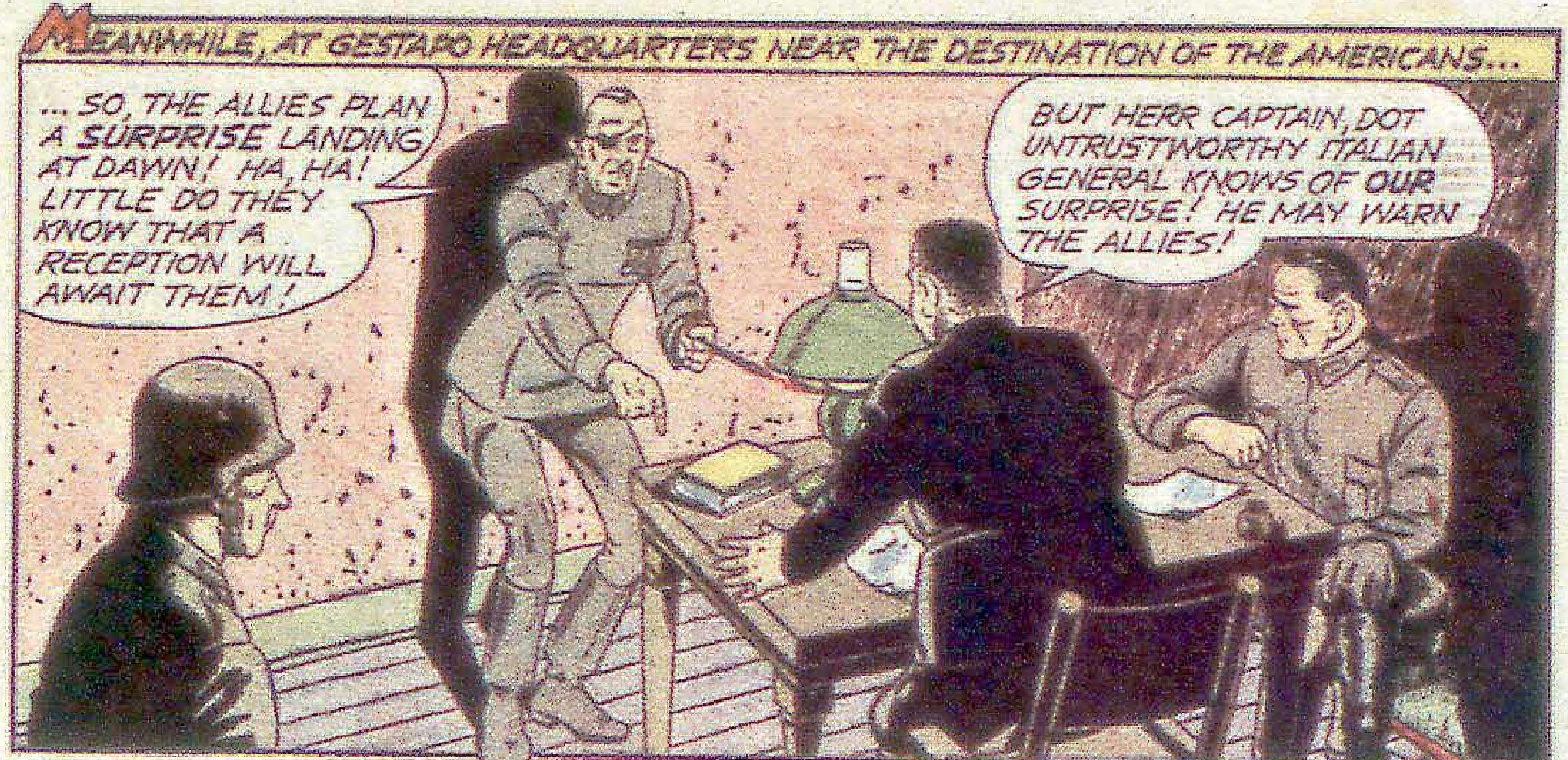

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! NO MORE BADGES FOR THE DURATION! ...AND THERE'S A MIGHTY IMPORTANT REASON BEHIND THIS PATRIOTIC ANNOUNCEMENT! BUT LET YOUR OWN CAPTAIN AMERICA TELL IT!
HELLO, YOU LOYAL SENTINELS OF LIBERTY: THIS V-MAIL LETTER COMES TO YOU FROM THE FIGHTING FRONT! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM UNCLE SAM THAT THE METAL USED IN CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGES IS NOW SORELY NEEDED FOR AMMUNITION! YES, BOYS AND GIRLS, THOSE LITTLE METAL BADGES, SYMBOL OF FIGHTING COURAGE AND AMERICANISM, ARE NOW GOING INTO THE MAKING OF TANKS! PLANES! GUNS! SHIPS!
--AND HOW, KIDS! WITH THESE WEAPONS WE WILL CONTINUE TO STRIKE AND STRIKE HARD AT THE ENEMY! PLEASE DON'T SEND ANYMORE DIMES UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US AGAIN! --- AND LET ME REMIND YOU KIDS WHO ARE DOING SUCH A GALLANT JOB ON THE FIGHTING HOME FRONT--- TO KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK OF FIGHTING SPIES AND SABOTEURS! HERE'S AN IDEA--- HOW ABOUT PUTTING THAT DIME YOU WOULD HAVE SPENT FOR A CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGE TO GOOD USE! BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS! STAMPS ARE AS IMPORTANT IN LICKING THE ENEMY AS WEAPONS --- THEY ARE THE WEAPONS!

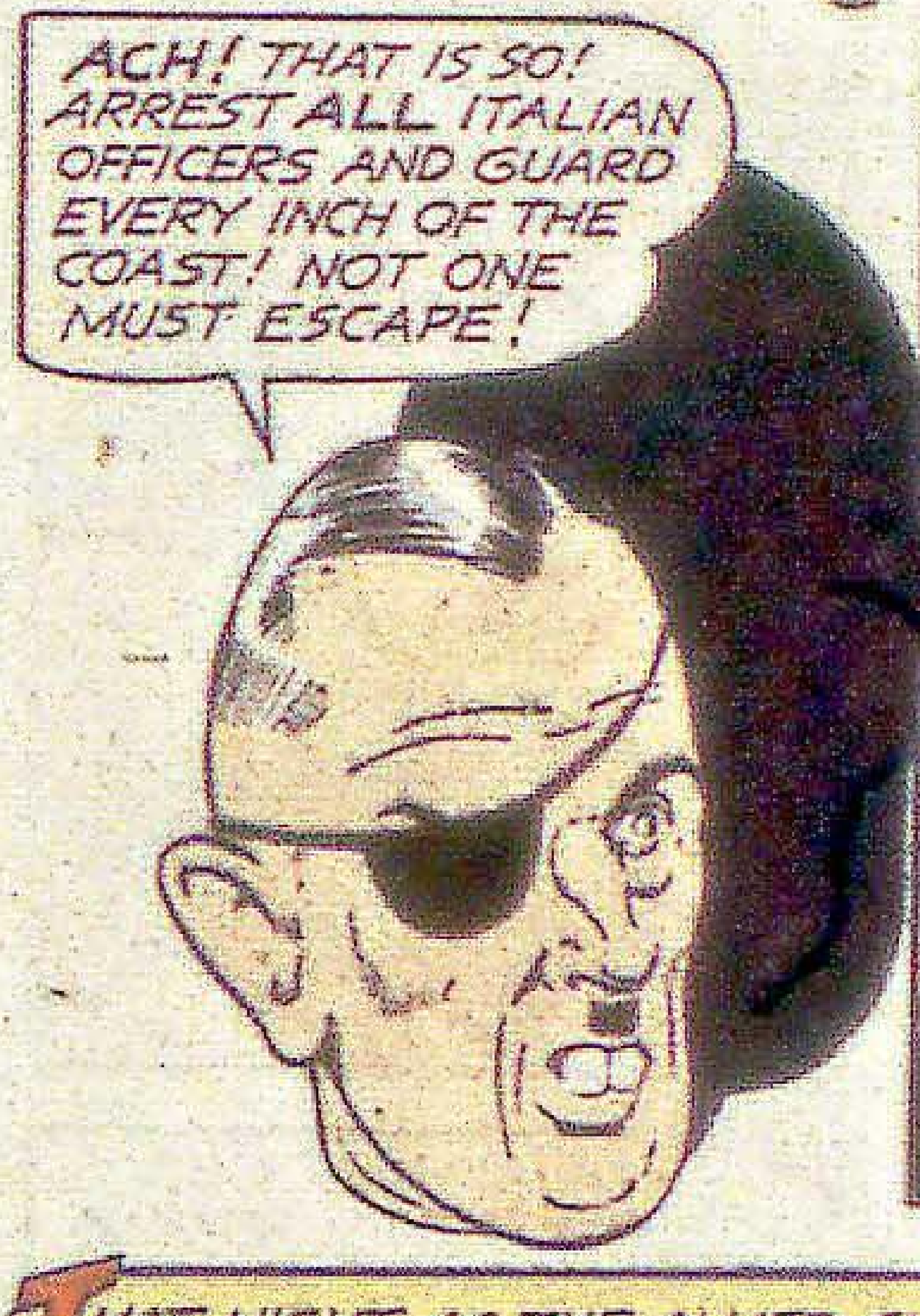

THE RELENTLESS ALLIED FORCES POISED ON THE SPRINGBOARD OF INVASION----DRAWING AN EVER CONSTRICTING CIRCLE AROUND THE BEATEN BUT STILL SNARLING NAZI HORDE!!---- CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SENT ON A MISSION THAT MEANS LIFE OR DEATH FOR TENS OF THOUSANDS OF THE COURAGEOUS ALLIED FIGHTERS----FIND THUNDERING ADVENTURE AND HAZARDOUS THRILLS IN THE---
"INVASION MISSION!"
CAPTAIN

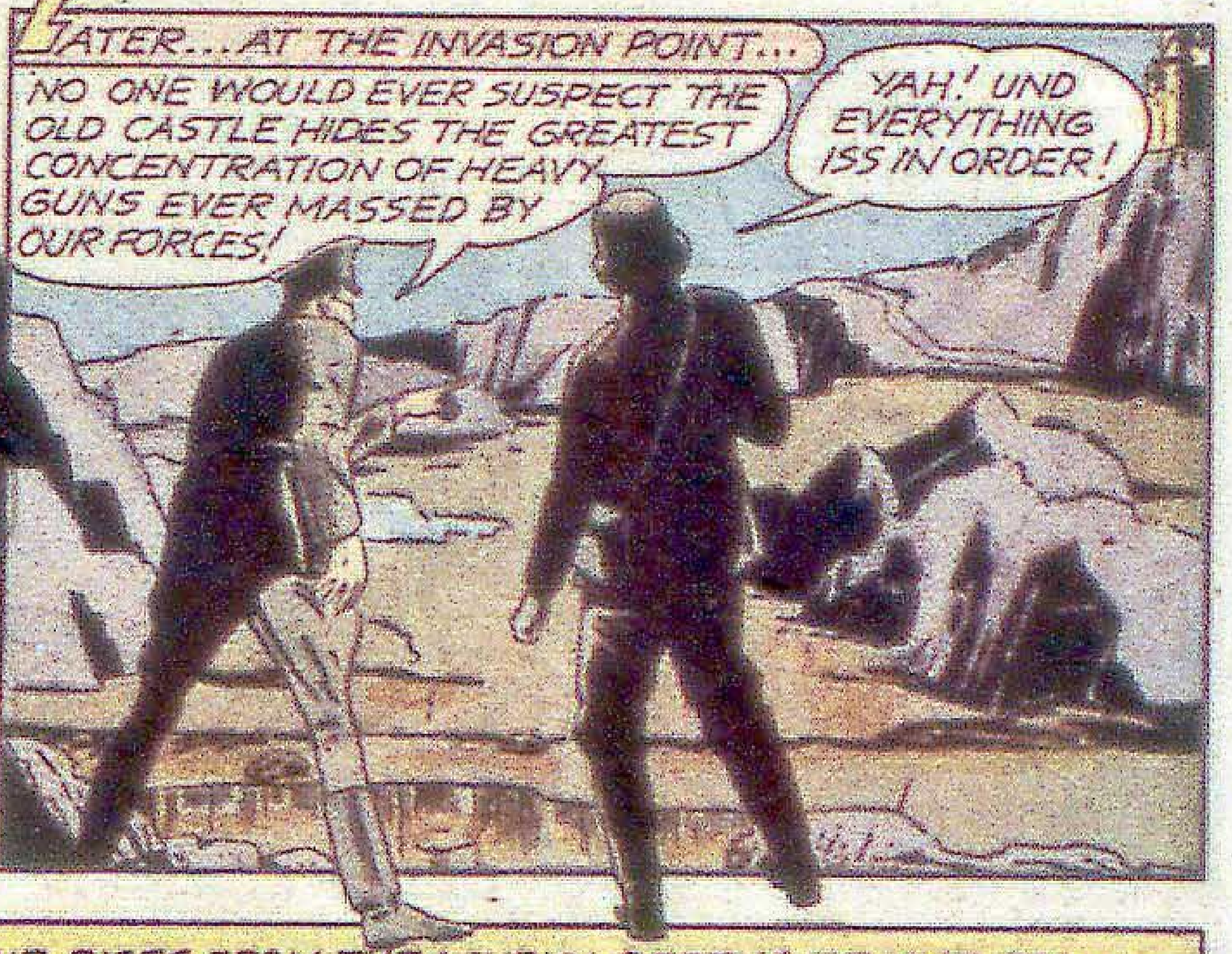


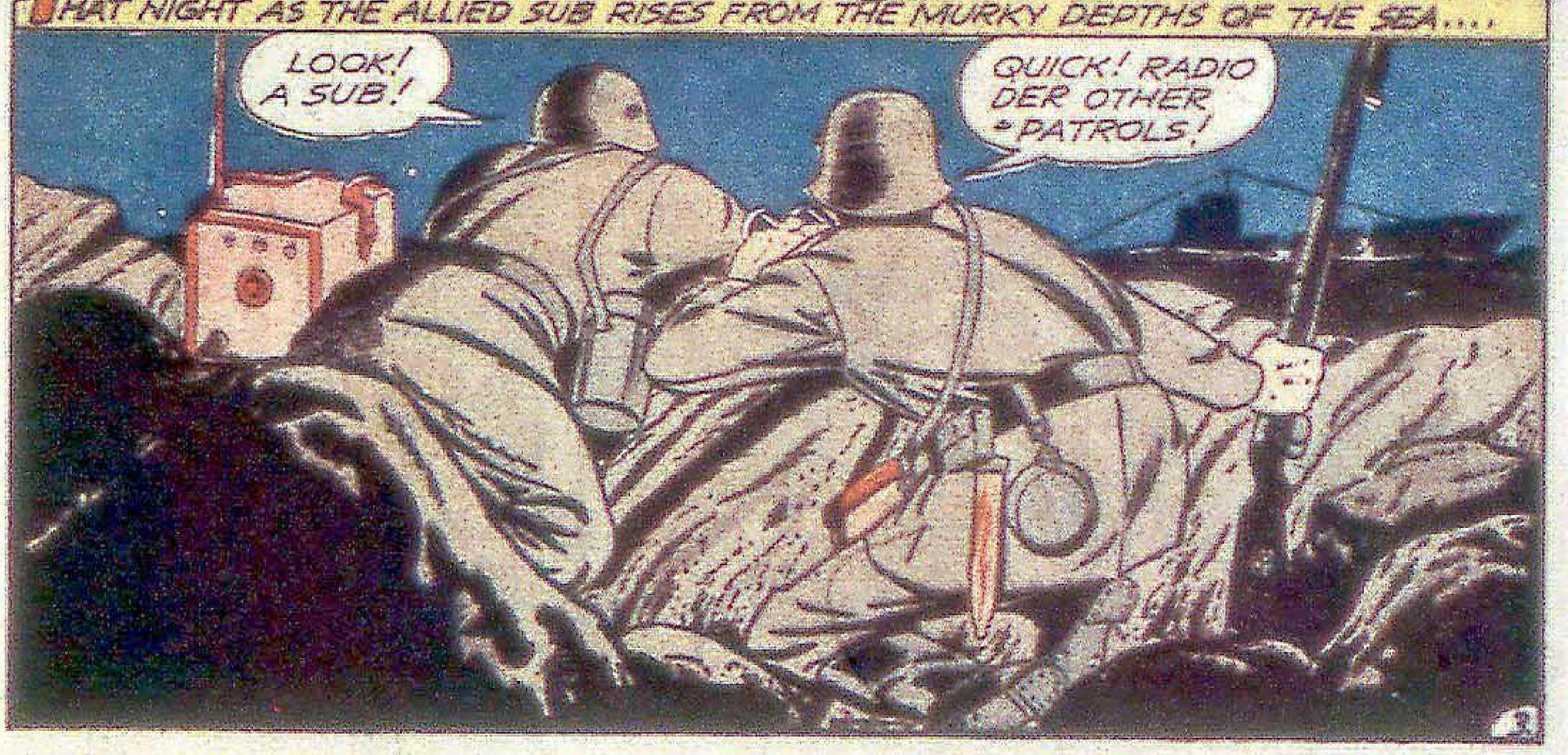
AMERICA

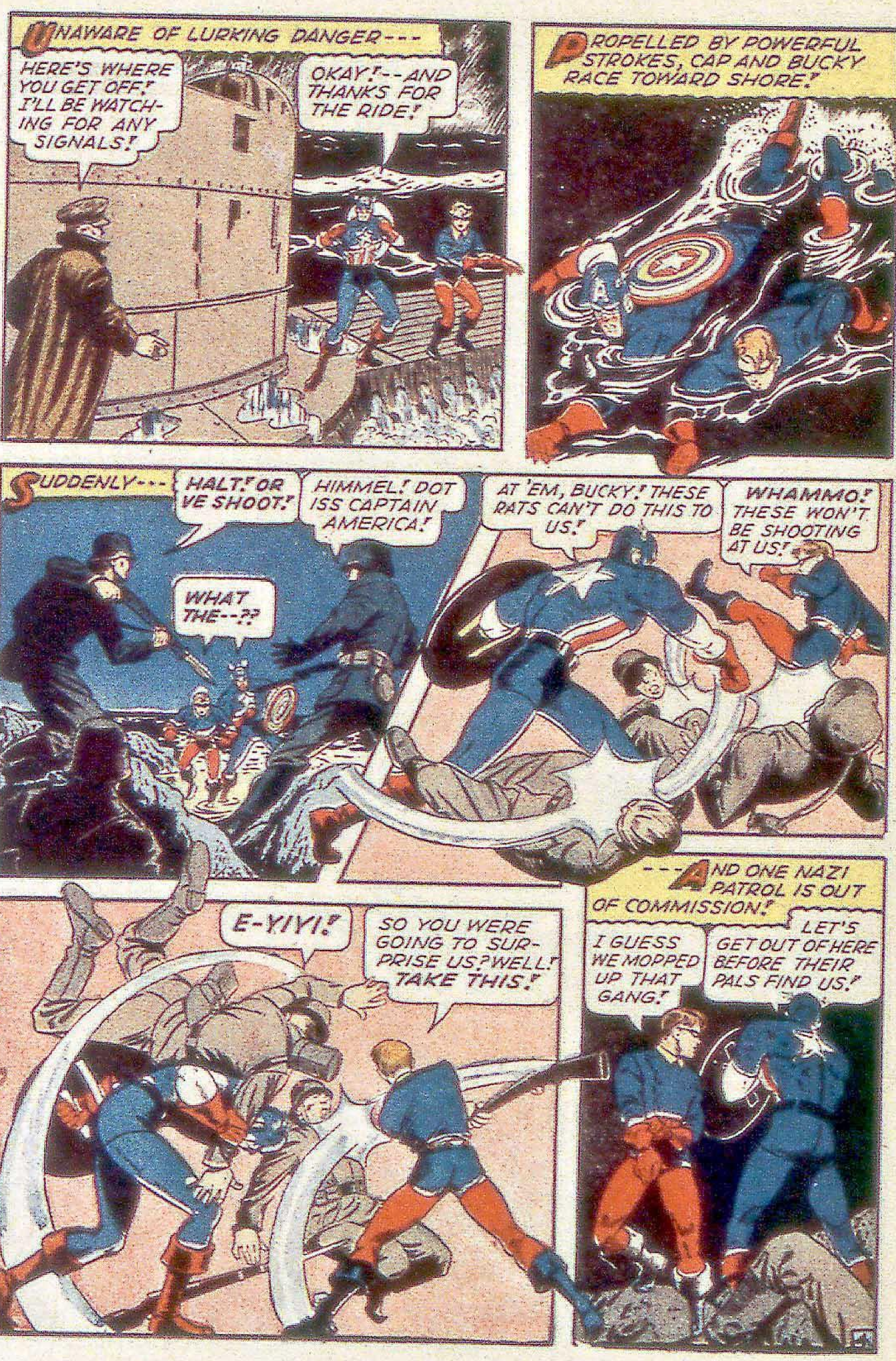

AT ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN SOUTHERN ITALY, A FAMILIAR FIGURE SITS IN CONFERENCE ---
WHEN DO THE TROOPS INVADE, SIR?
AT DAWN TOMORROW! YOUR MISSION IS TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT NO HITCH WILL OCCUR!
--AND YOU HAVE TWENTY FOUR HOURS!
THIS IS THE POINT WHERE OUR TROOPS WILL ESTABLISH A BEACHHEAD! YOU LEAVE BY SUB---
BUT WHAT HITCH COULD OCCUR IF THE ITALIANS DO NOT OPPOSE US?
THE NAZIS! THEY HAVE A STRONG FOOTHOLD IN ITALY!
AND WE MUST KNOW IF THEIR ESPIONAGE AGENTS HAVE LEARNED OF OUR INVASION PLANS OF THE BALKAN STATES!
YOU MAY GO NOW -- AND GOOD LUCK!
MINUTES LATER-- CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, BUCKY, BOARD THE WAITING SUBMARINE!
AS THE SUB DIVES BENEATH THE ADRIATIC SEA---- ANOTHER HISTORIC MISSION IS UNDER WAY!

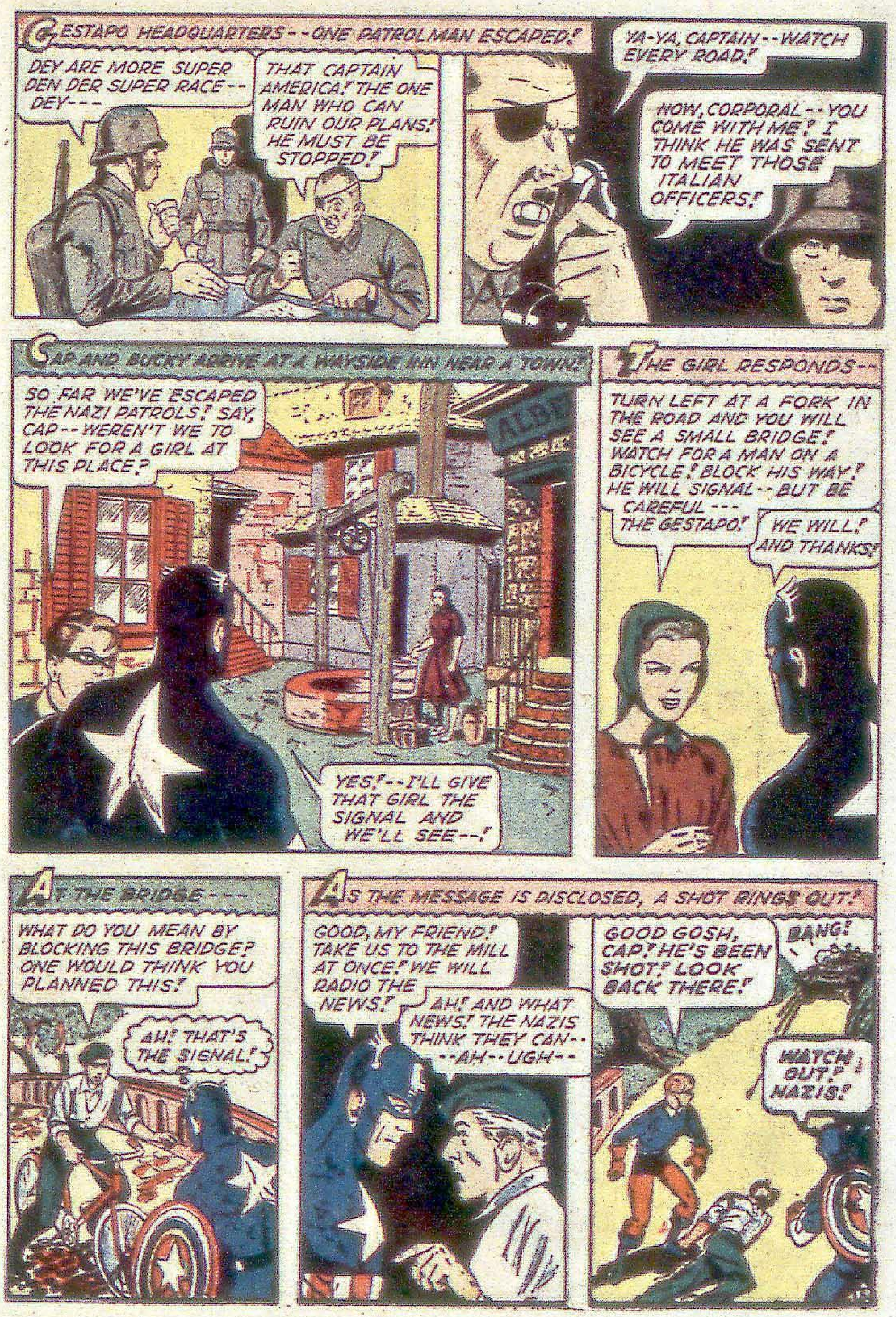

MEANWHILE, AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS NEAR THE DESTINATION OF THE AMERICANS...
... SO, THE ALLIES PLAN A SURPRISE LANDING AT DAWN! HA, HA! LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT A RECEPTION WILL AWAIT THEM!
BUT HERR CAPTAIN, DOT UNTRUSTWORTHY ITALIAN GENERAL KNOWS OF OUR SURPRISE! HE MAY WARN THE ALLIES!

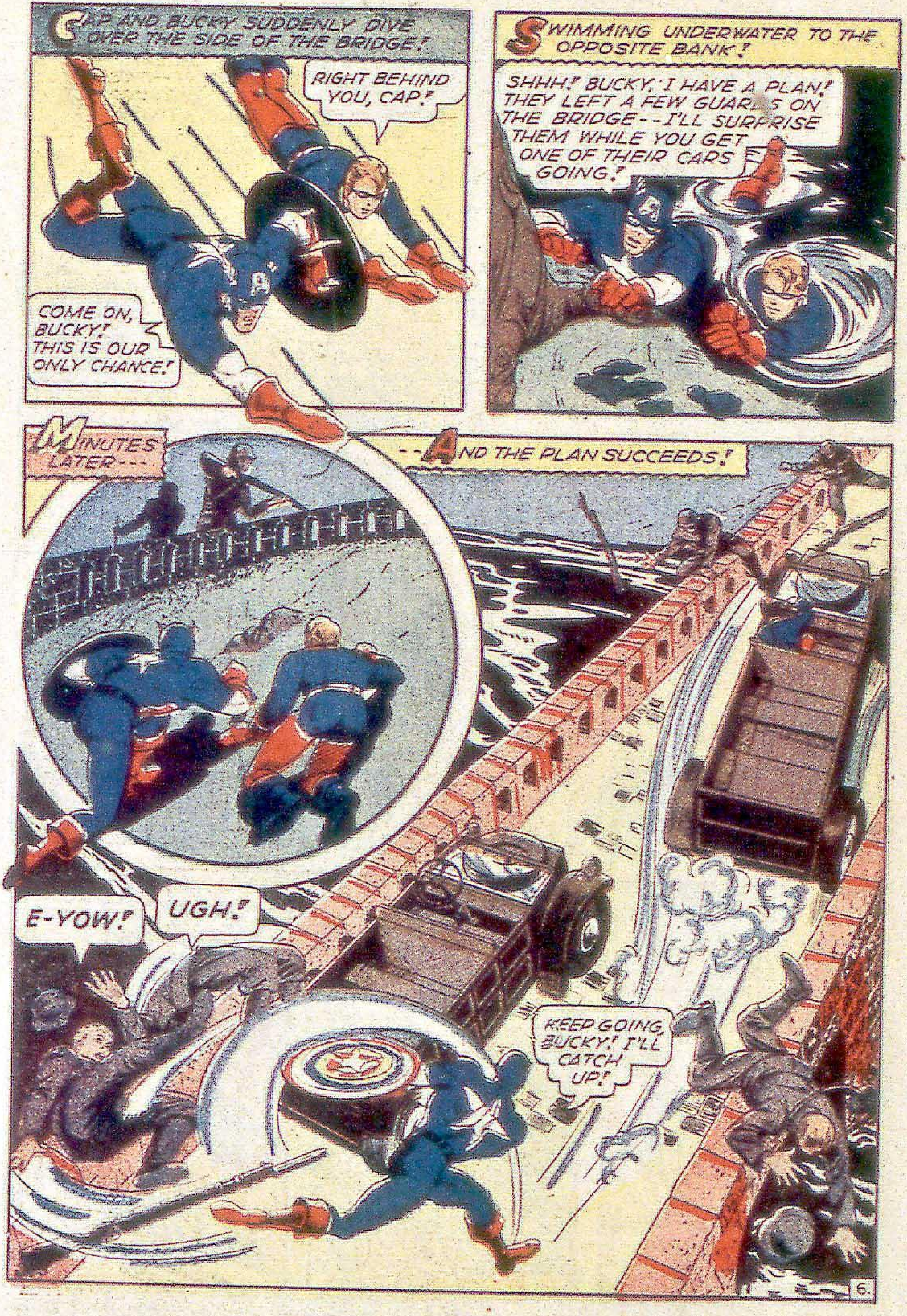

ACH! THAT IS SO! ARREST ALL ITALIAN OFFICERS AND GUARD EVERY INCH OF THE COAST! NOT ONE MUST ESCAPE!

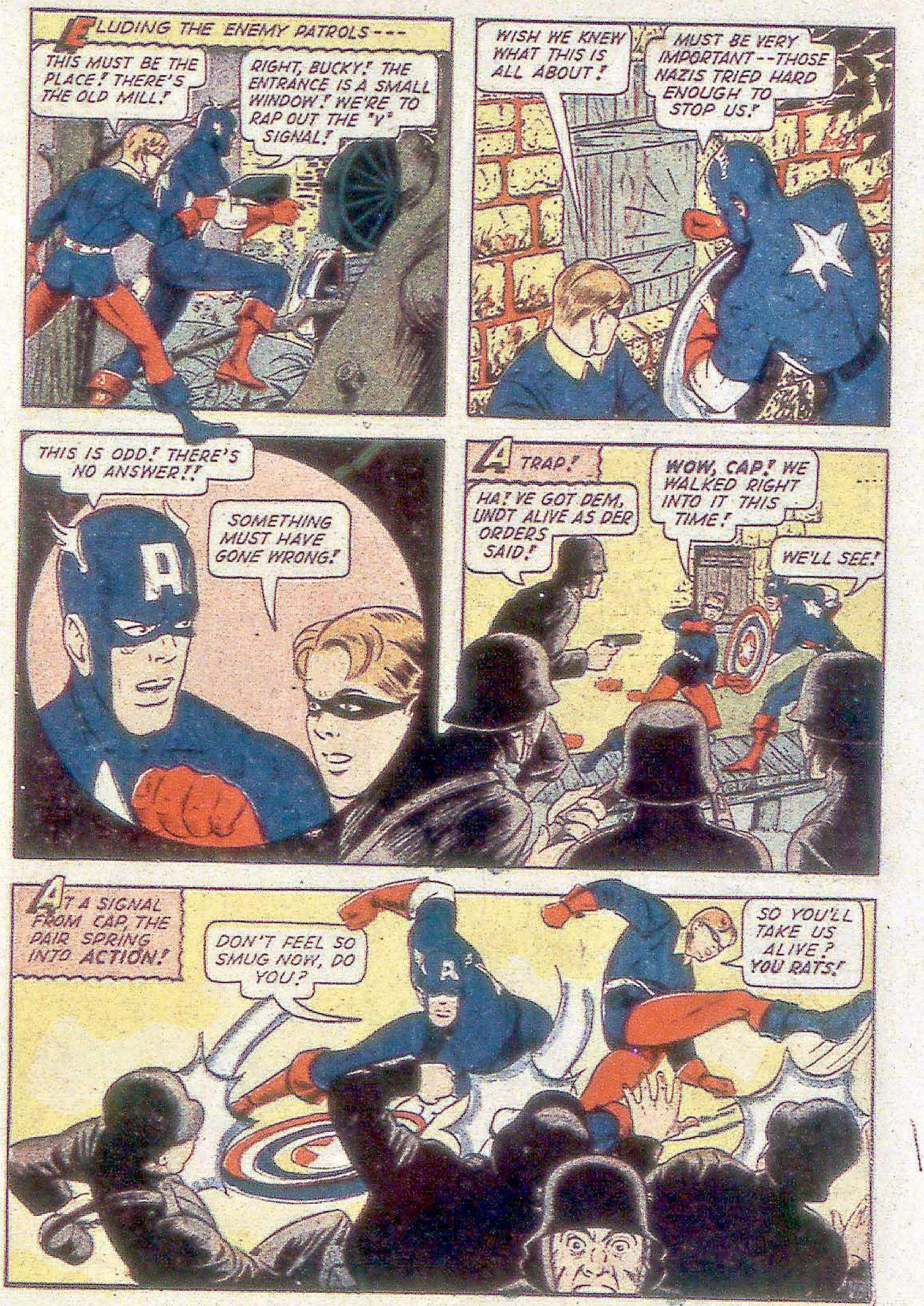

LATER... AT THE INVASION POINT...
NO ONE WOULD EVER SUSPECT THE OLD CASTLE HIDES THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF HEAVY GUNS EVER MASSED BY OUR FORCES!
YAH! UND EVERYTHING ISS IN ORDER!

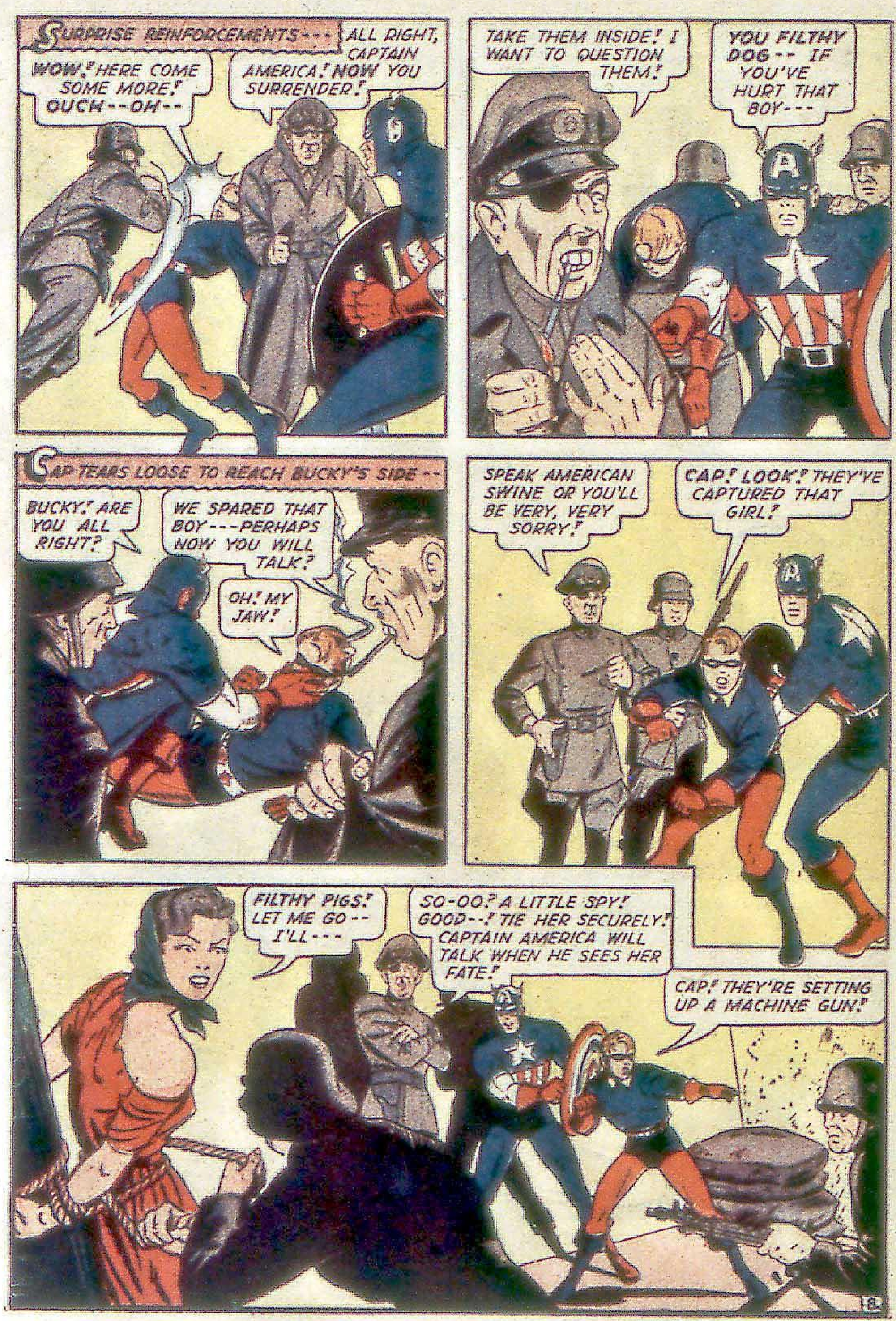

THAT NIGHT AS THE ALLIED SUB RISES FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE SEA....
LOOK! A SUB!
QUICK! RADIO DER OTHER PATROLS!

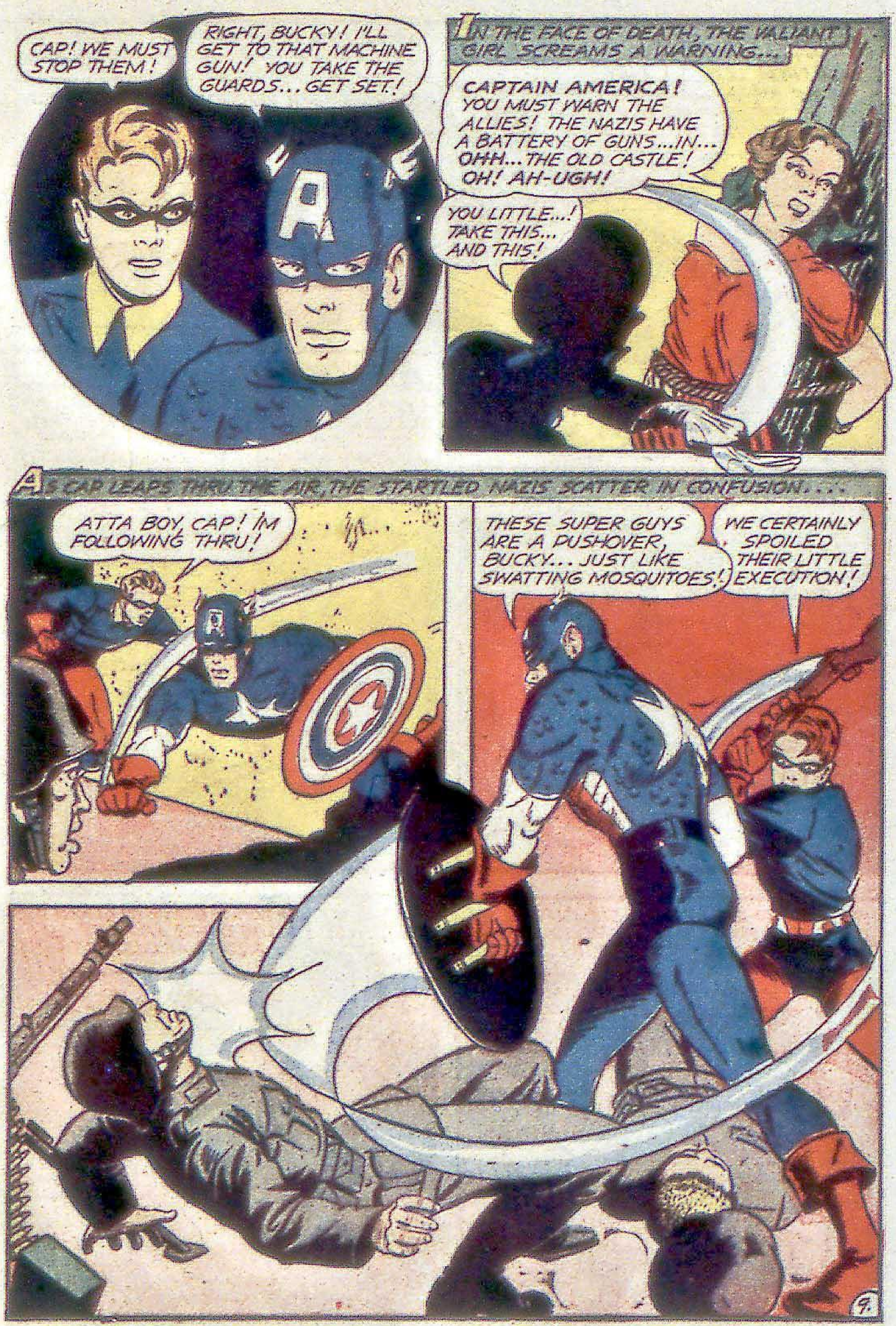

UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER---
HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OFF! I'LL BE WATCHING FOR ANY SIGNALS!
OKAY!--AND THANKS FOR THE RIDE!
PROPELLED BY POWERFUL STROKES, CAP AND BUCKY RACE TOWARD SHORE!
SUDDENLY---
HALT! OR VE SHOOT!
HIMMEL! DOT ISS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHAT THE--??
AT 'EM, BUCKY! THESE RATS CAN'T DO THIS TO US!
WHAMMO! THESE WON'T BE SHOOTING AT US!
E-YIYI!
SO YOU WERE GOING TO SURPRISE US? WELL! TAKE THIS!
---AND ONE NAZI PATROL IS OUT OF COMMISSION!
I GUESS WE MOPPED UP THAT GANG!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEIR PALS FIND US!

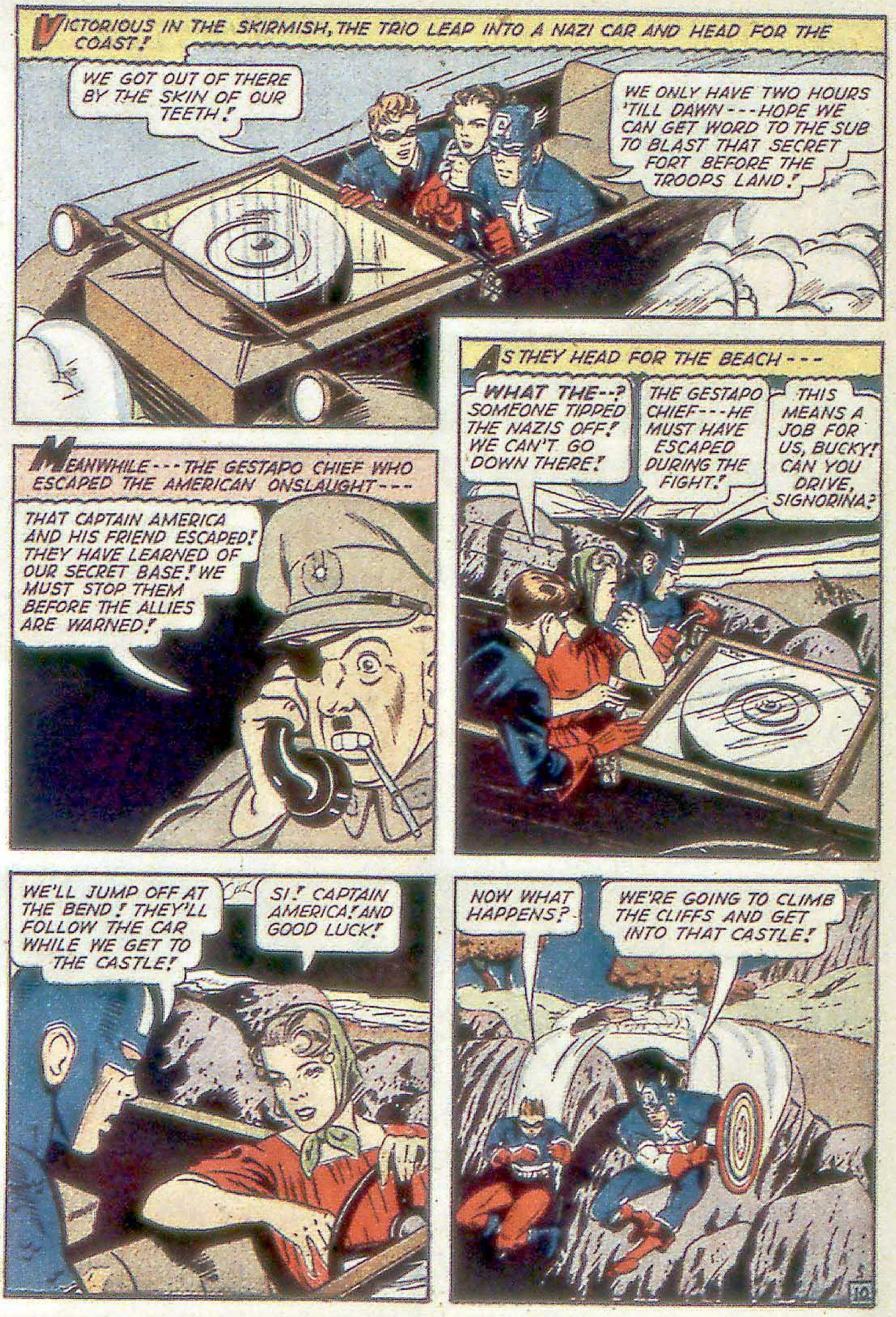

GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS--ONE PATROLMAN ESCAPED!
DEY ARE MORE SUPER DEN DER SUPER RACE--DEY---
THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA! THE ONE MAN WHO CAN RUIN OUR PLANS! HE MUST BE STOPPED!
YA-YA, CAPTAIN--WATCH EVERY ROAD!
NOW, CORPORAL--YOU COME WITH ME! I THINK HE WAS SENT TO MEET THOSE ITALIAN OFFICERS!
CAP AND BUCKY ARRIVE AT A WAYSIDE INN NEAR A TOWN!
SO FAR WE'VE ESCAPED THE NAZI PATROLS! SAY, CAP--WEREN'T WE TO LOOK FOR A GIRL AT THIS PLACE?
ALBE
YES!--I'LL GIVE THAT GIRL THE SIGNAL AND WE'LL SEE--!
THE GIRL RESPONDS--
TURN LEFT AT A FORK IN THE ROAD AND YOU WILL SEE A SMALL BRIDGE! WATCH FOR A MAN ON A BICYCLE! BLOCK HIS WAY! HE WILL SIGNAL--BUT BE CAREFUL---THE GESTAPO!
WE WILL! AND THANKS!
AT THE BRIDGE---
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BLOCKING THIS BRIDGE? ONE WOULD THINK YOU PLANNED THIS!
AH! THAT'S THE SIGNAL!
AS THE MESSAGE IS DISCLOSED, A SHOT RINGS OUT!
GOOD, MY FRIEND! TAKE US TO THE MILL AT ONCE! WE WILL RADIO THE NEWS!
AH! AND WHAT NEWS! THE NAZIS THINK THEY CAN----AH--UGH--
GOOD GOSH, CAP! HE'S BEEN SHOT! LOOK BACK THERE!
BANG!
WATCH OUT! NAZIS!

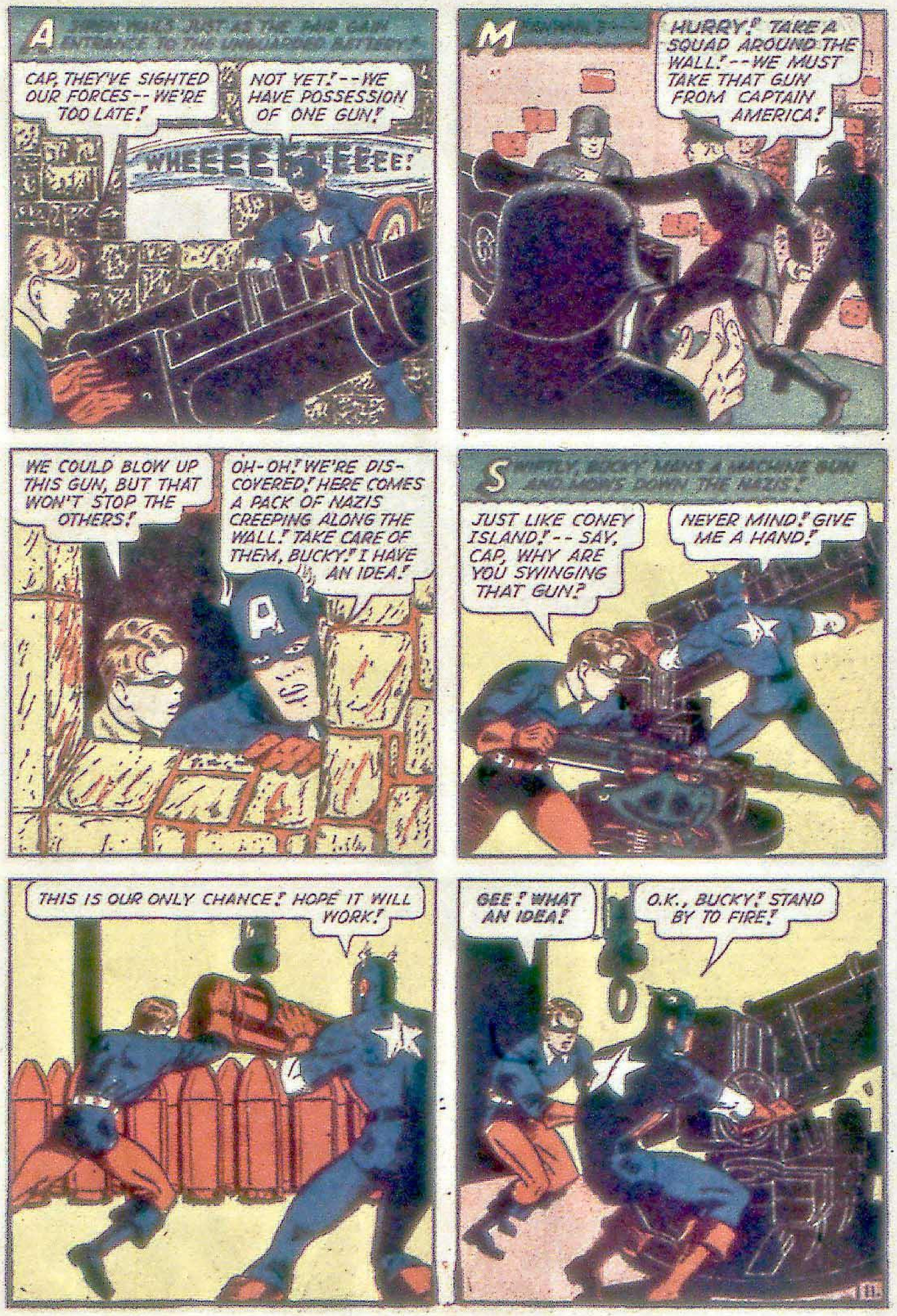

CAP AND BUCKY SUDDENLY DIVE OVER THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, CAP!
COME ON, BUCKY! THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!
SWIMMING UNDERWATER TO THE OPPOSITE BANK!
SHHH! BUCKY, I HAVE A PLAN! THEY LEFT A FEW GUARDS ON THE BRIDGE--I'LL SURPRISE THEM WHILE YOU GET ONE OF THEIR CARS GOING!
MINUTES LATER---
--AND THE PLAN SUCCEEDS!
E-YOW!
UGH!
KEEP GOING, BUCKY! I'LL CATCH UP!

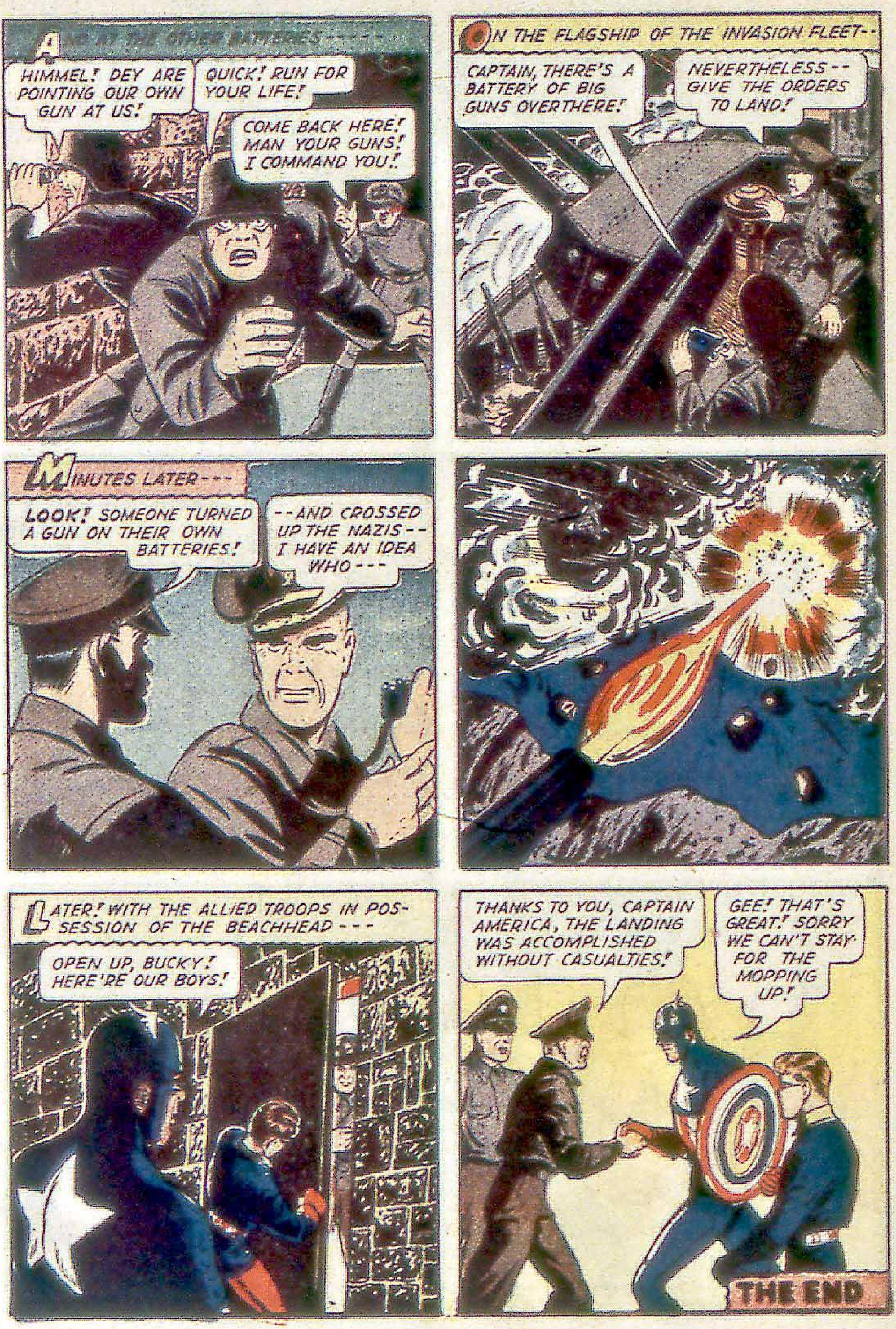

ELUDING THE ENEMY PATROLS---
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE! THERE'S THE OLD MILL!
RIGHT, BUCKY! THE ENTRANCE IS A SMALL WINDOW! WE'RE TO RAP OUT THE "V" SIGNAL!
WISH WE KNEW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
MUST BE VERY IMPORTANT--THOSE NAZIS TRIED HARD ENOUGH TO STOP US!
THIS IS ODD! THERE'S NO ANSWER!!
SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG!
A TRAP!
HA! VE GOT DEM, UNDT ALIVE AS DER ORDERS SAID!
WOW, CAP! WE WALKED RIGHT INTO IT THIS TIME!
WE'LL SEE!
AT A SIGNAL FROM CAP, THE PAIR SPRING INTO ACTION!
DON'T FEEL SO SMUG NOW, DO YOU?
SO YOU'LL TAKE US ALIVE? YOU RATS!


SURPRISE REINFORCEMENTS---
WOW! HERE COME SOME MORE! OUCH--OH--
ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA! NOW YOU SURRENDER!
TAKE THEM INSIDE! I WANT TO QUESTION THEM!
YOU FILTHY DOG-- IF YOU'VE HURT THAT BOY---
CAP TEARS LOOSE TO REACH BUCKY'S SIDE--
BUCKY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WE SPARED THAT BOY---PERHAPS NOW YOU WILL TALK?
OH! MY JAW!
SPEAK AMERICAN SWINE OR YOU'LL BE VERY, VERY SORRY!
CAP! LOOK! THEY'VE CAPTURED THAT GIRL!
FILTHY PIGS! LET ME GO-- I'LL---
SO-OO? A LITTLE SPY! GOOD--! TIE HER SECURELY! CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL TALK WHEN HE SEES HER FATE!
CAP! THEY'RE SETTING UP A MACHINE GUN!
8

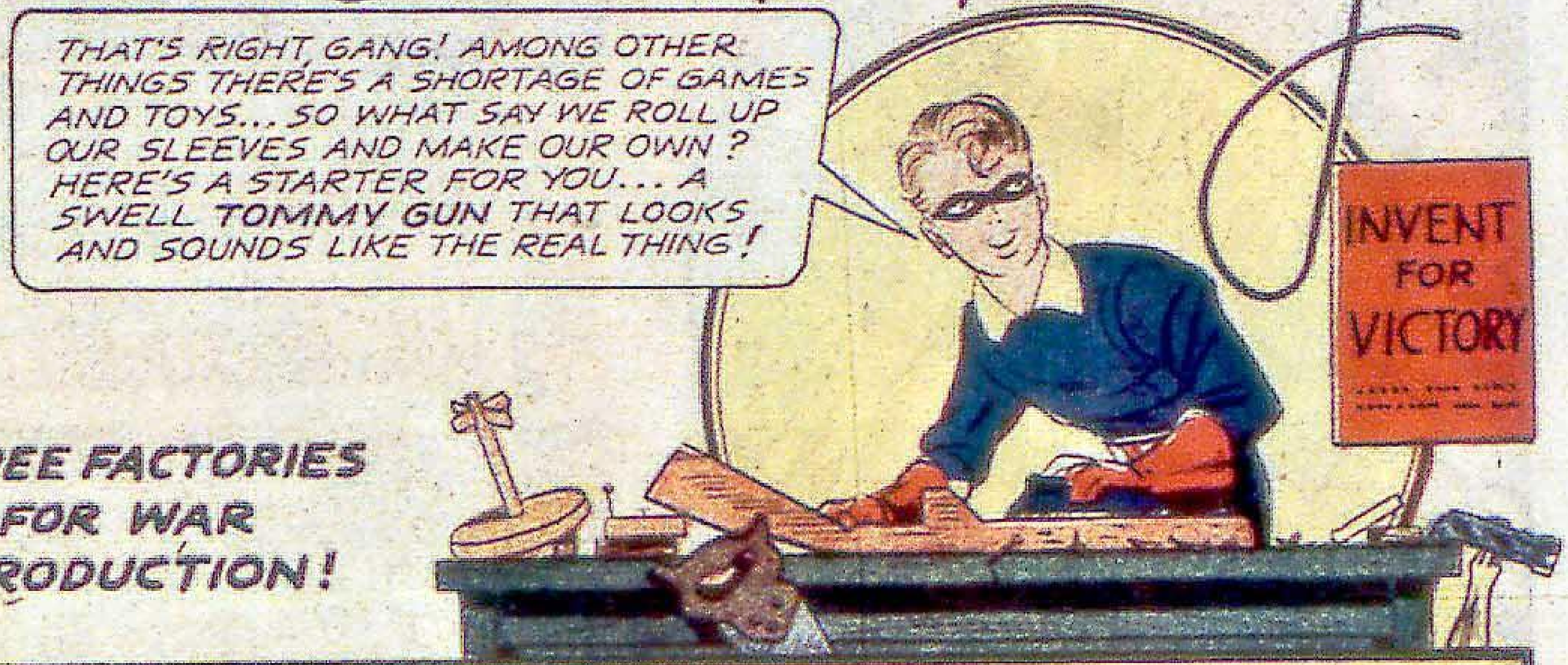

CAP! WE MUST STOP THEM!
RIGHT, BUCKY! I'LL GET TO THAT MACHINE GUN! YOU TAKE THE GUARDS... GET SET!
IN THE FACE OF DEATH, THE VALIANT GIRL SCREAMS A WARNING...
CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU MUST WARN THE ALLIES! THE NAZIS HAVE A BATTERY OF GUNS...IN... OHH...THE OLD CASTLE! OH! AH-UGH!
YOU LITTLE...! TAKE THIS... AND THIS!
AS CAP LEAPS THRU THE AIR, THE STARTLED NAZIS SCATTER IN CONFUSION....
ATTA BOY, CAP! I'M FOLLOWING THRU!
THESE SUPER GUYS ARE A PUSHOVER, BUCKY... JUST LIKE SWATTING MOSQUITOES!
WE CERTAINLY SPOILED THEIR LITTLE EXECUTION!


VICTORIOUS IN THE SKIRMISH, THE TRIO LEAP INTO A NAZI CAR AND HEAD FOR THE COAST!
WE GOT OUT OF THERE BY THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH!
WE ONLY HAVE TWO HOURS 'TILL DAWN---HOPE WE CAN GET WORD TO THE SUB TO BLAST THAT SECRET FORT BEFORE THE TROOPS LAND!
AS THEY HEAD FOR THE BEACH---
WHAT THE--? SOMEONE TIPPED THE NAZIS OFF! WE CAN'T GO DOWN THERE!
THE GESTAPO CHIEF---HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED DURING THE FIGHT!
THIS MEANS A JOB FOR US, BUCKY! CAN YOU DRIVE, SIGNORINA?
MEANWHILE---THE GESTAPO CHIEF WHO ESCAPED THE AMERICAN ONSLAUGHT---
THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS FRIEND ESCAPED! THEY HAVE LEARNED OF OUR SECRET BASE! WE MUST STOP THEM BEFORE THE ALLIES ARE WARNED!
WE'LL JUMP OFF AT THE BEND! THEY'LL FOLLOW THE CAR WHILE WE GET TO THE CASTLE!
SI! CAPTAIN AMERICA! AND GOOD LUCK!
NOW WHAT HAPPENS?
WE'RE GOING TO CLIMB THE CLIFFS AND GET INTO THAT CASTLE!
10


A [illegible] JUST AS THE PAIR GAIN ENTRANCE TO THE UNGUARDED BATTERY!
CAP, THEY'VE SIGHTED OUR FORCES--WE'RE TOO LATE!
NOT YET!--WE HAVE POSSESSION OF ONE GUN!
WHEEEEEEEEEEEE!
MEANWHILE--
HURRY! TAKE A SQUAD AROUND THE WALL!--WE MUST TAKE THAT GUN FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WE COULD BLOW UP THIS GUN, BUT THAT WON'T STOP THE OTHERS!
OH-OH! WE'RE DISCOVERED! HERE COMES A PACK OF NAZIS CREEPING ALONG THE WALL! TAKE CARE OF THEM, BUCKY! I HAVE AN IDEA!
SWIFTLY, BUCKY MANS A MACHINE GUN AND MOWS DOWN THE NAZIS!
JUST LIKE CONEY ISLAND!--SAY, CAP, WHY ARE YOU SWINGING THAT GUN?
NEVER MIND! GIVE ME A HAND!
THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE! HOPE IT WILL WORK!
GEE! WHAT AN IDEA!
O.K., BUCKY! STAND BY TO FIRE!

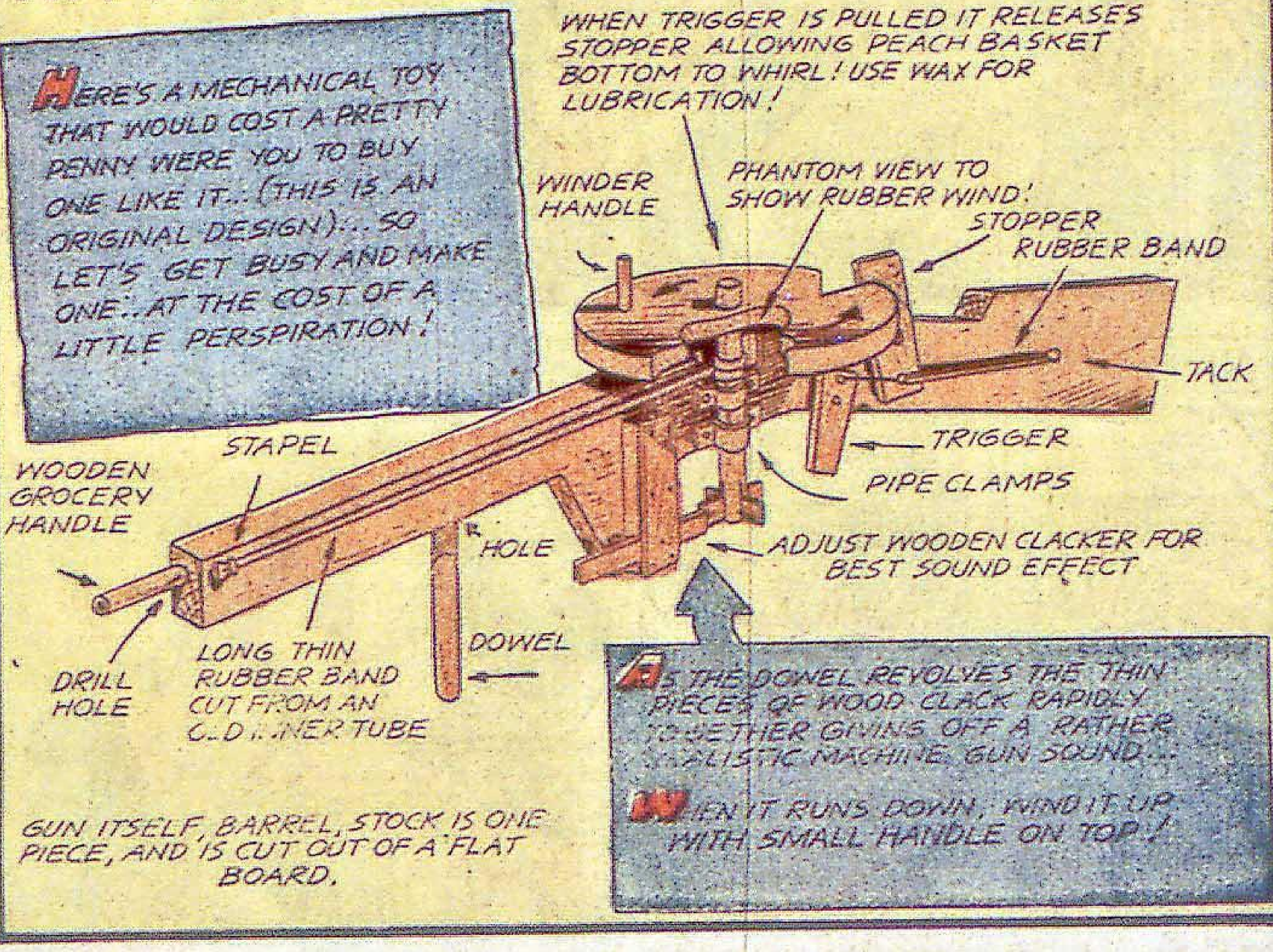

AND BY THE OTHER BATTERIES-----
HIMMEL! DEY ARE POINTING OUR OWN GUN AT US!
QUICK! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
COME BACK HERE! MAN YOUR GUNS! I COMMAND YOU!
ON THE FLAGSHIP OF THE INVASION FLEET--
CAPTAIN, THERE'S A BATTERY OF BIG GUNS OVERTHERE!
NEVERTHELESS-- GIVE THE ORDERS TO LAND!
MINUTES LATER---
LOOK! SOMEONE TURNED A GUN ON THEIR OWN BATTERIES!
--AND CROSSED UP THE NAZIS-- I HAVE AN IDEA WHO---
LATER! WITH THE ALLIED TROOPS IN POSSESSION OF THE BEACHHEAD---
OPEN UP, BUCKY! HERE'RE OUR BOYS!
THANKS TO YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE LANDING WAS ACCOMPLISHED WITHOUT CASUALTIES!
GEE! THAT'S GREAT! SORRY WE CAN'T STAY FOR THE MOPPING UP!
THE END

BUCKY Builds for Victory!


THAT'S RIGHT, GANG! AMONG OTHER THINGS THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF GAMES AND TOYS... SO WHAT SAY WE ROLL UP OUR SLEEVES AND MAKE OUR OWN? HERE'S A STARTER FOR YOU... A SWELL **TOMMY GUN** THAT LOOKS AND SOUNDS LIKE THE REAL THING!
INVENT FOR VICTORY

FREE FACTORIES
FOR WAR
PRODUCTION!

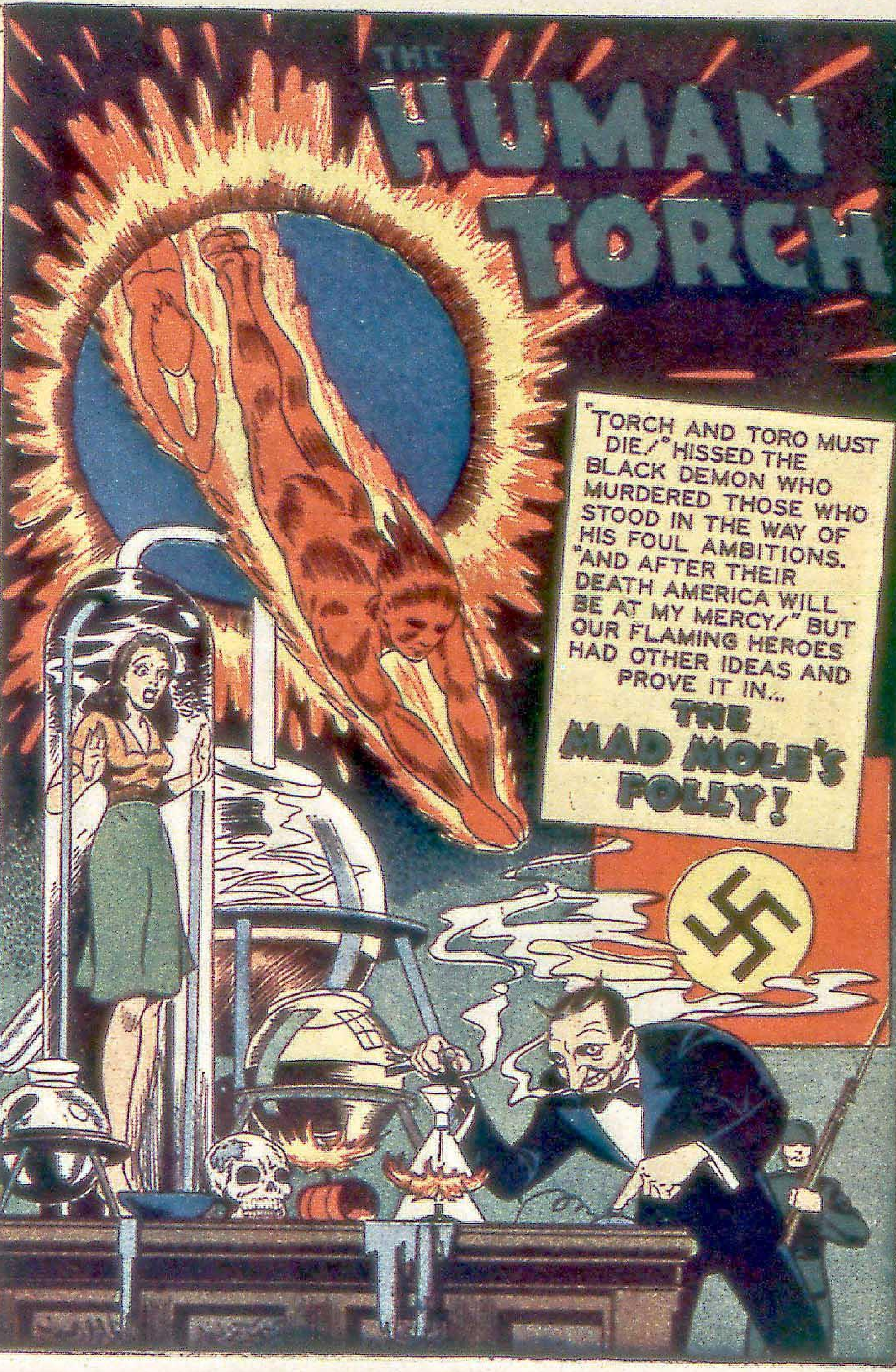
AN AUTOMATIC TOMMY GUN!

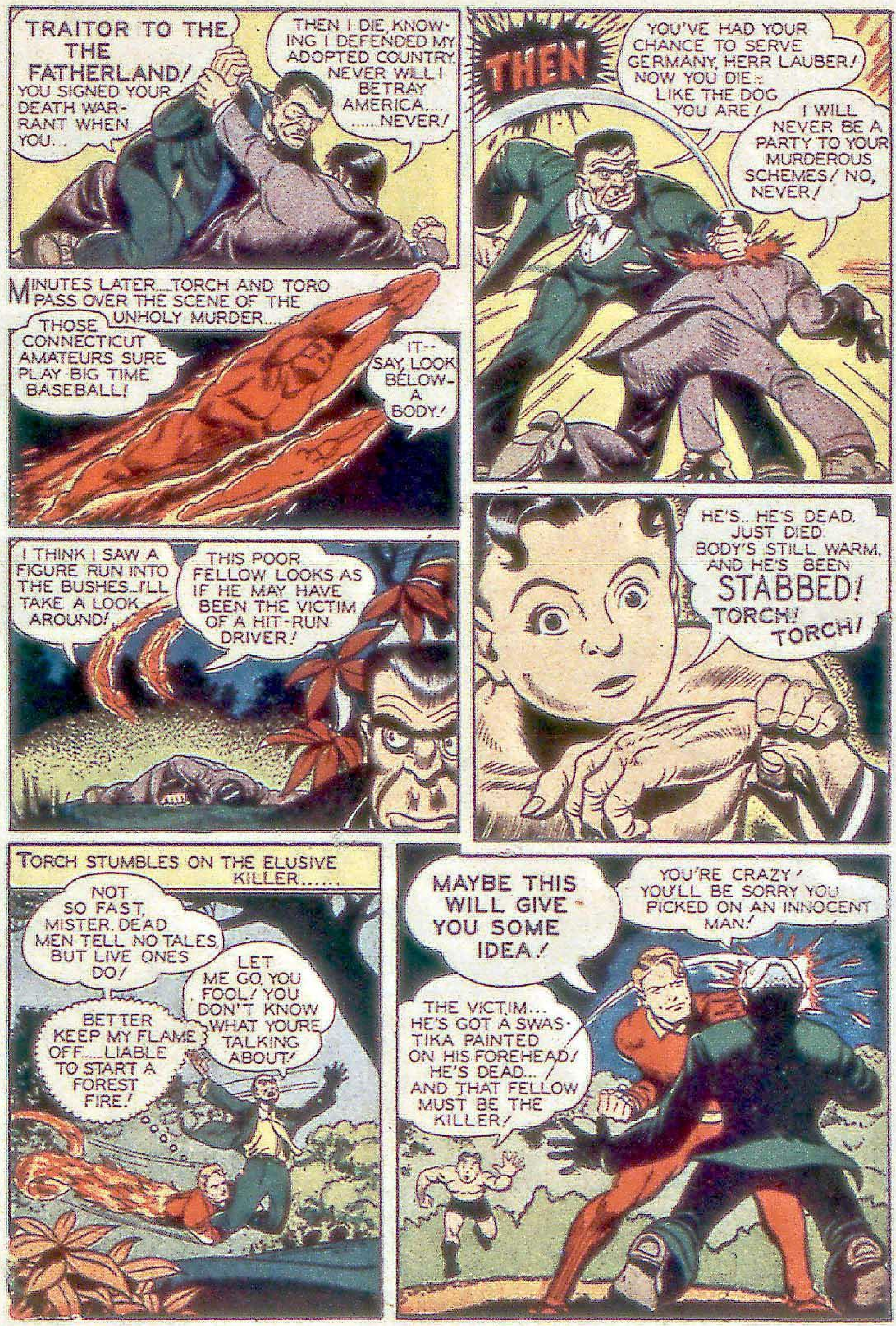

WHEN TRIGGER IS PULLED IT RELEASES STOPPER ALLOWING PEACH BASKET BOTTOM TO WHIRL! USE WAX FOR LUBRICATION!
WINDER HANDLE
PHANTOM VIEW TO SHOW RUBBER WIND!
STOPPER
RUBBER BAND
TACK
TRIGGER
PIPE CLAMPS
STAPEL
WOODEN GROCERY HANDLE
HOLE
ADJUST WOODEN CLACKER FOR BEST SOUND EFFECT
DRILL HOLE
LONG THIN RUBBER BAND CUT FROM AN OLD INNER TUBE
DOWEL
GUN ITSELF, BARREL, STOCK IS ONE PIECE, AND IS CUT OUT OF A FLAT BOARD.

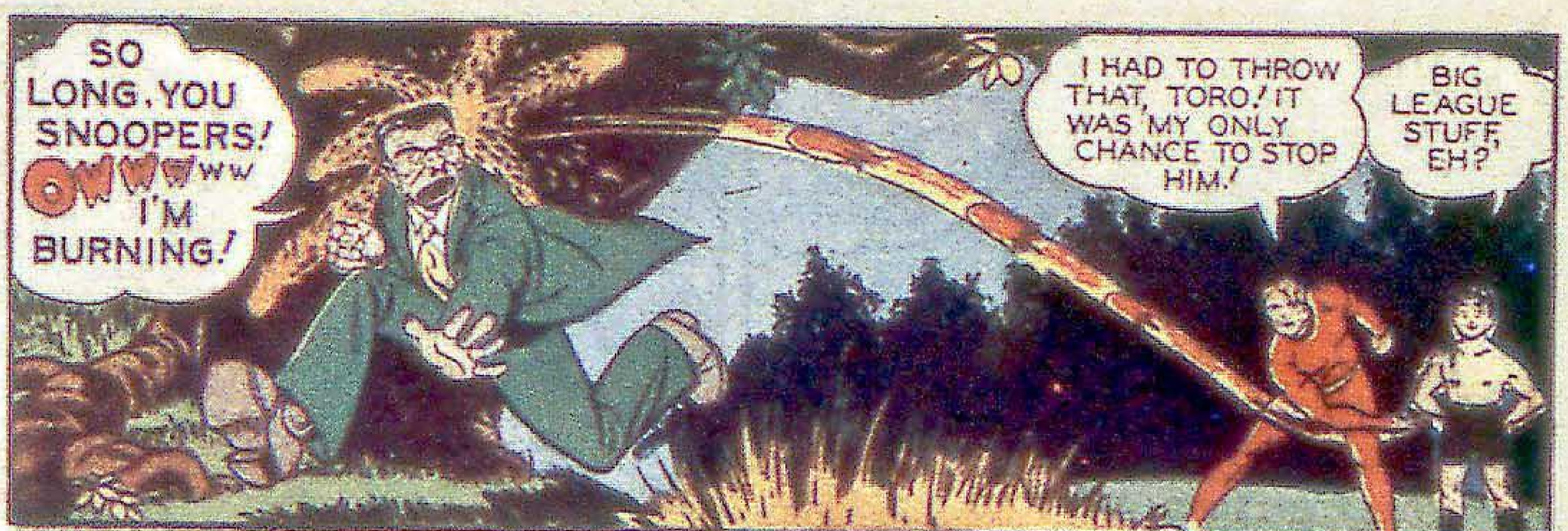
HERE'S A MECHANICAL TOY THAT WOULD COST A PRETTY PENNY WERE YOU TO BUY ONE LIKE IT... (THIS IS AN ORIGINAL DESIGN)... SO LET'S GET BUSY AND MAKE ONE.. AT THE COST OF A LITTLE PERSPIRATION!

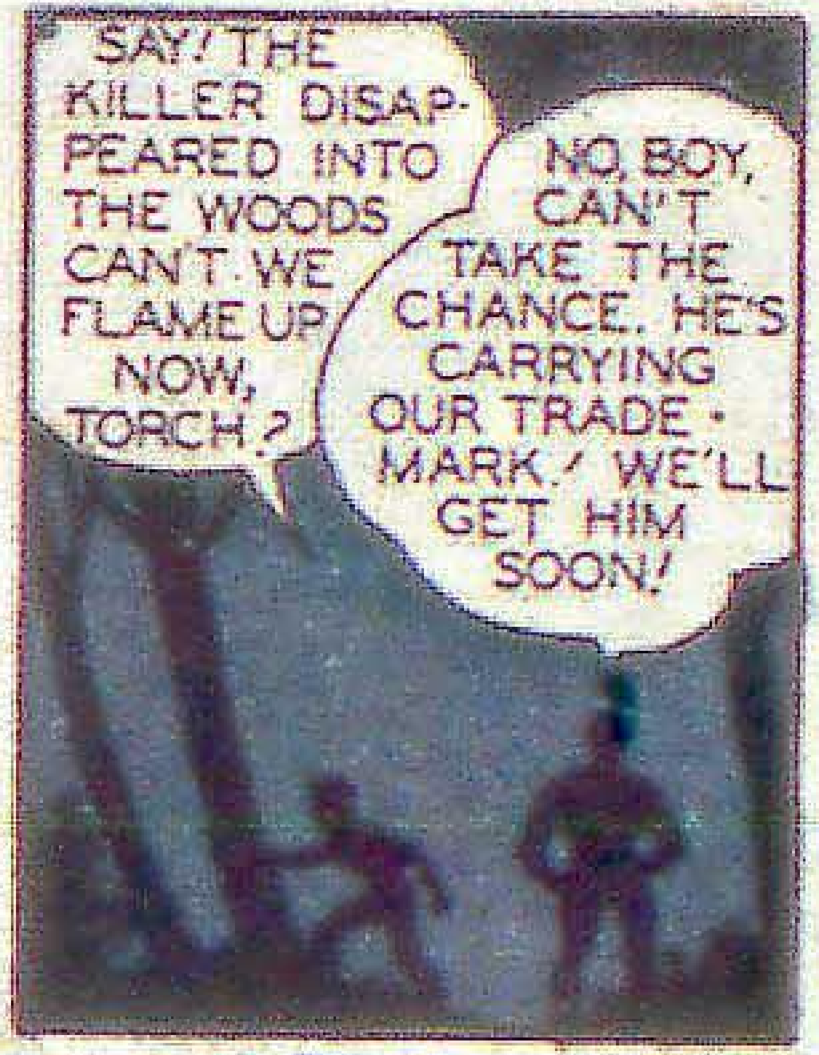
AS THE DOWEL REVOLVES THE THIN PIECES OF WOOD CLACK RAPIDLY TOGETHER GIVING OFF A RATHER REALISTIC MACHINE GUN SOUND...

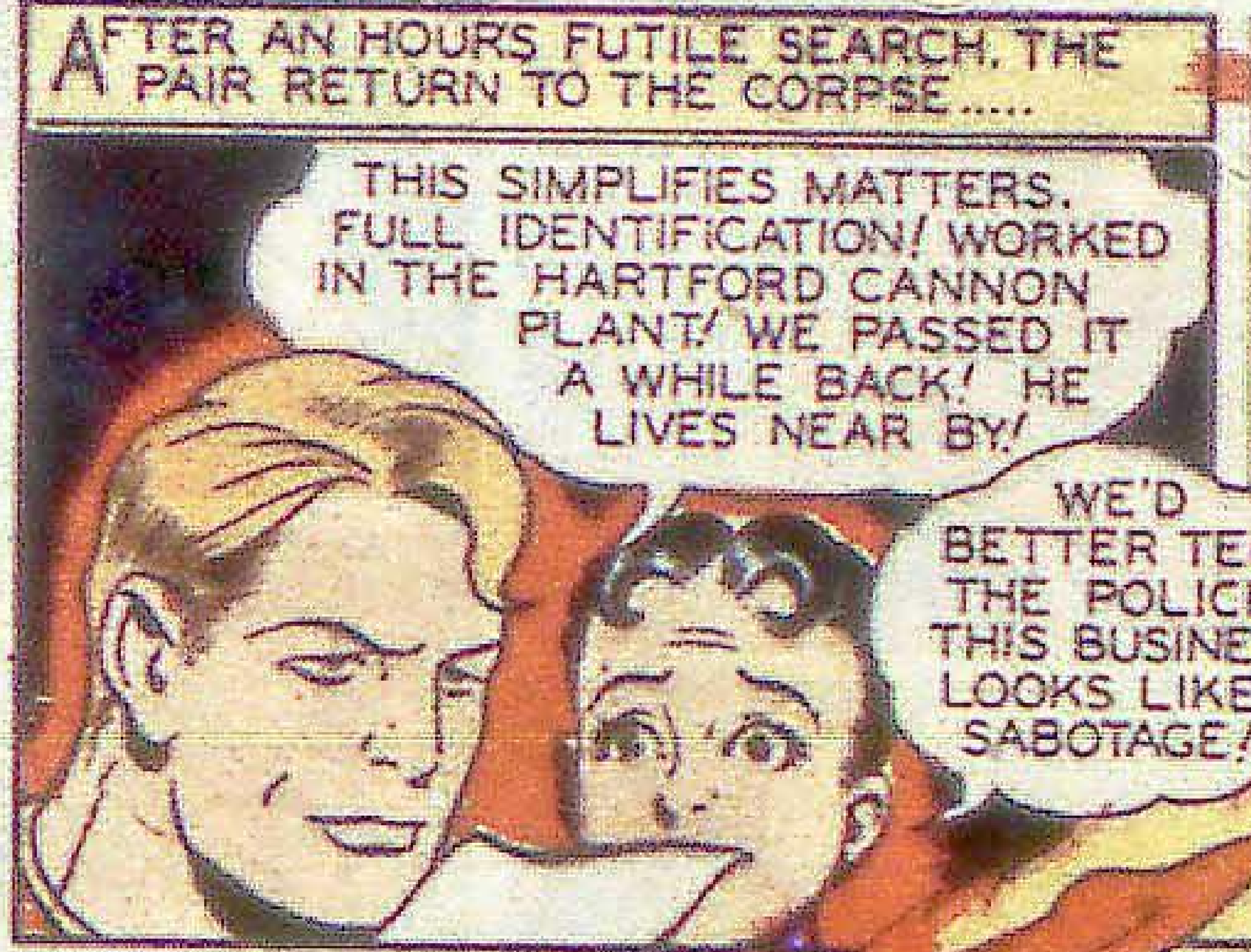
WHEN IT RUNS DOWN, WIND IT UP WITH SMALL HANDLE ON TOP!

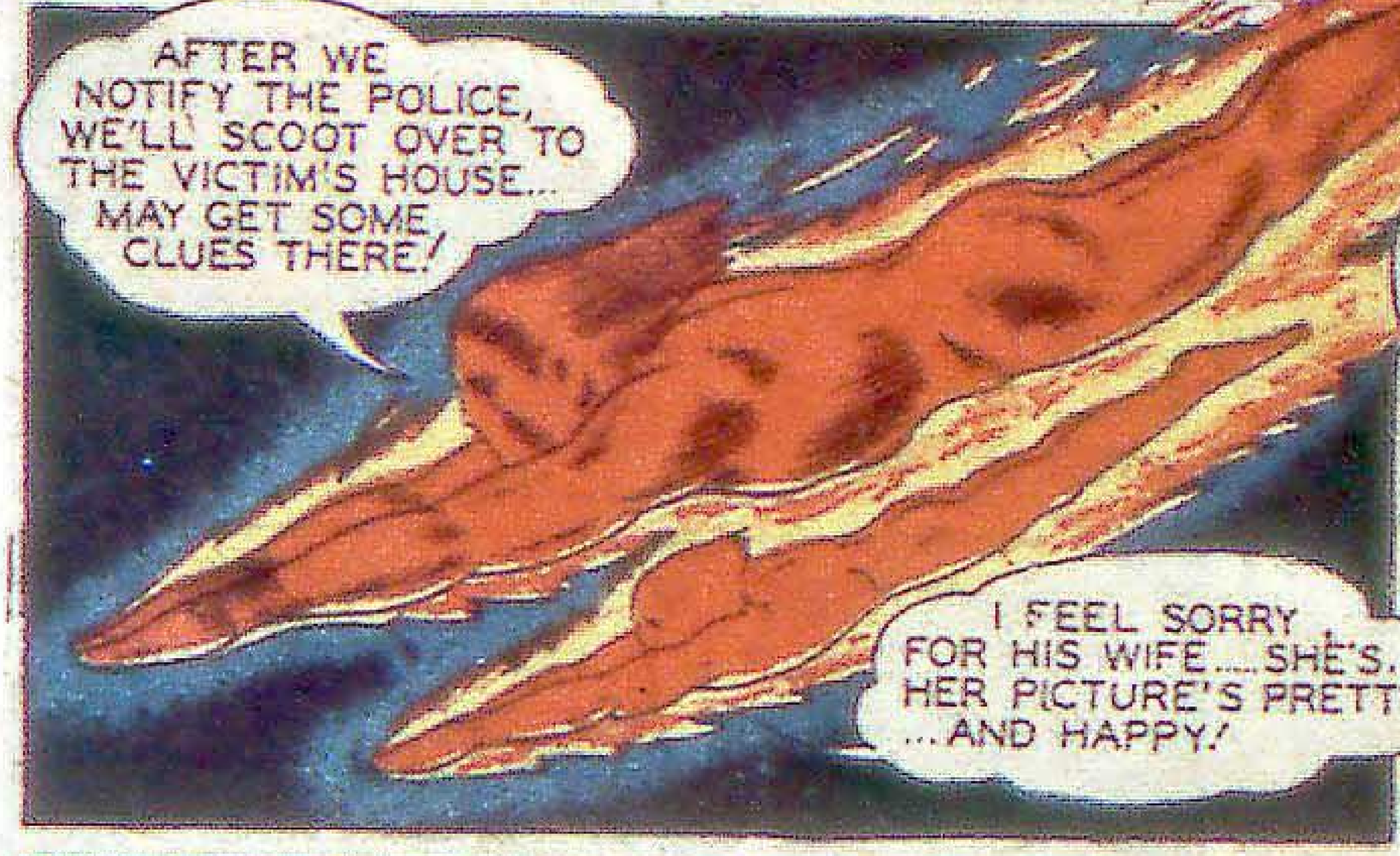

THE HUMAN TORCH
"TORCH AND TORO MUST DIE!" HISSED THE BLACK DEMON WHO MURDERED THOSE WHO STOOD IN THE WAY OF HIS FOUL AMBITIONS. "AND AFTER THEIR DEATH AMERICA WILL BE AT MY MERCY!" BUT OUR FLAMING HEROES HAD OTHER IDEAS AND PROVE IT IN...
THE MAD MOLE'S FOLLY!

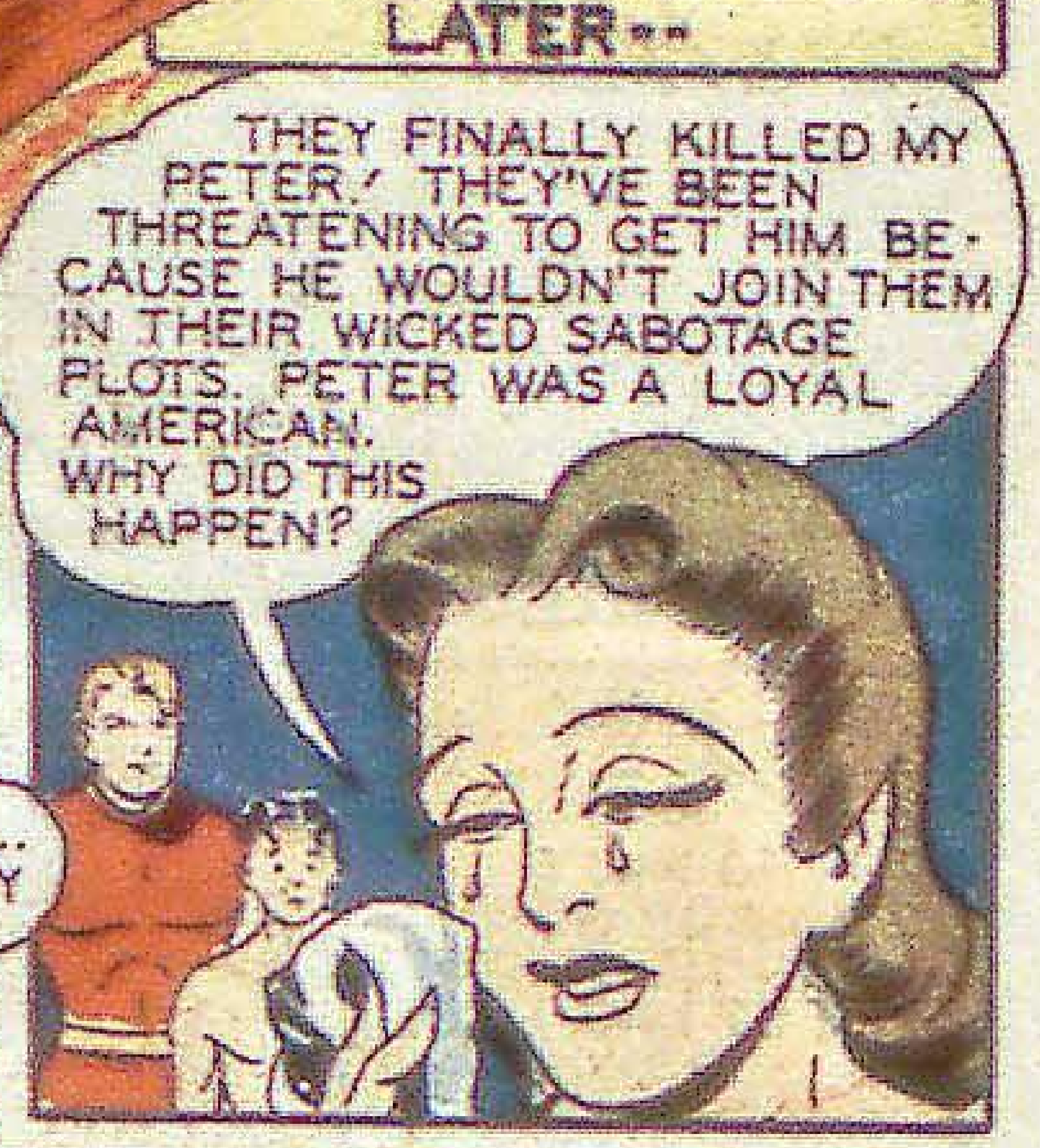

TRAITOR TO THE THE FATHERLAND! YOU SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT WHEN YOU...
THEN I DIE, KNOWING I DEFENDED MY ADOPTED COUNTRY. NEVER WILL I BETRAY AMERICA.... ......NEVER!
THEN
YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE TO SERVE GERMANY, HERR LAUBER! NOW YOU DIE:- LIKE THE DOG YOU ARE!
I WILL NEVER BE A PARTY TO YOUR MURDEROUS SCHEMES! NO, NEVER!
MINUTES LATER....TORCH AND TORO PASS OVER THE SCENE OF THE UNHOLY MURDER...
THOSE CONNECTICUT AMATEURS SURE PLAY BIG TIME BASEBALL!
IT-- SAY, LOOK BELOW- A BODY!
I THINK I SAW A FIGURE RUN INTO THE BUSHES...I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!
THIS POOR FELLOW LOOKS AS IF HE MAY HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM OF A HIT-RUN DRIVER!
HE'S.. HE'S DEAD. JUST DIED. BODY'S STILL WARM. AND HE'S BEEN STABBED! TORCH! TORCH!
TORCH STUMBLES ON THE ELUSIVE KILLER......
NOT SO FAST, MISTER. DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES, BUT LIVE ONES DO!
LET ME GO, YOU FOOL! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
BETTER KEEP MY FLAME OFF.....LIABLE TO START A FOREST FIRE!
MAYBE THIS WILL GIVE YOU SOME IDEA!
YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU PICKED ON AN INNOCENT MAN!
THE VICTIM... HE'S GOT A SWASTIKA PAINTED ON HIS FOREHEAD! HE'S DEAD... AND THAT FELLOW MUST BE THE KILLER!

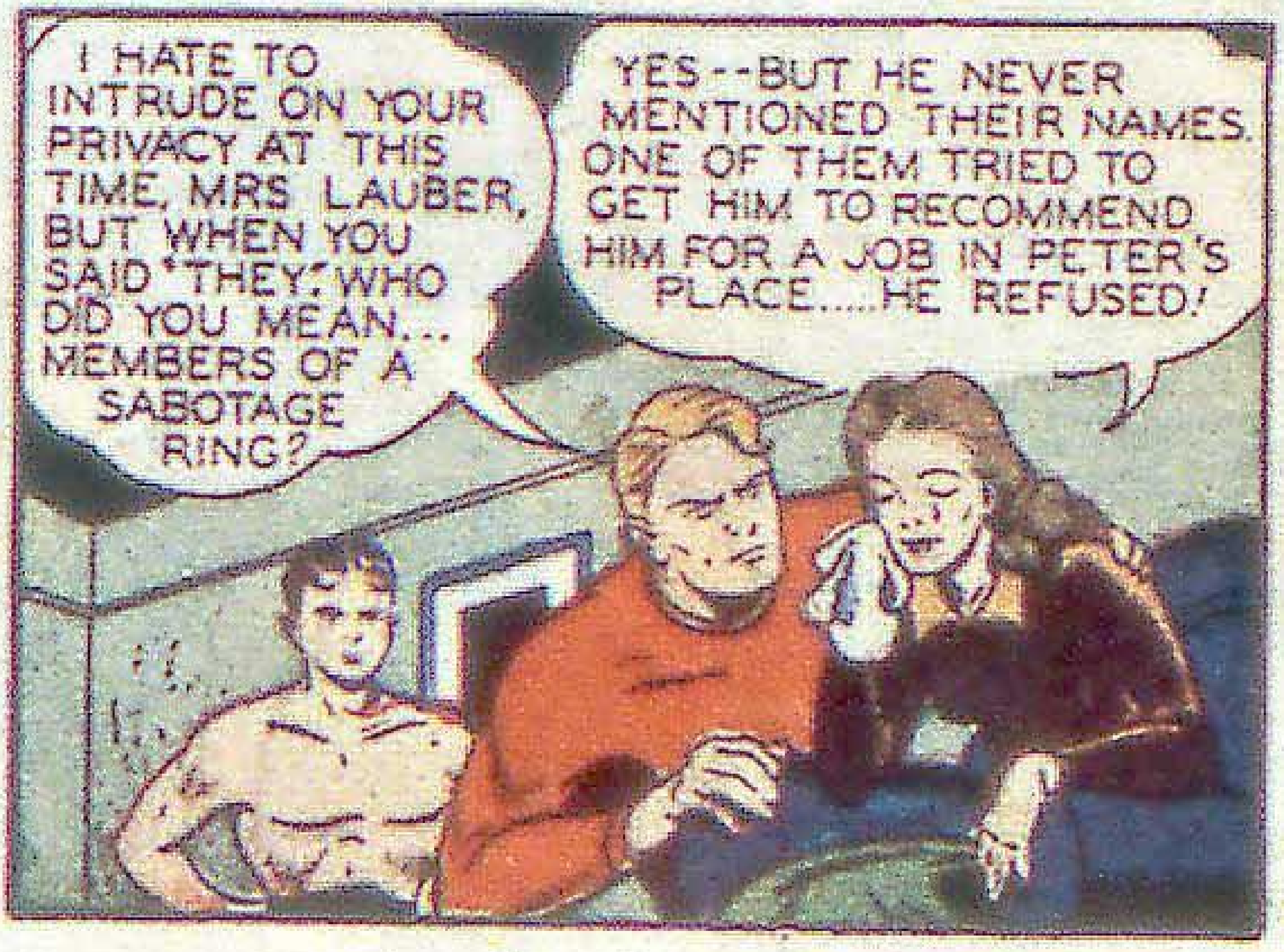

SO LONG, YOU SNOOPERS! OWWWww I'M BURNING!
I HAD TO THROW THAT, TORO! IT WAS MY ONLY CHANCE TO STOP HIM!
BIG LEAGUE STUFF EH?

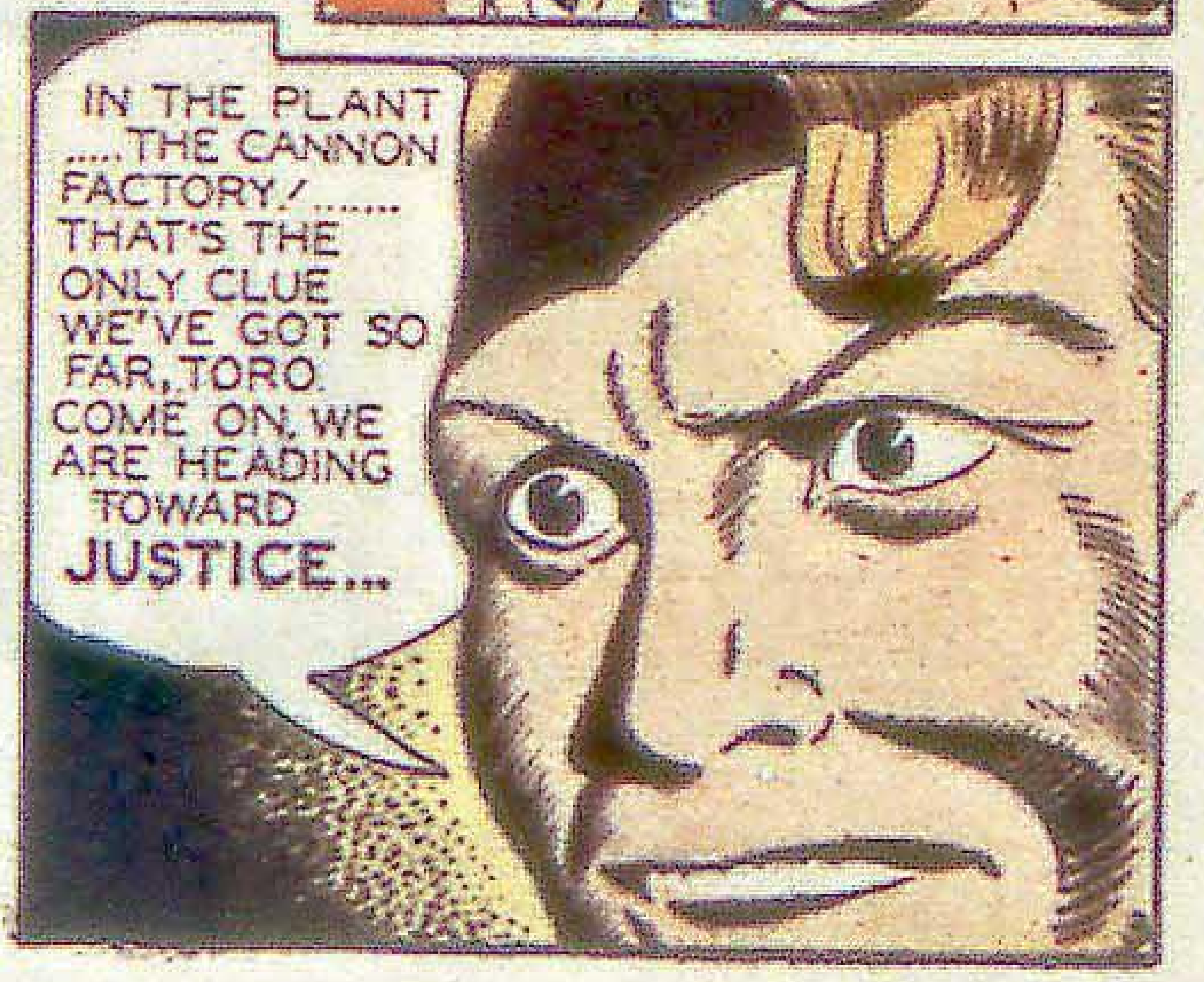

SAY! THE KILLER DISAPPEARED INTO THE WOODS CAN'T WE FLAME UP NOW, TORCH?
NO, BOY, CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE. HE'S CARRYING OUR TRADE-MARK! WE'LL GET HIM SOON!

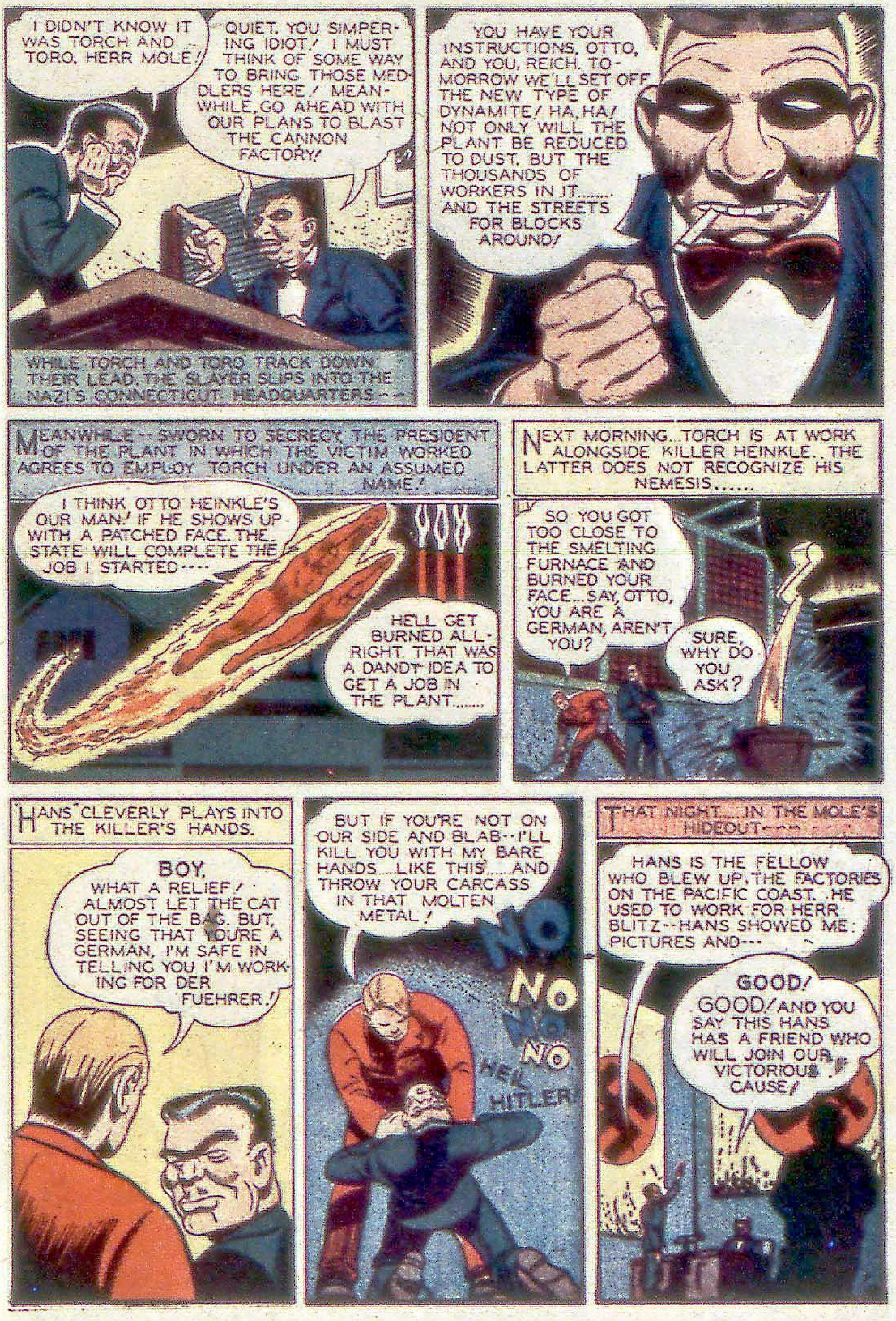

AFTER AN HOUR'S FUTILE SEARCH, THE PAIR RETURN TO THE CORPSE.....
THIS SIMPLIFIES MATTERS. FULL IDENTIFICATION! WORKED IN THE HARTFORD CANNON PLANT! WE PASSED IT A WHILE BACK! HE LIVES NEAR BY!
WE'D BETTER TELL THE POLICE. THIS BUSINESS LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE!

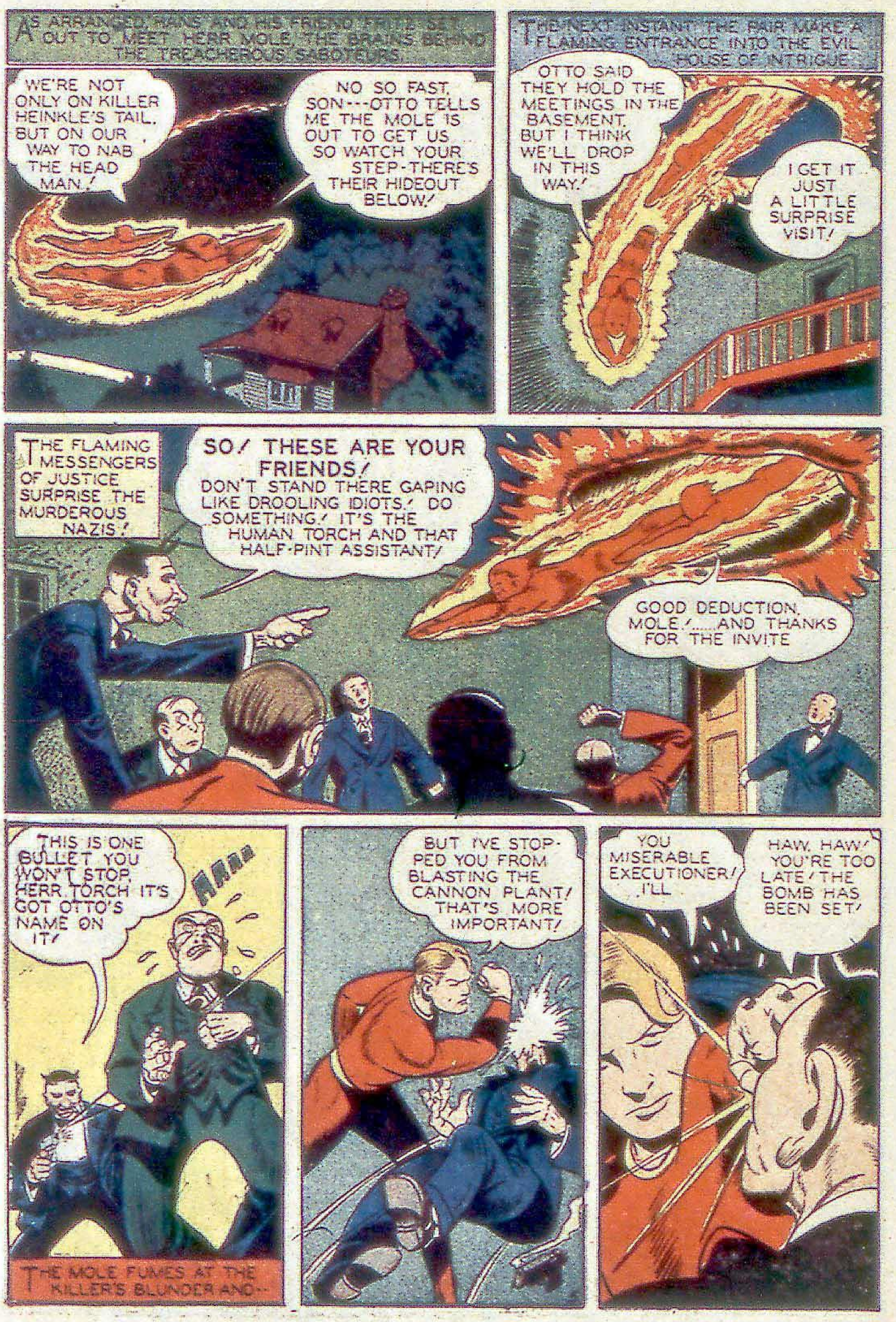

AFTER WE NOTIFY THE POLICE, WE'LL SCOOT OVER TO THE VICTIM'S HOUSE... MAY GET SOME CLUES THERE!
I FEEL SORRY FOR HIS WIFE.....SHE'S... HER PICTURE'S PRETTY ...AND HAPPY!

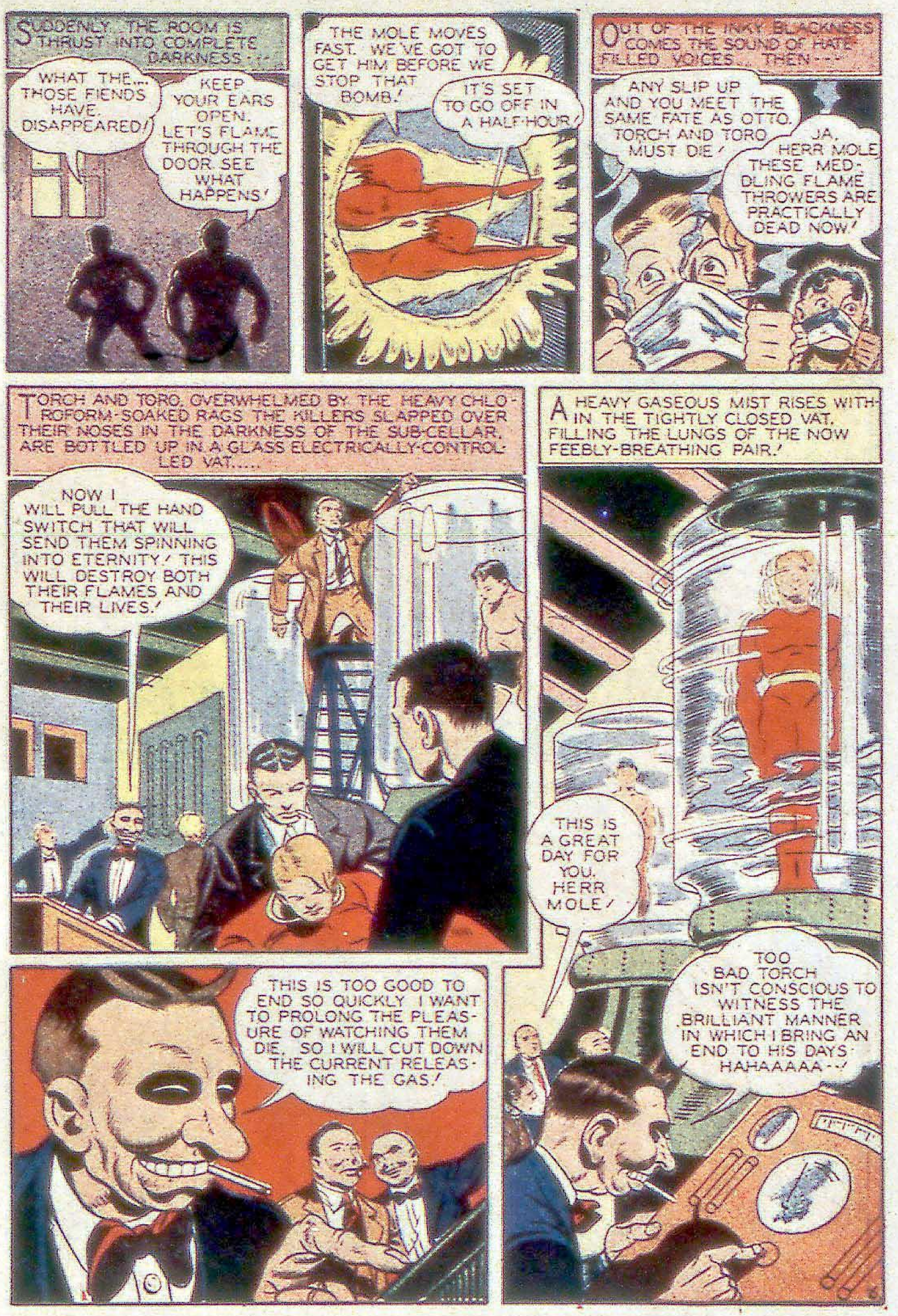

LATER--
THEY FINALLY KILLED MY PETER! THEY'VE BEEN THREATENING TO GET HIM BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T JOIN THEM IN THEIR WICKED SABOTAGE PLOTS. PETER WAS A LOYAL AMERICAN. WHY DID THIS HAPPEN?

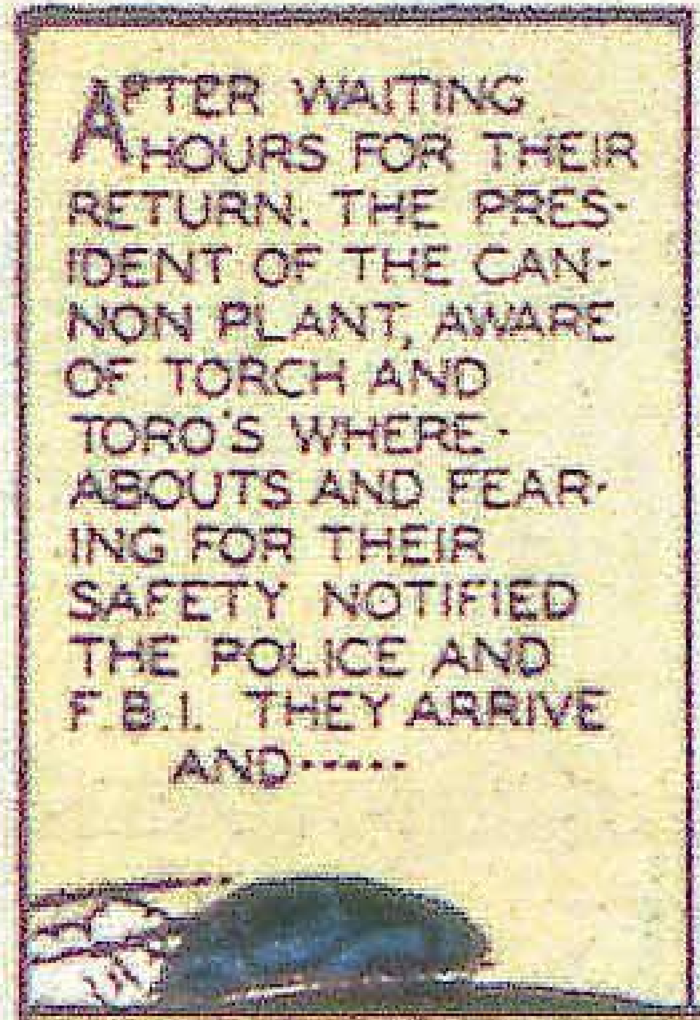

I HATE TO INTRUDE ON YOUR PRIVACY AT THIS TIME, MRS LAUBER, BUT WHEN YOU SAID "THEY," WHO DID YOU MEAN... MEMBERS OF A SABOTAGE RING?
YES--BUT HE NEVER MENTIONED THEIR NAMES. ONE OF THEM TRIED TO GET HIM TO RECOMMEND HIM FOR A JOB IN PETER'S PLACE.....HE REFUSED!

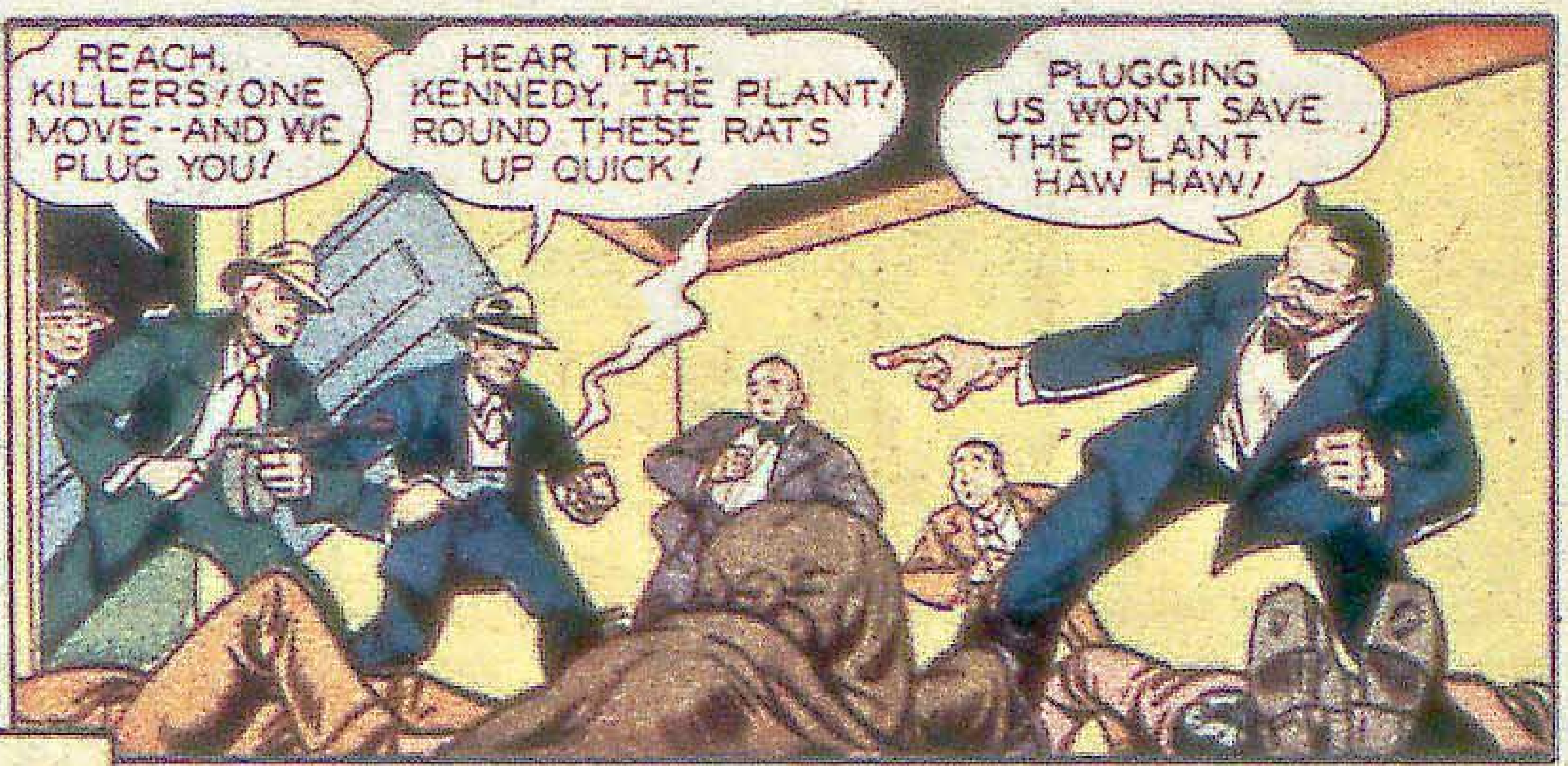

IN THE PLANT .....THE CANNON FACTORY!....... THAT'S THE ONLY CLUE WE'VE GOT SO FAR, TORO. COME ON, WE ARE HEADING TOWARD JUSTICE...

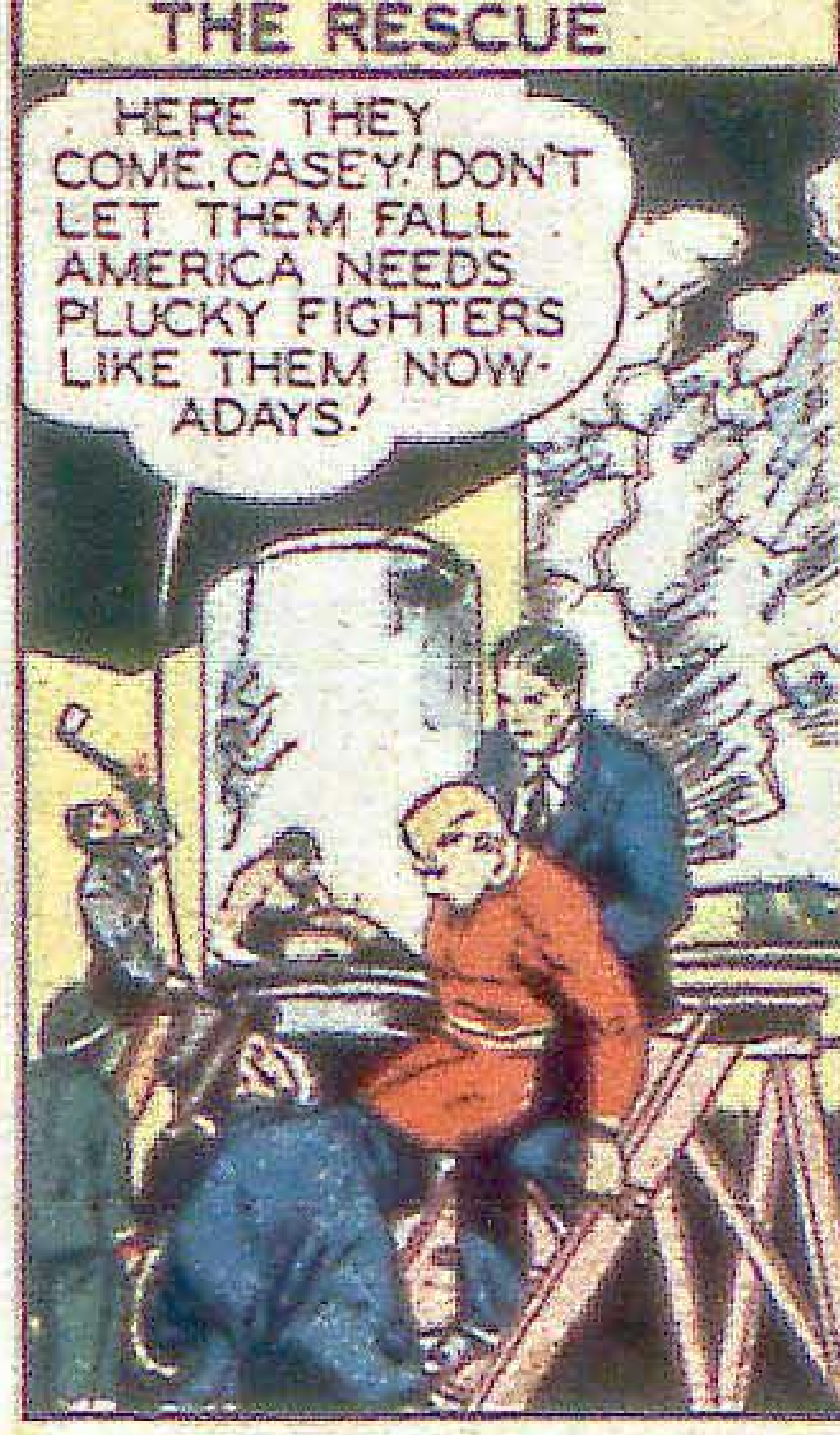

WHILE TORCH AND TORO TRACK DOWN THEIR LEAD, THE SLAYER SLIPS INTO THE NAZI'S CONNECTICUT HEADQUARTERS--
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS TORCH AND TORO, HERR MOLE!
QUIET, YOU SIMPERING IDIOT! I MUST THINK OF SOME WAY TO BRING THOSE MEDDLERS HERE! MEANWHILE, GO AHEAD WITH OUR PLANS TO BLAST THE CANNON FACTORY!
YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, OTTO, AND YOU, REICH. TOMORROW WE'LL SET OFF THE NEW TYPE OF DYNAMITE! HA, HA! NOT ONLY WILL THE PLANT BE REDUCED TO DUST, BUT THE THOUSANDS OF WORKERS IN IT....... AND THE STREETS FOR BLOCKS AROUND!
MEANWHILE-- SWORN TO SECRECY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE PLANT IN WHICH THE VICTIM WORKED AGREES TO EMPLOY TORCH UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME!
I THINK OTTO HEINKLE'S OUR MAN! IF HE SHOWS UP WITH A PATCHED FACE, THE STATE WILL COMPLETE THE JOB I STARTED----
HE'LL GET BURNED ALL RIGHT. THAT WAS A DANDY IDEA TO GET A JOB IN THE PLANT.......
NEXT MORNING...TORCH IS AT WORK ALONGSIDE KILLER HEINKLE.. THE LATTER DOES NOT RECOGNIZE HIS NEMESIS......
SO YOU GOT TOO CLOSE TO THE SMELTING FURNACE AND BURNED YOUR FACE...SAY, OTTO, YOU ARE A GERMAN, AREN'T YOU?
SURE, WHY DO YOU ASK?
"HANS" CLEVERLY PLAYS INTO THE KILLER'S HANDS.
BOY, WHAT A RELIEF! ALMOST LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG. BUT, SEEING THAT YOURE A GERMAN, I'M SAFE IN TELLING YOU I'M WORKING FOR DER FUEHRER!
BUT IF YOU'RE NOT ON OUR SIDE AND BLAB--I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS....LIKE THIS......AND THROW YOUR CARCASS IN THAT MOLTEN METAL!
NO
NO
NO
NO
HEIL HITLER!
THAT NIGHT.... IN THE MOLE'S HIDEOUT---
HANS IS THE FELLOW WHO BLEW UP THE FACTORIES ON THE PACIFIC COAST. HE USED TO WORK FOR HERR BLITZ--HANS SHOWED ME PICTURES AND---
GOOD! GOOD! AND YOU SAY THIS HANS HAS A FRIEND WHO WILL JOIN OUR VICTORIOUS CAUSE!

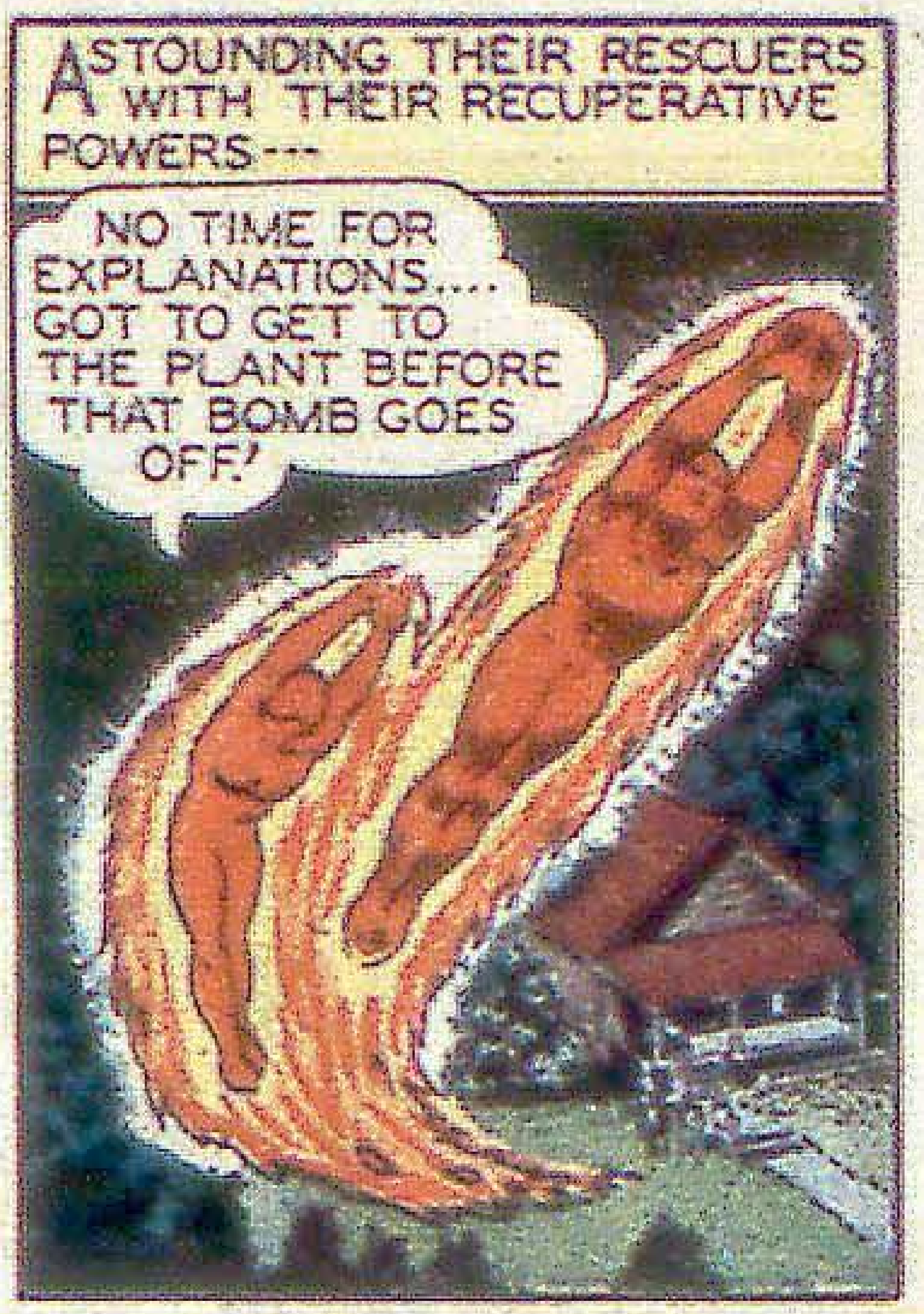

AS ARRANGED HANS AND HIS FRIEND FRITZ SET OUT TO MEET HERR MOLE, THE BRAINS BEHIND THE TREACHEROUS SABOTEURS.
WE'RE NOT ONLY ON KILLER HEINKLE'S TAIL, BUT ON OUR WAY TO NAB THE HEAD MAN!
NO SO FAST, SON---OTTO TELLS ME THE MOLE IS OUT TO GET US ... SO WATCH YOUR STEP-THERE'S THEIR HIDEOUT BELOW!
THE NEXT INSTANT THE PAIR MAKE A FLAMING ENTRANCE INTO THE EVIL HOUSE OF INTRIGUE.
OTTO SAID THEY HOLD THE MEETINGS IN THE BASEMENT, BUT I THINK WE'LL DROP IN THIS WAY!
I GET IT . . JUST A LITTLE SURPRISE VISIT!
THE FLAMING MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE SURPRISE THE MURDEROUS NAZIS!
SO! THESE ARE YOUR FRIENDS! DON'T STAND THERE GAPING LIKE DROOLING IDIOTS! DO SOMETHING! IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH AND THAT HALF-PINT ASSISTANT!
GOOD DEDUCTION, MOLE!......AND THANKS FOR THE INVITE
THIS IS ONE BULLET YOU WON'T STOP, HERR TORCH IT'S GOT OTTO'S NAME ON IT!
ARRRR
THE MOLE FUMES AT THE KILLER'S BLUNDER AND--
BUT I'VE STOPPED YOU FROM BLASTING THE CANNON PLANT! THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT!
YOU MISERABLE EXECUTIONER! I'LL
HAW, HAW! YOU'RE TOO LATE! THE BOMB HAS BEEN SET!

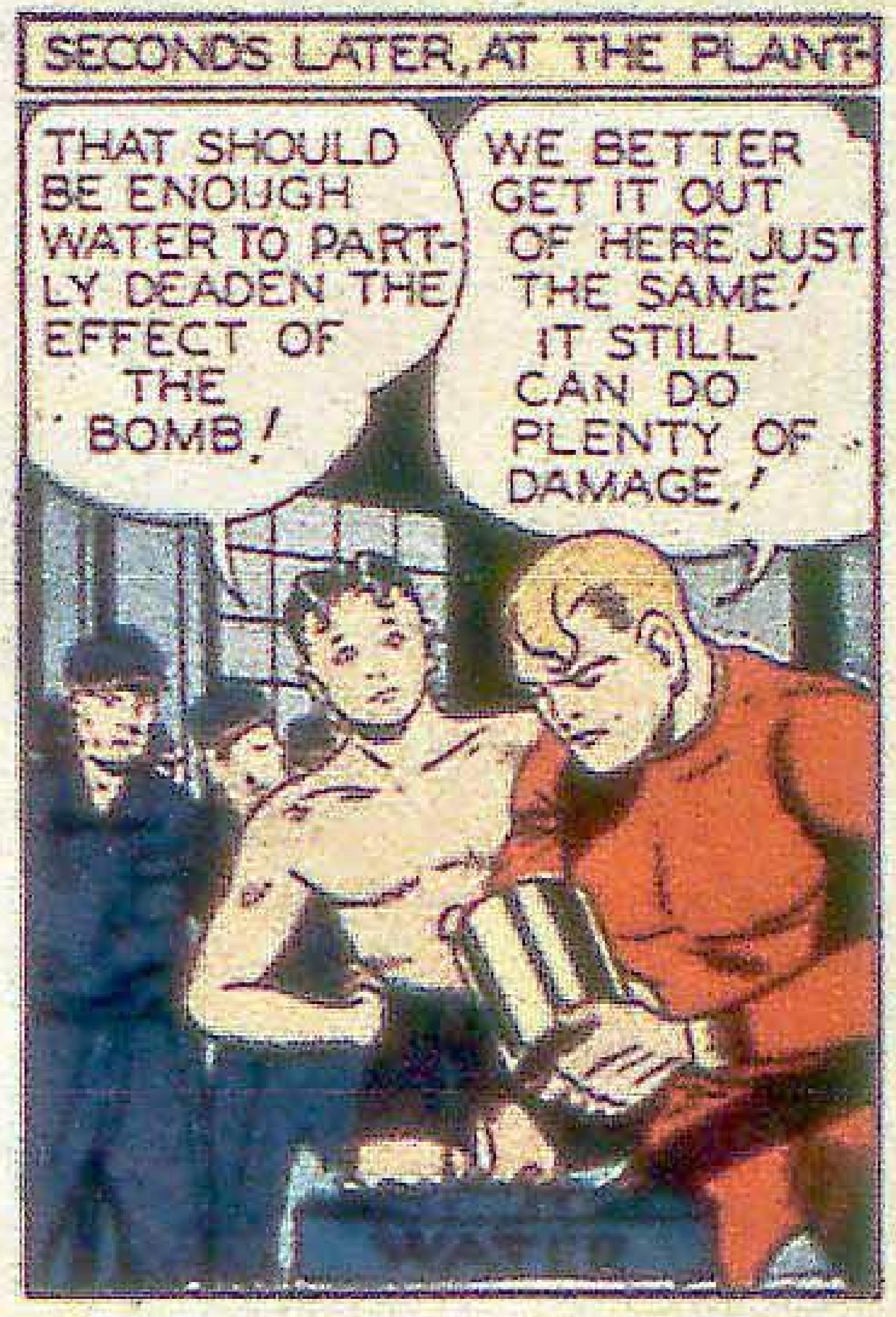

SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS THRUST INTO COMPLETE DARKNESS---
WHAT THE... THOSE FIENDS HAVE DISAPPEARED!
KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN. LET'S FLAME THROUGH THE DOOR SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
THE MOLE MOVES FAST. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE WE STOP THAT BOMB!
IT'S SET TO GO OFF IN A HALF-HOUR!
OUT OF THE INKY BLACKNESS COMES THE SOUND OF HATE-FILLED VOICES... THEN---
ANY SLIP UP AND YOU MEET THE SAME FATE AS OTTO. TORCH AND TORO MUST DIE!
JA, HERR MOLE THESE MEDDLING FLAME THROWERS ARE PRACTICALLY DEAD NOW!
TORCH AND TORO, OVERWHELMED BY THE HEAVY CHLOROFORM-SOAKED RAGS THE KILLERS SLAPPED OVER THEIR NOSES IN THE DARKNESS OF THE SUB-CELLAR, ARE BOTTLED UP IN A GLASS ELECTRICALLY-CONTROLLED VAT.....
NOW I WILL PULL THE HAND SWITCH THAT WILL SEND THEM SPINNING INTO ETERNITY! THIS WILL DESTROY BOTH THEIR FLAMES AND THEIR LIVES!
A HEAVY GASEOUS MIST RISES WITHIN THE TIGHTLY CLOSED VAT, FILLING THE LUNGS OF THE NOW FEEBLY-BREATHING PAIR!
THIS IS TOO GOOD TO END SO QUICKLY I WANT TO PROLONG THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING THEM DIE, SO I WILL CUT DOWN THE CURRENT RELEASING THE GAS!
THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR YOU, HERR MOLE!
TOO BAD TORCH ISN'T CONSCIOUS TO WITNESS THE BRILLIANT MANNER IN WHICH I BRING AN END TO HIS DAYS-- HAHAAAAA--!

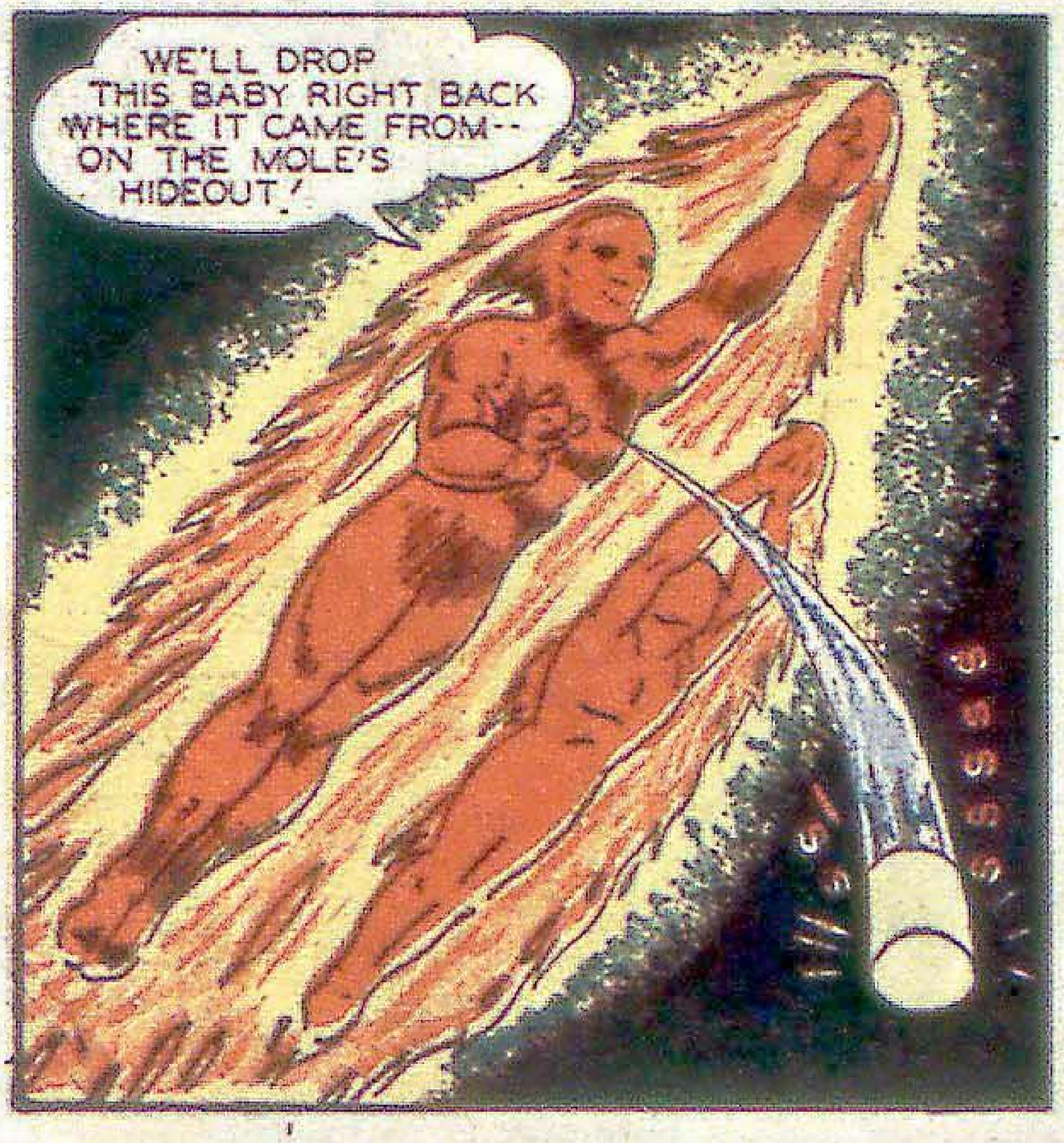

AFTER WAITING HOURS FOR THEIR RETURN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE CANNON PLANT, AWARE OF TORCH AND TORO'S WHEREABOUTS AND FEARING FOR THEIR SAFETY NOTIFIED THE POLICE AND F.B.I. THEY ARRIVE AND-----

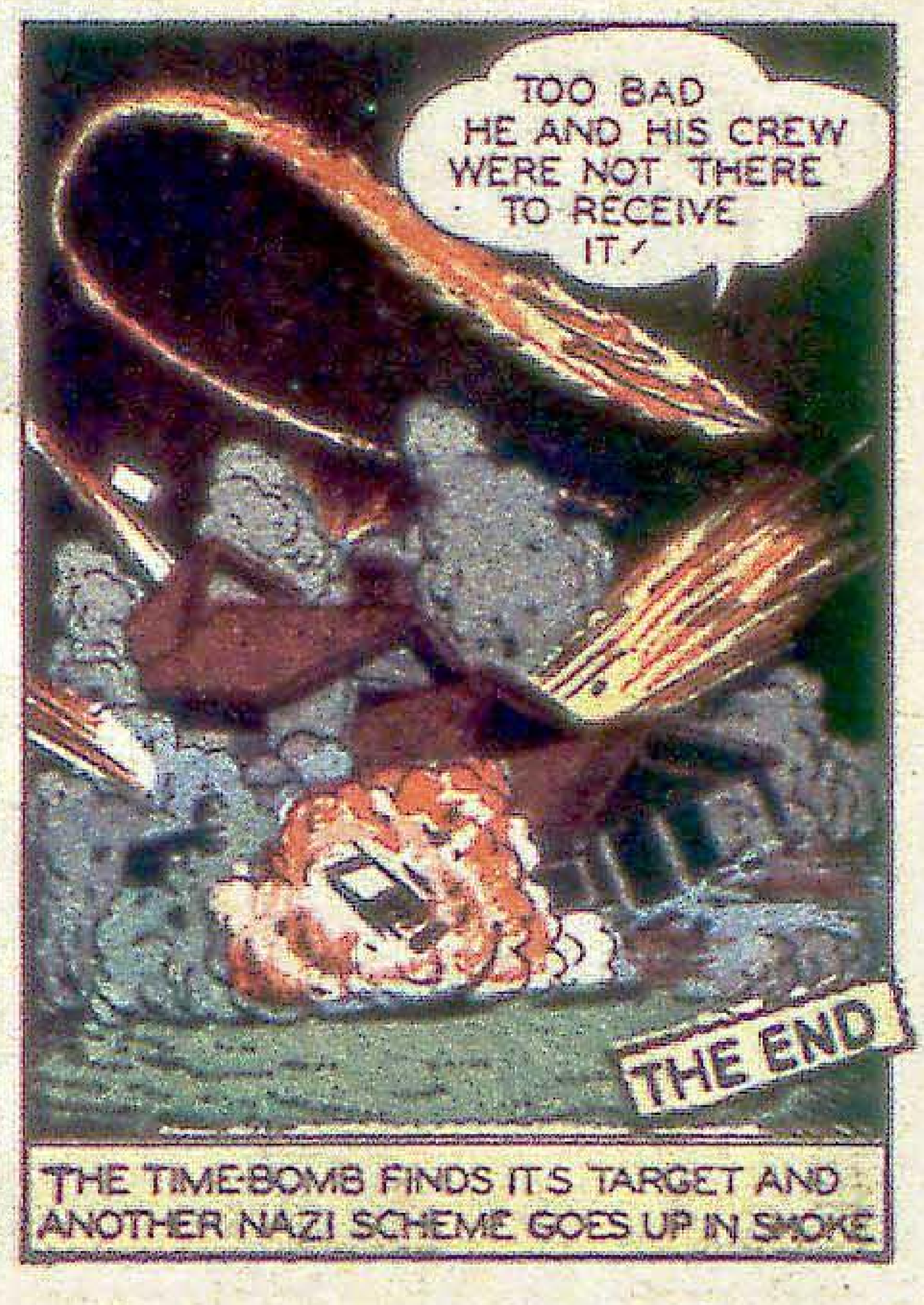

REACH, KILLERS! ONE MOVE--AND WE PLUG YOU!
HEAR THAT, KENNEDY, THE PLANT! ROUND THESE RATS UP QUICK!
PLUGGING US WON'T SAVE THE PLANT. HAW HAW!


THE RESCUE
HERE THEY COME, CASEY! DON'T LET THEM FALL. AMERICA NEEDS PLUCKY FIGHTERS LIKE THEM NOWADAYS!


ASTOUNDING THEIR RESCUERS WITH THEIR RECUPERATIVE POWERS---
NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS.... GOT TO GET TO THE PLANT BEFORE THAT BOMB GOES OFF!

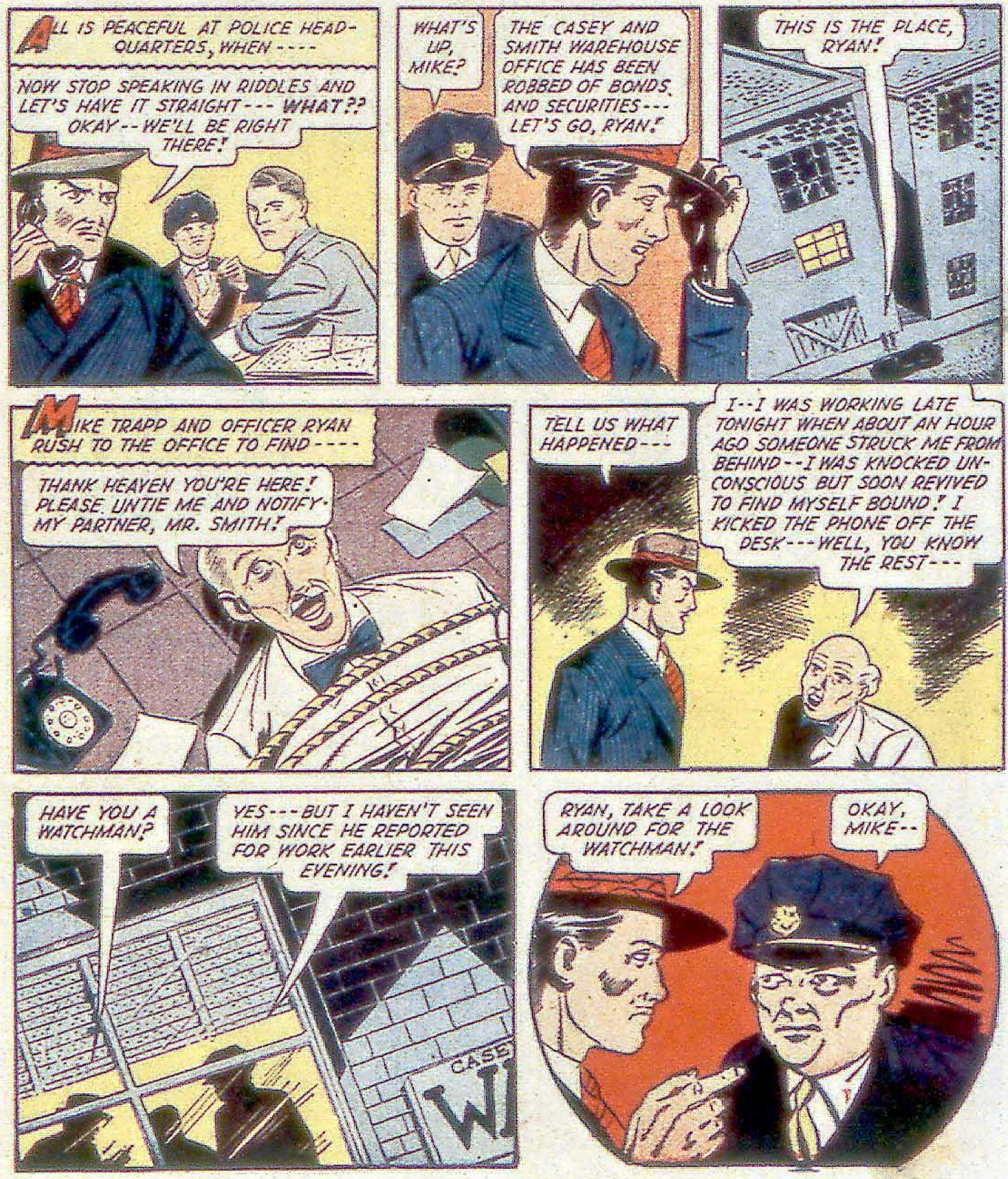

SECONDS LATER, AT THE PLANT-
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH WATER TO PARTLY DEADEN THE EFFECT OF THE BOMB!
WE BETTER GET IT OUT OF HERE JUST THE SAME! IT STILL CAN DO PLENTY OF DAMAGE!
WATER

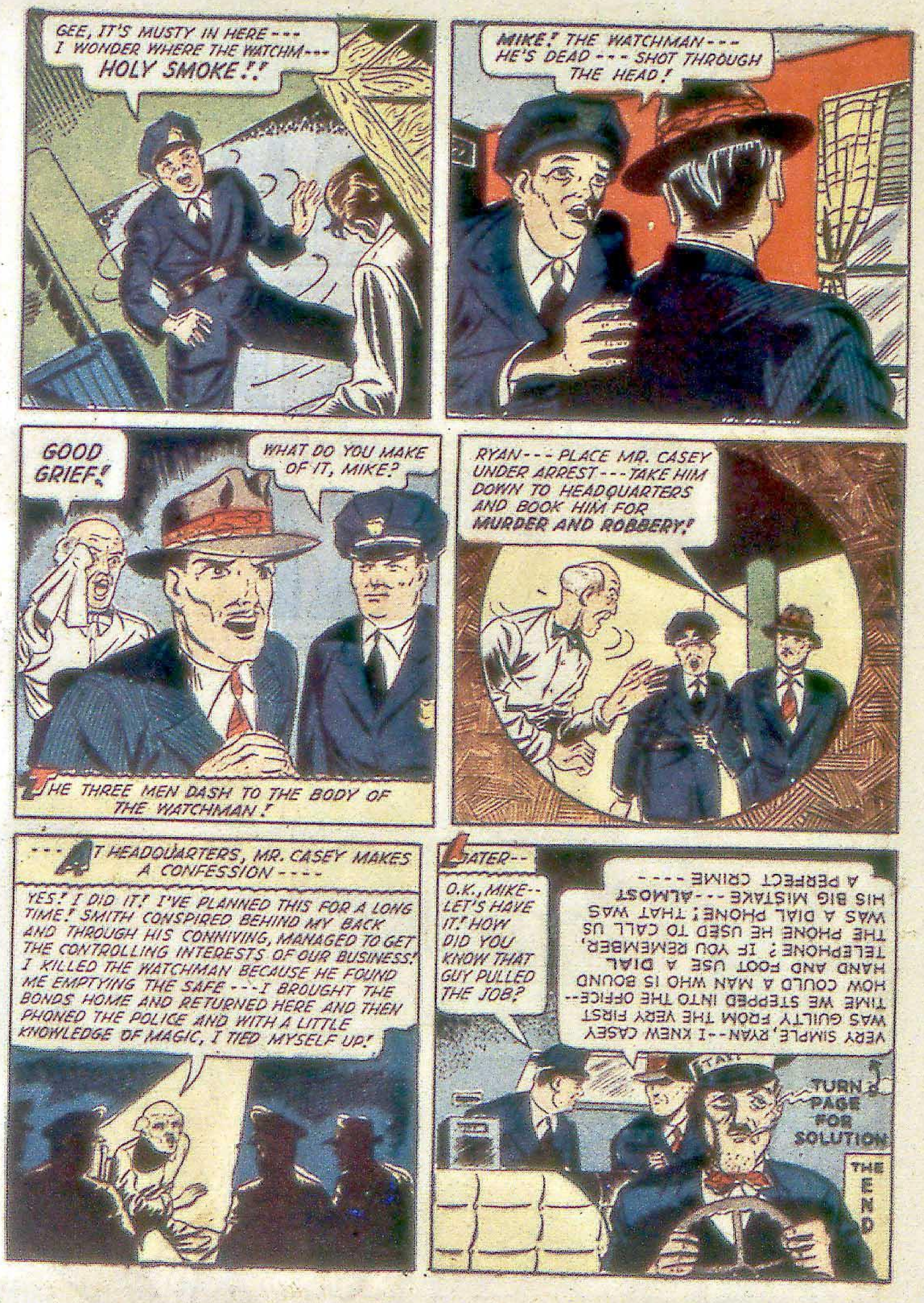

WE'LL DROP THIS BABY RIGHT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM--ON THE MOLE'S HIDEOUT!

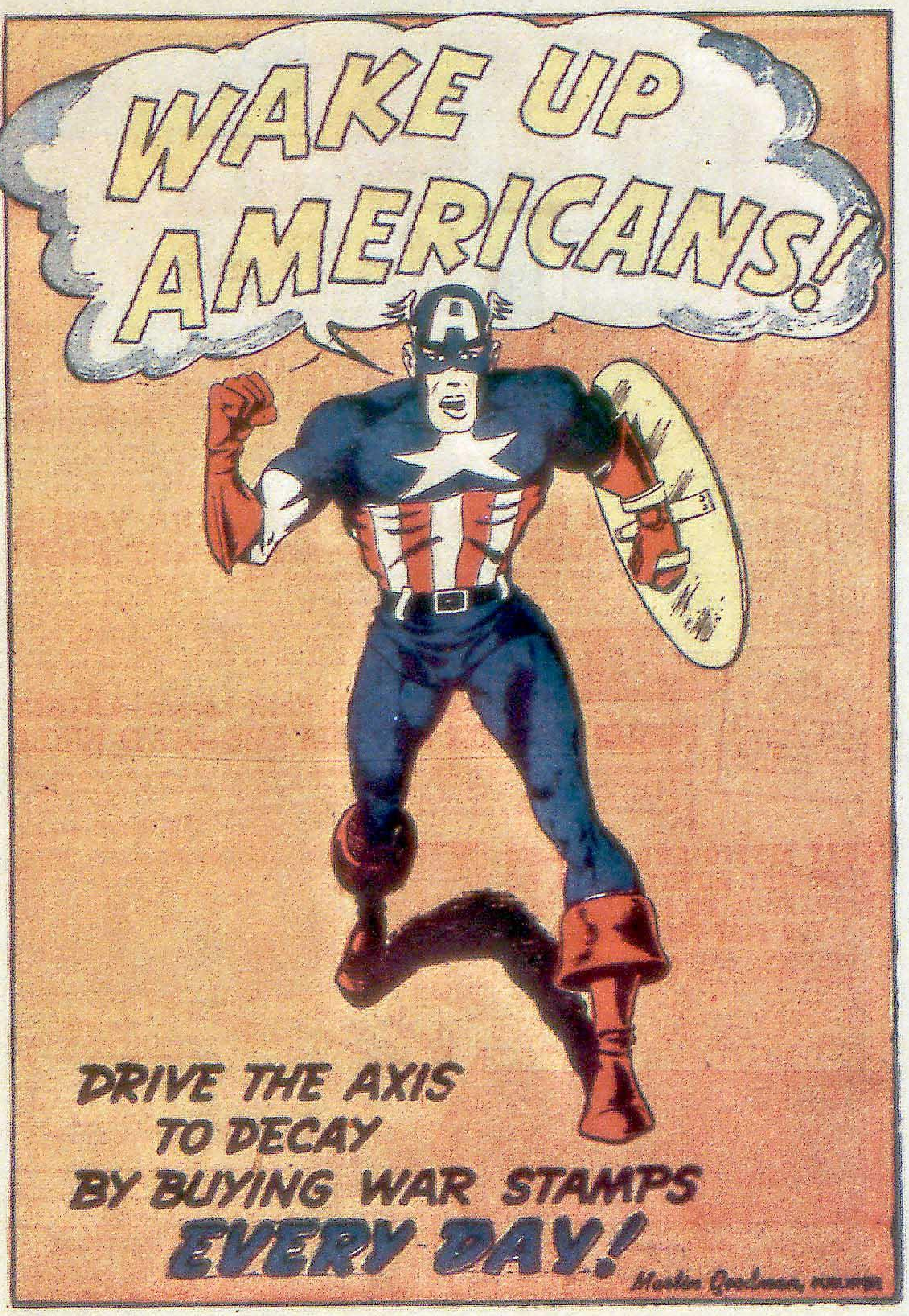

TOO BAD HE AND HIS CREW WERE NOT THERE TO RECEIVE IT!
THE END
THE TIME-BOMB FINDS ITS TARGET AND ANOTHER NAZI SCHEME GOES UP IN SMOKE

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

by ALLEN BELLMAN


ALL IS PEACEFUL AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WHEN ----
NOW STOP SPEAKING IN RIDDLES AND LET'S HAVE IT STRAIGHT --- WHAT?? OKAY -- WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
WHAT'S UP, MIKE?
THE CASEY AND SMITH WAREHOUSE OFFICE HAS BEEN ROBBED OF BONDS AND SECURITIES --- LET'S GO, RYAN!
THIS IS THE PLACE, RYAN!
MIKE TRAPP AND OFFICER RYAN RUSH TO THE OFFICE TO FIND ----
THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE HERE! PLEASE UNTIE ME AND NOTIFY MY PARTNER, MR. SMITH!
TELL US WHAT HAPPENED ---
I -- I WAS WORKING LATE TONIGHT WHEN ABOUT AN HOUR AGO SOMEONE STRUCK ME FROM BEHIND -- I WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BUT SOON REVIVED TO FIND MYSELF BOUND! I KICKED THE PHONE OFF THE DESK --- WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST ---
HAVE YOU A WATCHMAN?
YES --- BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE REPORTED FOR WORK EARLIER THIS EVENING!
CASE
W
RYAN, TAKE A LOOK AROUND FOR THE WATCHMAN!
OKAY, MIKE --


GEE, IT'S MUSTY IN HERE --- I WONDER WHERE THE WATCHM--- HOLY SMOKE!!
MIKE! THE WATCHMAN--- HE'S DEAD --- SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD!
GOOD GRIEF!
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, MIKE?
THE THREE MEN DASH TO THE BODY OF THE WATCHMAN!
RYAN--- PLACE MR. CASEY UNDER ARREST --- TAKE HIM DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND BOOK HIM FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY!
--- AT HEADQUARTERS, MR. CASEY MAKES A CONFESSION ----
YES! I DID IT! I'VE PLANNED THIS FOR A LONG TIME! SMITH CONSPIRED BEHIND MY BACK AND THROUGH HIS CONNIVING, MANAGED TO GET THE CONTROLLING INTERESTS OF OUR BUSINESS! I KILLED THE WATCHMAN BECAUSE HE FOUND ME EMPTYING THE SAFE --- I BROUGHT THE BONDS HOME AND RETURNED HERE AND THEN PHONED THE POLICE AND WITH A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF MAGIC, I TIED MYSELF UP!
LATER--
O.K., MIKE-- LET'S HAVE IT! HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT GUY PULLED THE JOB?
VERY SIMPLE, RYAN--I KNEW CASEY WAS GUILTY FROM THE VERY FIRST TIME WE STEPPED INTO THE OFFICE-- HOW COULD A MAN WHO IS BOUND HAND AND FOOT USE A DIAL TELEPHONE? IF YOU REMEMBER, THE PHONE HE USED TO CALL US WAS A DIAL PHONE! THAT WAS HIS BIG MISTAKE ---ALMOST A PERFECT CRIME ----
TURN PAGE FOR SOLUTION
TAXI
THE END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Martin Goodman, PUBLISHER

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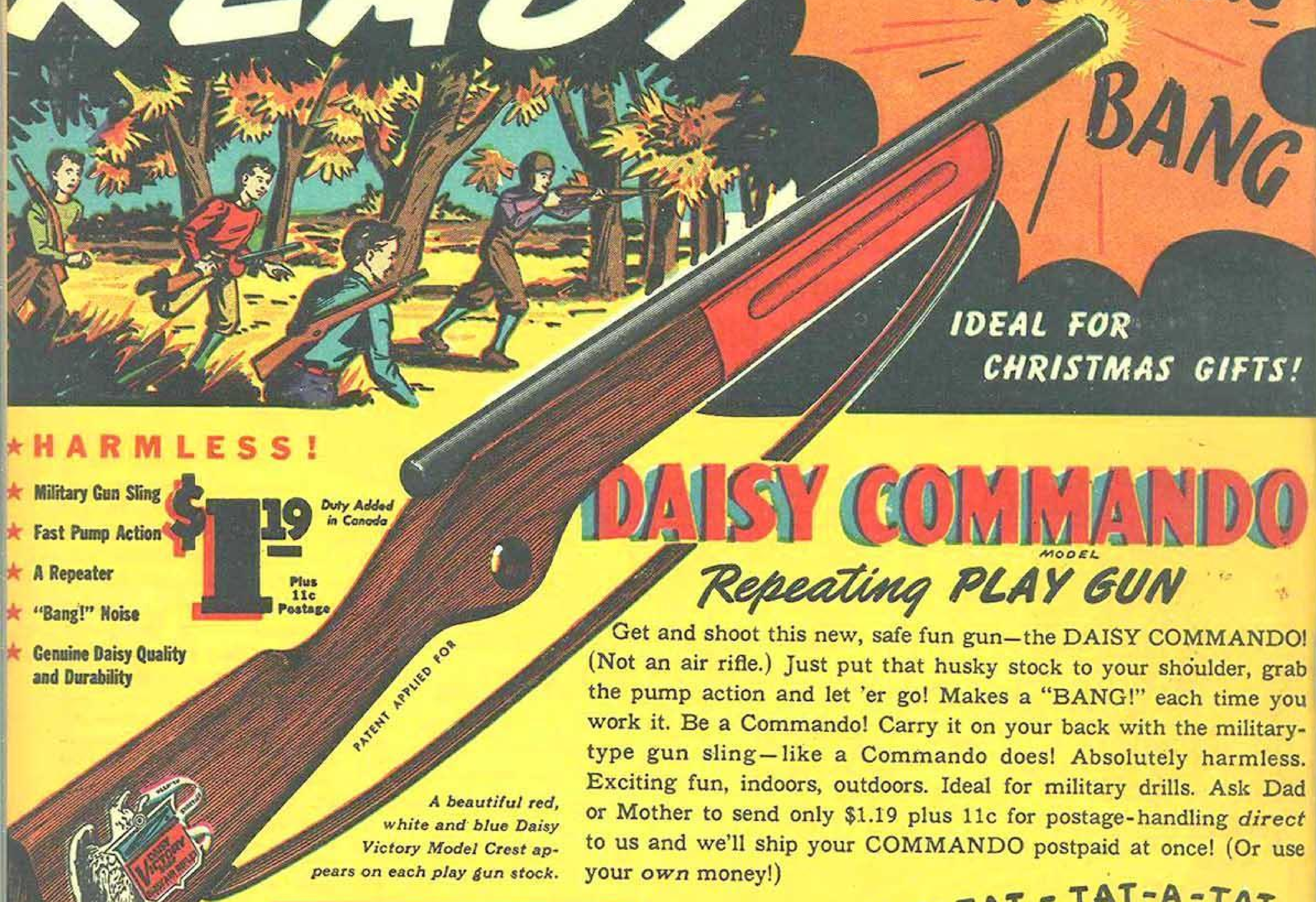

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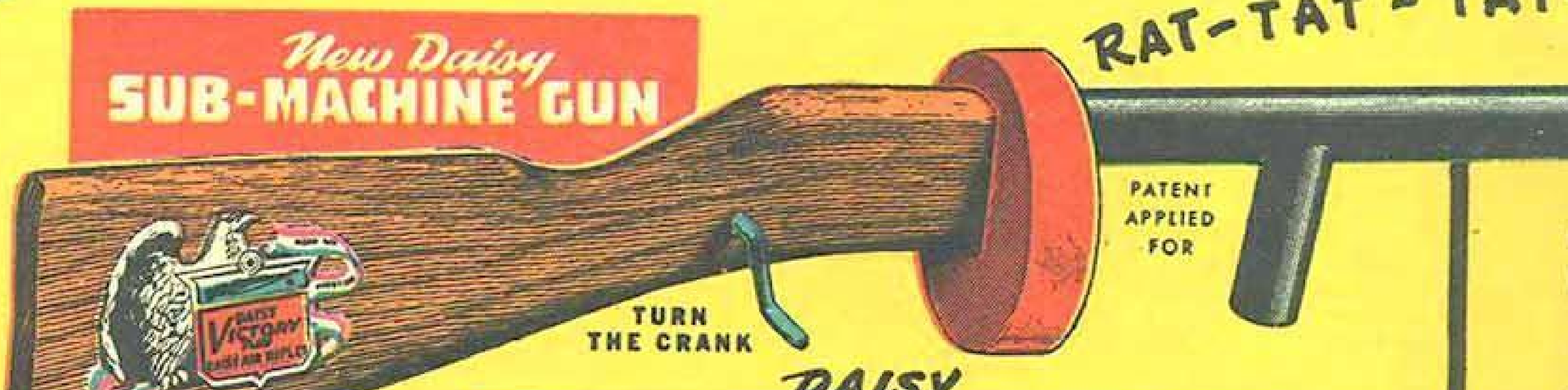

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